★ Oct. 16, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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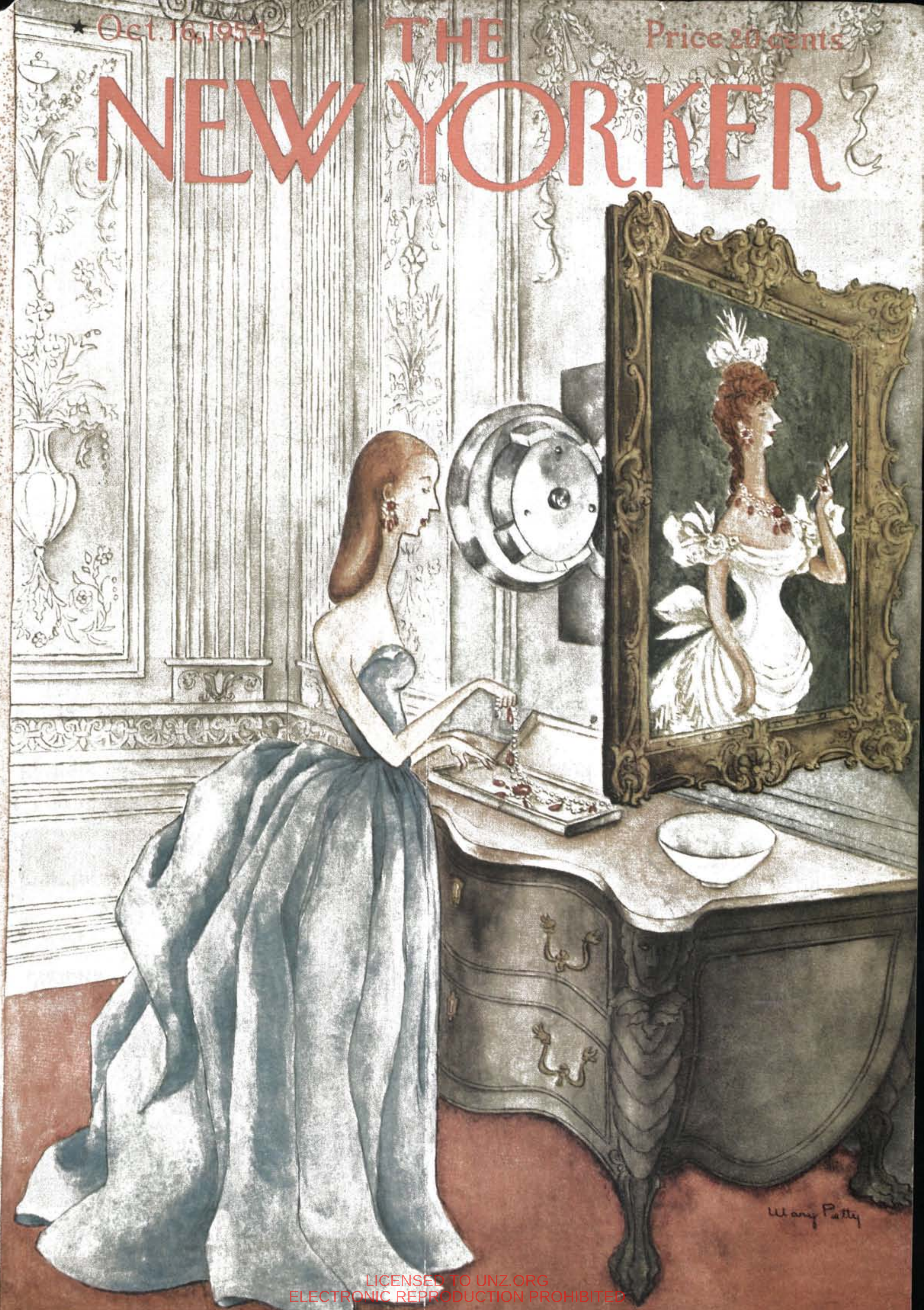

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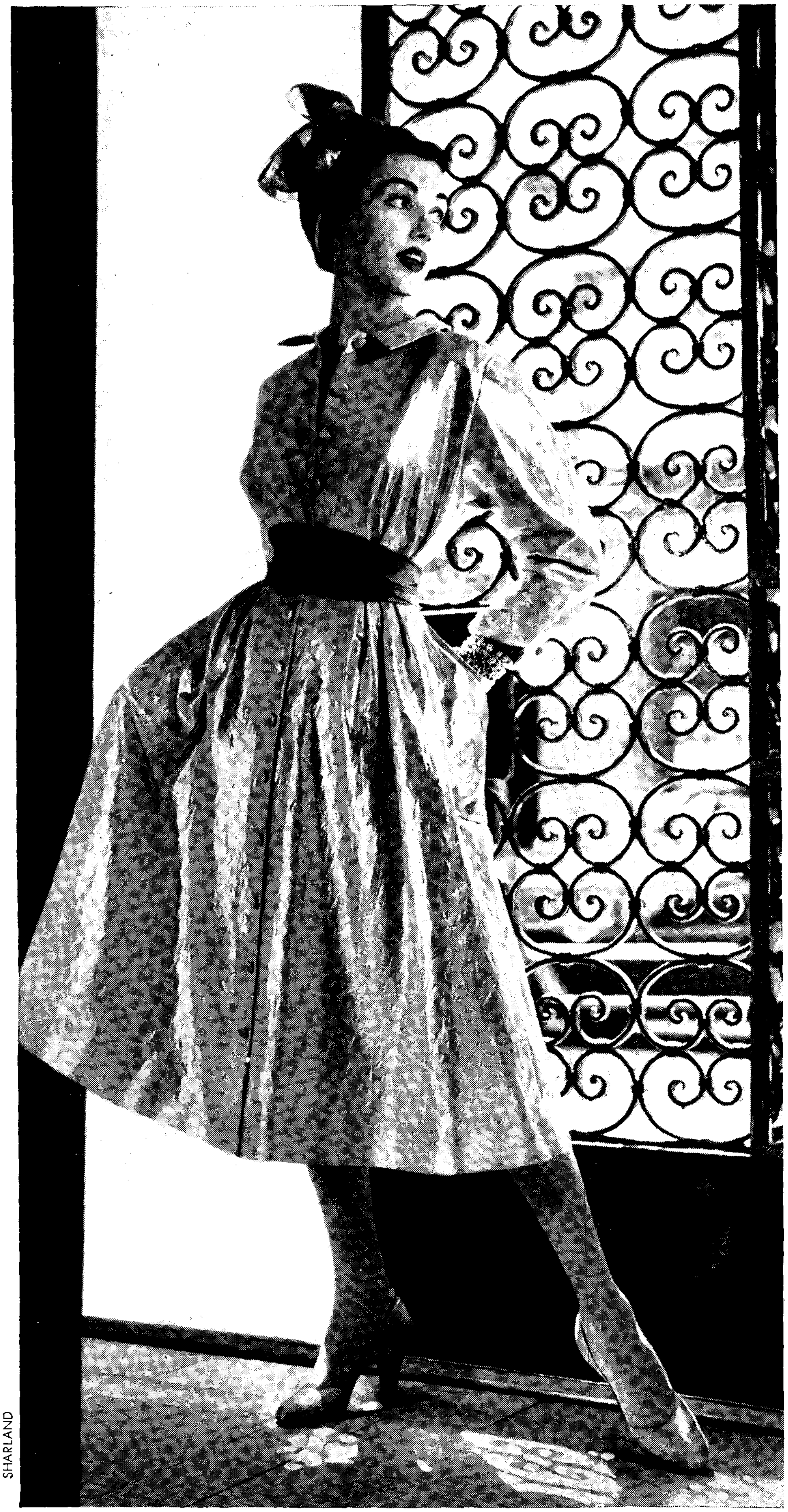

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

All Summer Long—A continuation of Robert Anderson's researches into the difficulties of sensitive adolescence, which began, you'll remember, with "Tea and Sympathy." The latest installment is better than its predecessor, but it is, nevertheless, something less than adult. As the juveniles in the piece, John Kerr and Clay Hall are estimable, and Ed Begley and June Walker are laudable spokesmen for the older set. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Anniversary Waltz—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 17.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak is very good indeed as the defendant in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, in which Barry Sullivan is now appearing as the defense counsel. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead brings all her enormous talent and vitality to this revamping of a comedy that was around ten years ago, but the odds are heavily against her. With Fred Keating, Robert Coote, Hugh Reilly and Werner Klemperer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Home Is the Hero—Walter Macken gives an excellent performance in his own play, only partly successful, about an Irish bully who tries to destroy the members of his family. Peggy Ann Garner, Glenda Farrell, and J. Pat O'Malley are prominent in the cast, which was directed by Worthington Miner. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 16.)

King of Hearts—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is extremely adroit. The cast is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The Old Vic has provided some stylish ballets and incidental music, but this production of the enchanted comedy is, on the whole, a very disappointing theatrical event. Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Stanley Holloway figure importantly in the cast, which was directed by Michael Benthall. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-2165. Nightly, except Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:15. Closes Sunday, Oct. 17.)

Reclining Figure—Harry Kurnitz has written some funny scenes in this comedy about art dealers and their clients, but on the whole the proceedings are fairly elementary. Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson are in a cast directed by Abe Burrows. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Long Runs—**THE FIFTH SEASON**: Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff are currently the stars of this play about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . **OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!**: An account, by Edward Chodorov, of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. At present, Lloyd Bridges is the analyst, and Joan Gray, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly confused for him. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH**: George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Elliott Nugent is the hero, at the moment, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Rita Morley. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC**: A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Josephine Hull, who has had a shocking string of bad luck, is out of the cast, but Loring Smith and a number of other talented performers are still on hand. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY**: A play, by Robert Anderson, about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**: John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa. Burgess Meredith and Scott McKay have taken over as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Fragile Fox—A play by Norman A. Brooks, with Dane Clark and Don Taylor in an all-male cast. Directed by Herbert Swope, Jr., and produced by Paul Vroom in association with Barnard Straus. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-9750. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Tender Trap—Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham in a comedy by Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith. The producer is Clinton Wilder, the director Michael Gordon. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Blues, Ballads, and Sin-Songs—Libby Holman, accompanied by Gerald Cook, in a limited engagement that will extend through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly at 8:30.)

The Boy Friend—Those who have survived the twenties are almost certain to love this Brit*ish satire on musicals of the period, and the* chances are their juniors will find it pretty funny, too. Sandy Wilson handled the book, lyrics, and music, and Julie Andrews is very fine as the blank, blond heroine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

By the Beautiful Sea—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly memorable. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to one of the best musicals around. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN**: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC**: Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET**: An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake is a vagabond poet and Doretta Morrow his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina, Bobby Van, and Elaine Stritch in a redo of the 1936 Rodgers and Hart musical. Presented and staged by George Abbott. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays,

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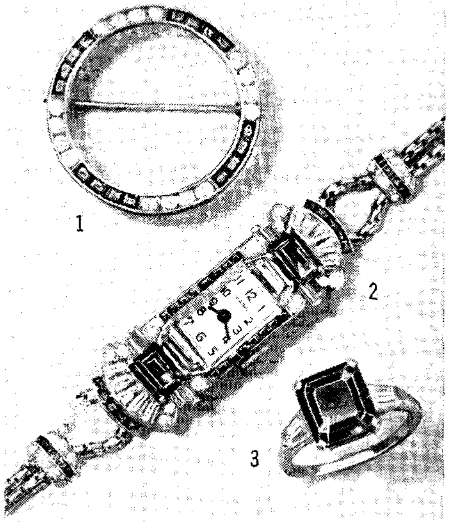

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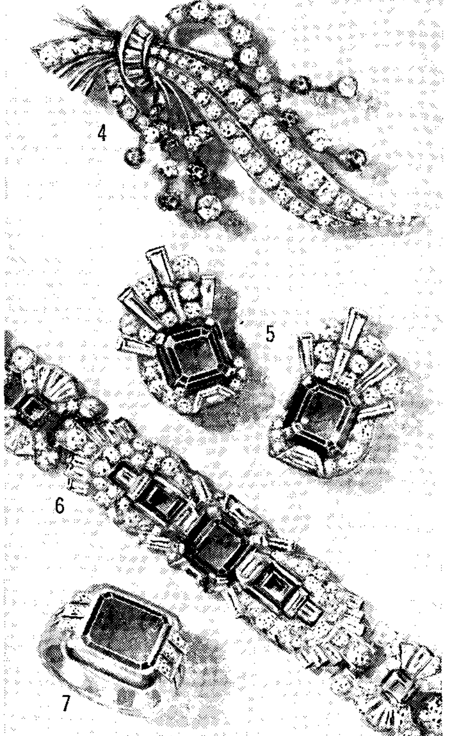

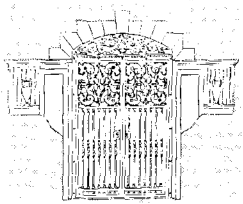

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify *them before starting out.*)

Sands in the Negev—An Israeli play (the first to be presented here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn, with Celia Adler and Peter Capell. The producers are Benjamin and Lawrence Rothman, and Boris Tumarin is the director. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 19. (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard in a new musical version of Barrie's play. Carolyn Leigh, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green are responsible for the lyrics, and the score is by Mark Chariap and Jule Styne, with incidental music by Trude Rittman. Presented by Richard Halliday and directed by Jerome Robbins. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Oct. 15-17: "La Bohème." . . ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 22: "Don Pasquale," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—The final performances in a three-week return engagement of "The World of Sholom Aleichem," with Morris Carnovsky and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Sing Me No Lullaby," a play by Robert Ardrey, with a cast headed by Beatrice Straight, Richard Kiley, and Jessie Royce Landis. Directed by Paul Stewart, and presented for a five-week engagement by T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton. Opens Thursday, Oct. 14. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—David Garrick's Restoration comedy, "The Clandestine Marriage," directed by Jack Landau. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-0894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Through Sunday, Nov. 7.)

Theatre de Lys—A revue, "I Feel Wonderful," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and sketches by Barry Alan Grael. The cast, under the direction of Mr. Herman, includes Phyllis Newman and John Bartis. Opens Monday, Oct. 18. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter, nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Hurtado de Cordoba and His Ballet—Flamenco, bolero, gypsy, and other Spanish dances. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 6.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The last contest of wills between man and beast will be staged on Sunday evening, Oct. 17. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Thursday at 8:30; Friday at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 10, 2, and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 7.)

American Savoyards—The final performances in a week-long Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:30: "The

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The *Embassy Club*, a gilded cage intended mostly for birds of paradise, is scheduled to open on Friday, Oct. 15. Jani Sarkozi's men will do Viennese dinner music until eleven, and then will alternate with Chauncey Gray's band to do dance music. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumentalists play water-hole music in an oasis called the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings of this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde (the most celebrated *diseuse* of all Paris, Wisconsin) and Jack Whiting (the young gray Mayor of Broadway) have cooked up a sort of breakfast-with-the-family broadcast in the Cotillion Room, where there's dance music by Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands. Only a dinner show on Sundays; lights out on Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—It's unlikely that Julie Wilson will ever replace Bernhardt or Piaf as a serious thinker, but she's still lots of fun when she starts sashaying through her let's-be-wicked ballads. She bows out on Wednesday, Oct. 20. The following night, the handsome young lady known only as Geneviève will check in with two dozen pretty chansons from her native France. Ted Straeter's virtuoso dance band *cum* glee club keeps traffic moving smoothly betweentimes, and Mark Monte's boys also chip in with cheerful music. The scene is the Persian Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music ripples along in the Palm Court every day at cocktail time. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's family-style dance music in the Grill, where, after three decades, Guy and his fellow-Lombardos are still wandering down a lane that's beginning to look as if it had no turning. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, which is a trip to Europe in the royal suite of the Queen Mary, there is perpetual dance music by the energetic bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari, plus (at dinner and supper) songs both grave and gay by the presentable Constance Moore, who manages the transition from Circe to Calliope with skill. She departs on Wednesday, Oct. 20; next evening, Fernanda Montel, a rather stately Parisienne, becomes the prima donna. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

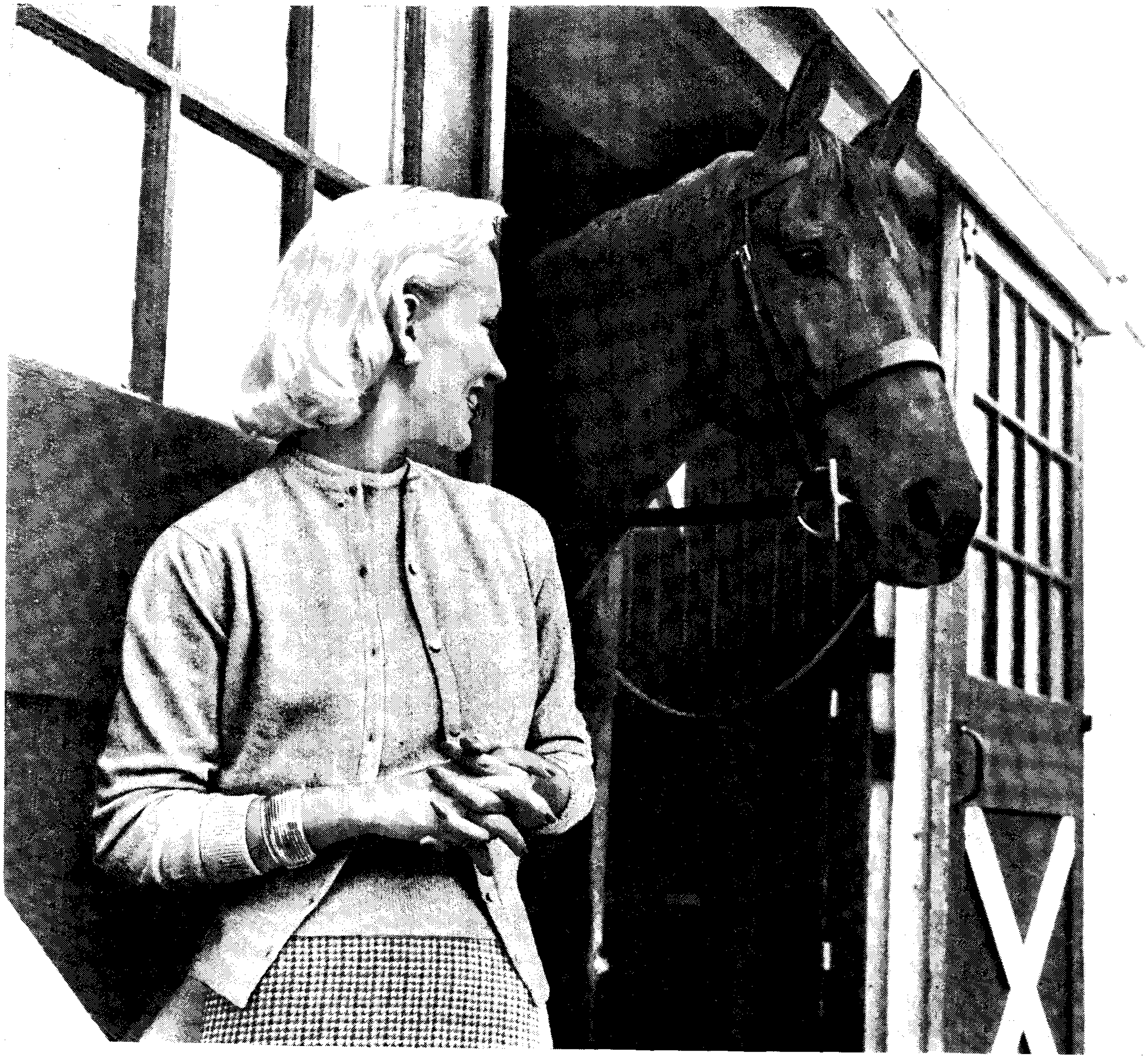
Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Vaughn Monroe, the Great Mouthpiece, booms out his songs in the Café Rouge, where he is assisted (as if he needed help) by Richard Hayman's orchestra, which also performs for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A habit-forming indulgence among a certain group that's afraid to go home in the dark. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band amuse the children.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A bouillabaisse of classic old Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz show tunes has been seasoned with a spate of words (some of them better left unsaid) and some lively dances,

Peck and Peck

Litwin



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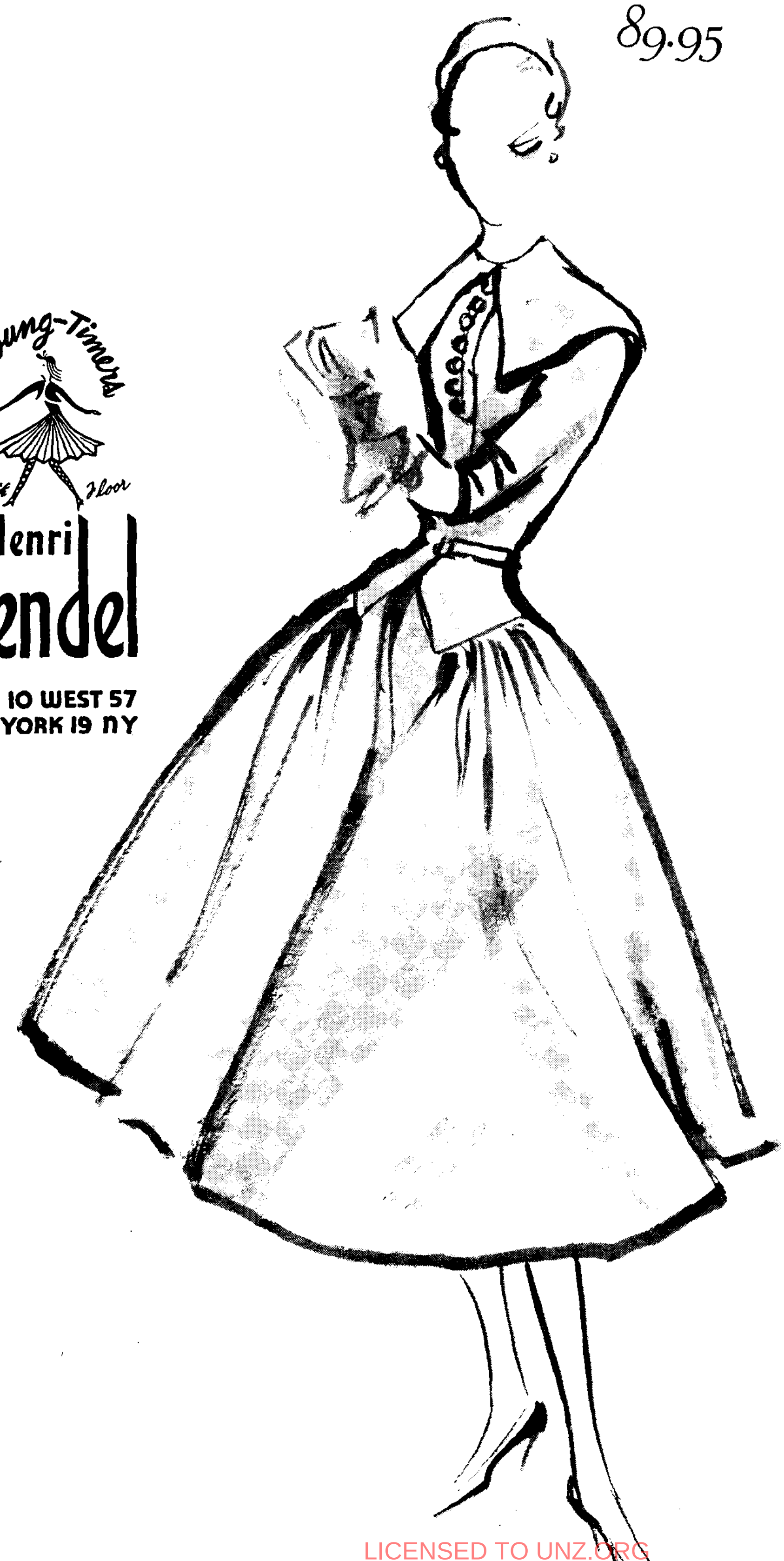

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NOTE—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Paramount clock, the Weehawken ferry house, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE* CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes prowler violinists, prowls. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter conducts a deft and amusing monologue on his well-tempered clavichord. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): From nine o'clock on, Eddie Davis, by now president emeritus of after-dark musicians, still manipulates his violin and his small dance band. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski plays European-style piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the honors in a more local idiom at the dinner and supper sessions. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **ELBOW ROOM**, 203 E. 45th St. (MU 2-4505): On the topmost shelf, two flights up, of the Baccara Restaurant, Bud Redding casually chants songs of his own manufacture in a setting that is a visual delight. He tees off at nine. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): With its aging templed hills and its rumpled extras lolling about, it looks like lunch hour on a summer-stock set for "The Egyptian." The only noteworthy character in this hodgepodge is Joe E. Lewis, a pillar of the pari-mutuel industry. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Mae West, whose expert commentary on the war between the sexes has been reduced to point-blank verse, is undulating through the long-winded proceedings on these premises. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998):

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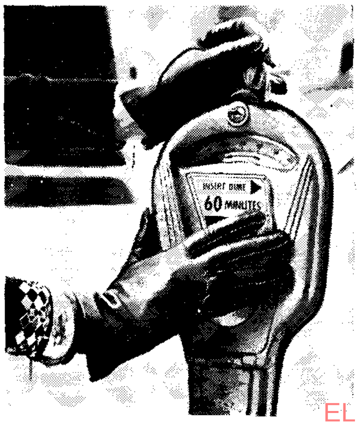

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rewritten "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The School for Scandal" to suit his own occasionally fell purposes. Humor of a more picturesque nature is provided by George La Faye's thoroughly alive puppets and by Dick Drake's exasperating struggle with a recalcitrant guitar; shimmering romance is provided by the voice of Susan Johnson, a girl with a future. Behind them is the mood music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The incomparable Irwin Corey does a knockabout Drama Quartet in which Shakespeare comes out a badly beaten second best; Dorothy Loudon applies a wonderfully tongue-in-cheek treatment to some Tin Pan Alley sitting ducks; and Marshall Izen puts on a sardonic pianoforte recital tending to prove that the world of serious music is not well rounded at all but flat as a pancake. As always, Julius Monk is *conférencier* and mentor; the one-of-a-kind Norman Paris Trio is the backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The strong man of this tiny nation is Robert Clary, whose songs, dances, and funny sayings are all spellbinders. Ada Moore contributes a few real hot-shot carols, and Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary mixture—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, and now and then a few songs or a few jokes by someone or other. Ancient movies are added on Sundays; amateur nights are Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic hearing by Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This midget inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis offers up his soothing and knowing piano intermezzos. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Ceil Cabot, a wee sprig of catnip, gives some songs of the people a capital kind of punishment. Other friskiness is let loose by Tony and Eddie, whose lampooning of recording artists is, however, apt to stray too far off bounds; by Tiger Haines, the Three Flames, and their *Walpurgisnacht* music; by Jimmie Daniels, whose lyrics are mostly man-about-town; and by Thelma Carpenter, whose lyrics range from lackadaisical to lovelorn. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, late of the Parisian *boîtes*, and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain English. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials are blowing their tops without let or hindrance. They are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off superlative solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This comfortable little Steinway Hall opens shop at seven with Don Shirley's piano, which is Debussy with a few jazz dynamics. After nine, he and his bassist are spelled by the sometimes stentorian trios of Alex Kallao, a vanguard pianist, and of Dorothy Donegan, a middle-ground pianist. The Donegan lot is off Sundays and the Shirley lot Mondays. On both these days, Hank Jones, whose piano is up-to-the-minute, fills in. The Kallao posse departs on Saturday, Oct. 16, and the trio of Billy Taylor, another advanced thinker, moves in on Monday, Oct. 18. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Dave Brubeck's quartet checks out on Thursday, Oct. 14, but Mat Mathews' pioneering quartet (a squeeze box and a flute

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—says Hathaway

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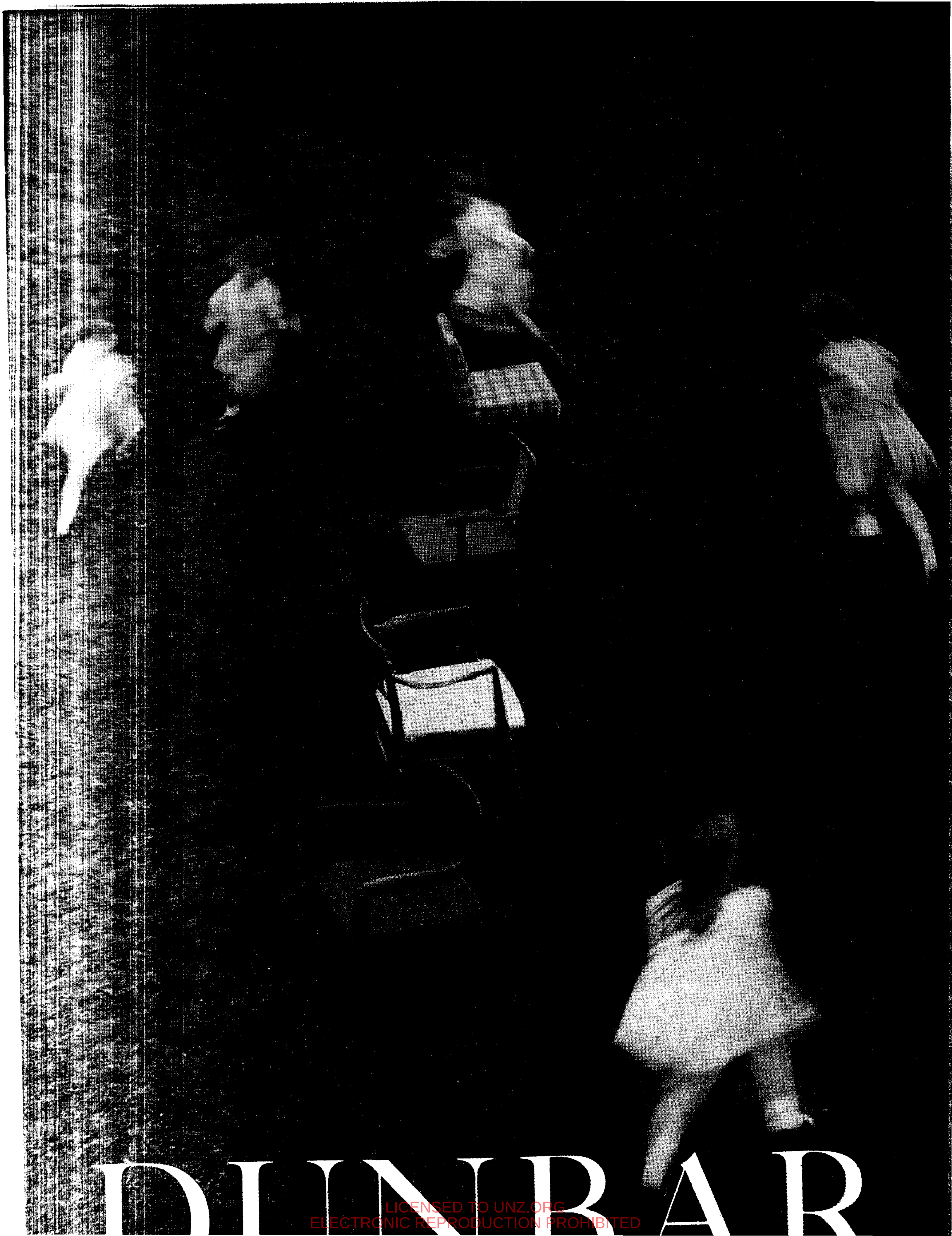

DUNBAR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are among its tools) will stay on, along with its dulcet soprano, Carmen McRae, to provide a necessary counterpoint to the noise of Lionel Hampton's pagan roisterers, who'll be here Friday through Sunday, Oct. 15-17, and of Terry Gibbs' quartet, which arrives on Tuesday, Oct. 19. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is again rattling the windows of its old homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs, plays jazz as it was in the beginning and as they hope it ever shall be. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Music in two distinct flavors—Eddie Heywood's *time-honored* musings at the piano, and George Wallington's modernist piano solos against an all-string rhythm section with classic overtones. Mr. H. is off Sundays; Mr. W.'s team, which departs on Thursday, Oct. 21, is off Monday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The winds reach hurricane force around midnight, when Count Basie's large, integrated, and literate band begins to feel its oats. The Bill Davis Trio is also around. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, a new brass band called the Dixieland All-Stars (Ruby Braff, Marty Napoleon, Bob Wilber, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Phyfe, and Bob Peterson) is pleading the cause of the Deep South. It is on display after six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and after five-thirty Sundays. Dancing begins at nine-thirty. Sunday, Oct. 17, Oran Page's boys will be the afternoon guests. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose piano is modern without losing track of things, decorates the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison, seated at a concert grand, and two colleagues are again turning out the slow, steady, easy jazz for which they are famous. They start at ten. No music Sundays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Oct. 15, the cats (mostly Kilkenny) on parade should include Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Ken Kersey, and Keg Purnell. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, it is promised, the huffing and puffing will be supplied by Charlie Shavers, Benny Morton, Cecil Scott, Danny Barker, Willie the Lion Smith, and the Conrad Janis tailgaters.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Archipenko—A big retrospective show of his sculpture, with examples covering the last fifty years; through Nov. 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Blanche Dombek—Wood sculptures, a bit blunt in style but occasionally effective; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

José Guerrero—A first one-man show in New York of new paintings by this Spanish artist; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Tomás Harris—Oils and a substantial number of drawings of Majorca, in this artist's first show here; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Hepworth, Scott, and Bacon—Three English artists; drawings and sculptures by Barbara Hepworth, and paintings by William Scott and Francis Bacon. Through Nov. 6. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Mervin Jules—New oils, many of them almost

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fauve in their bright coloration; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Small sculptures, done directly in metal, a number of them on musical themes; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

MARISKA KARASZ—An exhibit of some of this artist's superb needleworks; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—A first one-man gallery showing of paintings, strong and yet controlled in design, by one of the younger American Expressionists; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—Abstract oils, sometimes single canvases and sometimes arranged in integrated groups called "galaxies;" through Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN LOFTUS—A first solo show of Abstract Expressionist paintings, done with an unusually sound feeling for strong formal values; through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

PICASSO—A group of oils, water colors, and drawings, 1900-52; through Nov. 20. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

CHARLES SHAW—A selection of about twenty oils, mainly abstract; through Oct. 30. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS—Drawings and water colors by Rembrandt, Pieter Brueghel the Elder, and other old masters, all loaned by the Royal Museum of Belgium; through Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

TIBETAN PAINTINGS—The initial showing here of a loan exhibition that includes a number of fifteenth- to eighteenth-century tankas, or banners; through Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

COLLEGE ART—Fresh, lively, and occasionally really inventive, paintings and other works by students at the University of Colorado, in the first of a series of such surveys; through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Forum, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, William Zorach, and others; through Oct. 30. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Bruce Currie, Edward Chavez, and Reginald Wilson are some of the contributors to this show; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-second Annual Founders' Exhibition, composed of paintings and sculptures by Anthony Thieme, Robert Brackman, Paul Manship, Gordon Grant, and many others; through Nov. 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, Louis Bosa, and other Americans; through Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . **DE NAGY**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Seven artists, among them Robert Goodnough, Harry Jackson, and Larry Rivers, each with one old and one new painting on view; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The city's own art gallery opens its second season with an exhibition that includes works by Buffie Johnson, Colleen Browning, and a copious selection of others; through Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—The present show, in memory of Curt Valentin, is made up of about thirty paintings and sculptures, loaned by various museums throughout the country, and includes works by Auguste Rodin, Juan Gris, and Oskar Kokoschka; through Oct. 30. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Modigliani, Klee, Soutine, and others, from the collection of the late William March; through Nov. 13. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Twentieth-century paintings, some never before seen in this country, by Braque, Matisse, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 16.

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 44 W. 11th St.—The Ninth Annual Graphic Art Exhibit, comprising etchings, lithographs, and monotypes; through Friday, Oct. 22. (Daily, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63

E. 57th St.: Gregorio Prestopino; starting Monday, Oct. 18. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 61 E. 57th St.: Jimmy Ernst; starting Monday, Oct. 18. . . . **GANSO,** 125 E. 57th St.: Ethel Magafan; starting Monday, Oct. 18. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: John Koch; starting Monday, Oct. 18. . . . **MYERS,** 32 W. 58th St.: John Myers; starting Monday, Oct. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Hedda Sterne; starting Monday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **DE NAGY,** 206 E. 53rd St.; starting Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 18.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European and American costumes and accessories dating from the late sixteenth century to the first decade of the twentieth century; starting Friday, Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and José Guadelupe Posada; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; starting Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, and Degas are a few of the artists represented in a show of French Impressionist paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914; through Oct. 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Ben Shahn, Jacques Lipchitz, and Adolph Gottlieb, in an exhibition to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of Jewish settlement in the United States; through Wednesday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ The seventh-anniversary showing of Pyramid, an organization of young painters and sculptors, with works by about thirty of its members; through Oct. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Falstaff" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "The Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 17: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 17: "Tosca.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Der Rosenkavalier.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "The Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Faust.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 31.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 15, at 2:30; and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:30 (all with Mischa Elman, violin); Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 22, at 2:30 (both with Robert Casadesus, piano); and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:45 (with Grant Johannesen, piano).

RECITALS

CHARLES ROSEN—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

JEAN GRAHAM—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

KROLL STRING QUARTET—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Washington Irving High School,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber Music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JOAN FIELD—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN TRIO—Chamber Music. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

KATHERINE BACON—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA—The first in a series of five concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music, this one comprising court and chapel music of Henry V through Henry VIII. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Duke Ellington's orchestra and the quartets of Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, and Stan Getz. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Floyd Patterson vs. Joe Gannon, light heavyweights, 8 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Kid Gavilan vs. Johnny Saxton, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Convention Hall, Philadelphia. Wednesday, Oct. 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**FRIDAY, OCT. 15**: Fordham vs. Boston College, at the Polo Grounds, at 8:15. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 16** (all at 2): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 23** (all at 2): Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 16.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.)

POLO—At the **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1; through Wednesday, Oct. 20. The Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 14, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Champagne Stakes, Saturday, Oct. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK**: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 21-22, at 1. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 23, through Monday, Nov. 15. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Belmont Park.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 6. Through Saturday, Oct. 16, post time will be at 1:30; after that date, it will be at 1. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 23. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . **LAUREL**, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45, from Saturday, Oct. 16, through

Wednesday, Nov. 3. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The New York City Opera presenting a performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:30.)

Play—The Playmart Children's Theatre, presenting "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

Variety Show—"Little Brave Sambo," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus several other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV, generally from 5 to 5:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

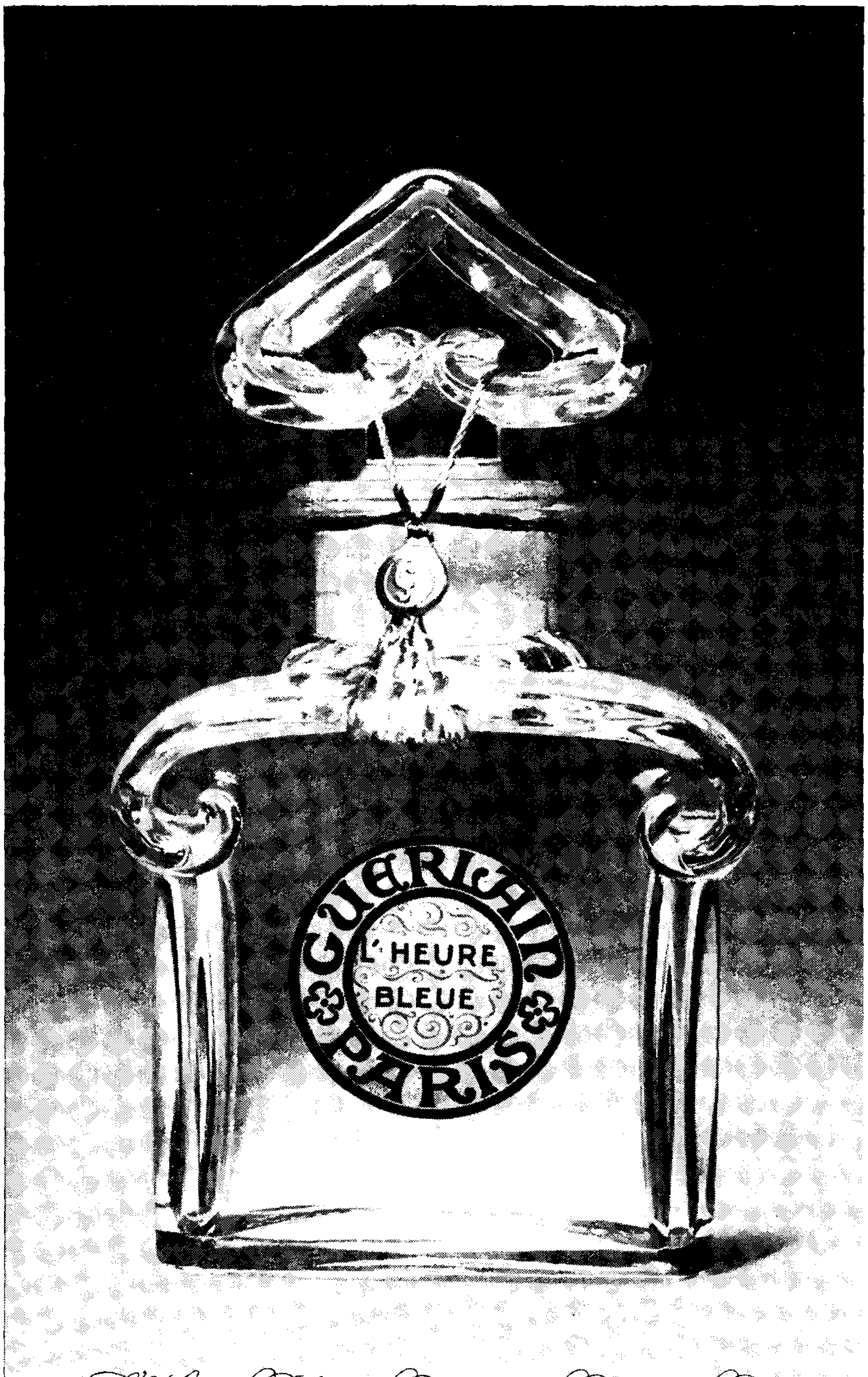
Poetry Center Readings—A reading of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" by a company of actors. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8:40.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The Tenth Annual display. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 22, from 2:30 to 4:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23-24, from 10 to 4:30.)

New York Antiques Fair—The annual fall romp through a couple of acres of attic. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 16, from 1 to 6.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 14, at 1:45: A collection of first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts from the library of the late George A. Zabriskie. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 1:45: Meissen, Sèvres, and other old porcelains; eighteenth-century French furniture, including a Louis XVI acajou commode and a Louis XV inlaid *poudreuse*; and some eighteenth-century French paintings. The property of several collectors, among them the late Mrs. Frank V. Storrs and the late Marie D. Stransky. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 1:45: Statuettes, oil paintings, and engravings of Benjamin Franklin, in addition to an extensive group of his letters and documents, and books printed by him, among them several editions of "Poor Richard's Almanac;" from the collection of the late Arthur Bloch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: A group of paintings, including canvases by Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, eighteenth-century English portraits, and English and French paintings of the nineteenth century; from the estate of Katherine Deere Butterworth. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 16.



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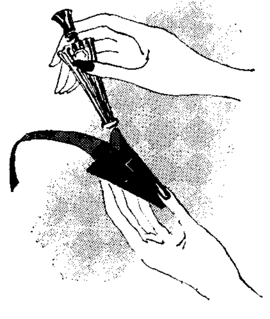

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bread, Love and Dreams—An amusing Italian film that treats with levity the problem of a middle-aged marshal of the police who loses his head over a village doxy. Vittorio De Sica is wonderful as the smitten policeman, and Gina Lollobrigida makes a handsome foil for him as the maiden in question. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

High and Dry—Merriment in Scottish coastal waters, all brought on when a native crew determines to deliver a cargo of household goods owned by an American shipping magnate who has severe misgivings about the whole project. Among the Scottish mariners in this English production are Alex Mackenzie, James Copeland, and Abe Barker, and pitted against them is Paul Douglas. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Little Kidnappers—How a pair of innocents, aged five and eight, melt the cold Calvinistic heart of their grandfather in Nova Scotia in 1904. The small fry, played by Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, might well melt anybody's heart, Calvinist or otherwise. They are warmly supported by Duncan Macrae, Adrienne Corri, Jean Anderson, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—Jacques Tati, a notable comedian, in a French film that has its funny moments as it describes, with no superfluous dialogue, some of the doings at a lively seaside resort. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; Oct. 14.)

New Faces—A series of pleasant skits and songs in a CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 16.)

On the Waterfront—A first-class picture, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, about love and brutality in New York's pier jungle. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Paris Incident—A Gallic trifle, and a delightful one. A Parisian telegraph boy falls off his bike, loses his telegrams, and arouses most of Montmartre in his search to recover them. With Gérard Gervais and Pierrette Simonet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 18.)

The Pickwick Papers—Sam P., Sam Weller, and all the old crowd in a movie that should please the Dickens buffs, even though it is quite lengthy. A British picture. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 19-20.)

Sabrina—A somewhat labored gambol dealing with a chauffeur's daughter on Long Island who aspires to better things. Audrey Hepburn is perhaps overly ebullient as the ambitious young lady, but Humphrey Bogart is superb as a member of the insular *haut monde* who eventually wins her. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Vanishing Prairie—Coyotes, prairie dogs, buffaloes, whooping cranes, and an extensive and active assortment of other wildlife, trying to make a go of it on the lonely American prairie. A Walt Disney nature film, and quite impressive. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

A Nous, la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Chaplin Comedy—"The Paper Hanger," a one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Fallen Idol (1949)—A small boy's efforts to prevent his best pal, a butler, from being charged with murder. An English picture, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 20.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 17-19.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 19.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Oct. 15.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 20.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 17-19.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 17: "Once in a Lifetime" (1932), with Jack Oakie, Aline McMahon. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 18: "The Movies and You" (1951), and "Critic and Film" (1949), documentaries on films and film-making; "The Movies March On" (1939), produced by the March of Time; and an illustrated screen lecture, by Basil Wright, on "Odd Man Out" (1947). (Showings daily, except Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
"Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronic puppets.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"White Christmas" (in VistaVision), Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Van Heflin.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 20 (tentative): "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel.

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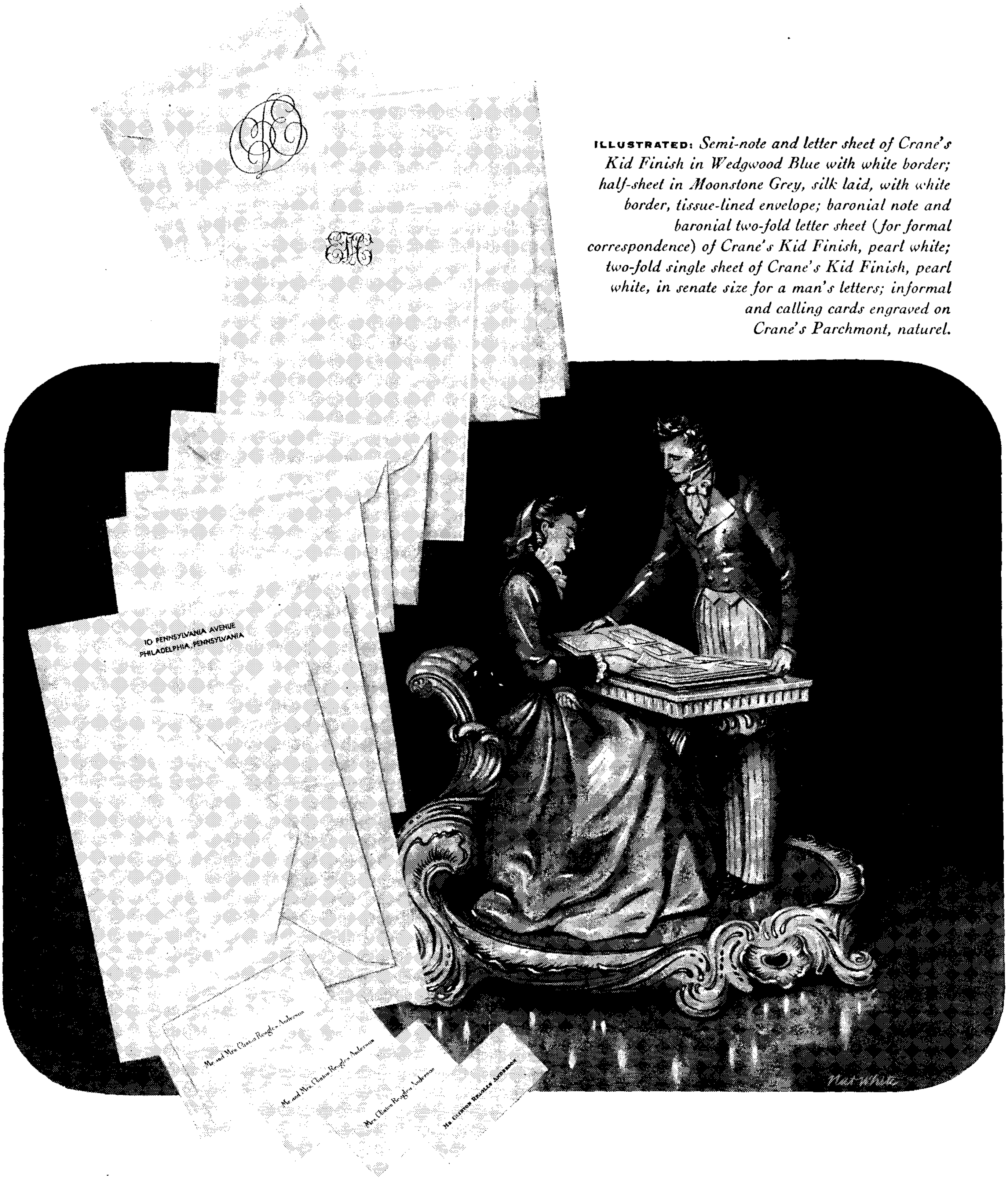
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Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Reagles Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Reagles Anderson
Mrs. Clinton Reagles Anderson
MR. CLINTON REAGLES ANDERSON
Nat White

ILLUSTRATED: *Semi-note and letter sheet of Crane's Kid Finish in Wedgwood Blue with white border; half-sheet in Moonstone Grey, silk laid, with white border, tissue-lined envelope; baronial note and baronial two-fold letter sheet (for formal correspondence) of Crane's Kid Finish, pearl white; two-fold single sheet of Crane's Kid Finish, pearl white, in senate size for a man's letters; informal and calling cards engraved on Crane's Parchmont, naturel.*

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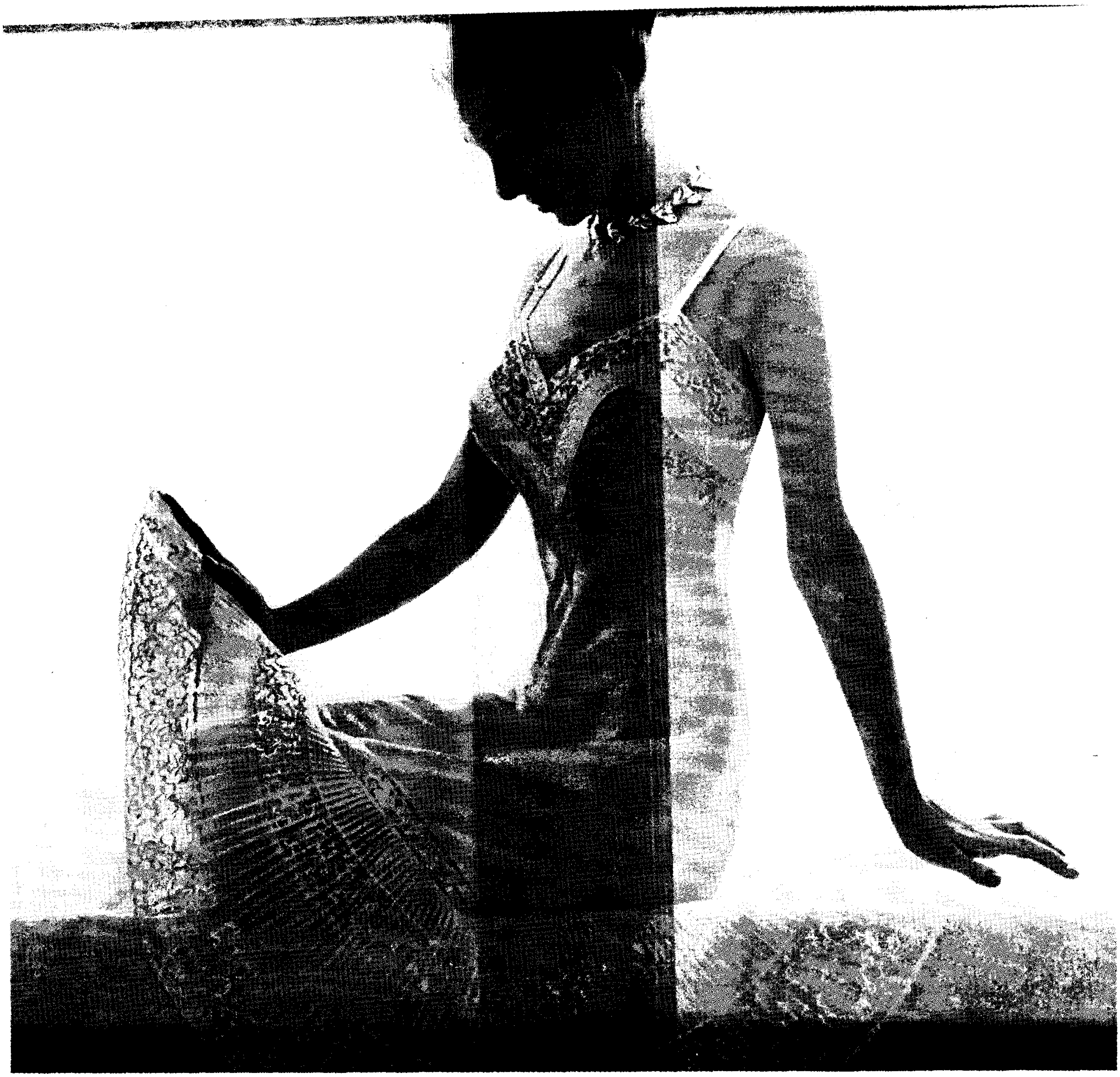

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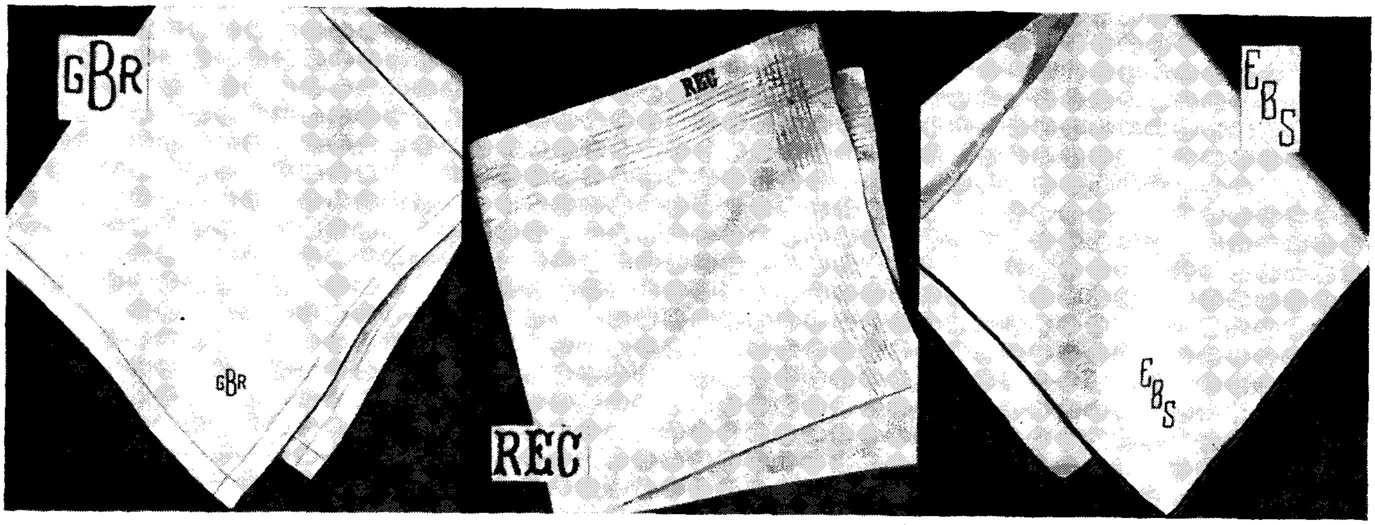

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(m-b) White Irish linen with hemstitched borders, the monogram in white or assorted colors. set of 6, **9.50**

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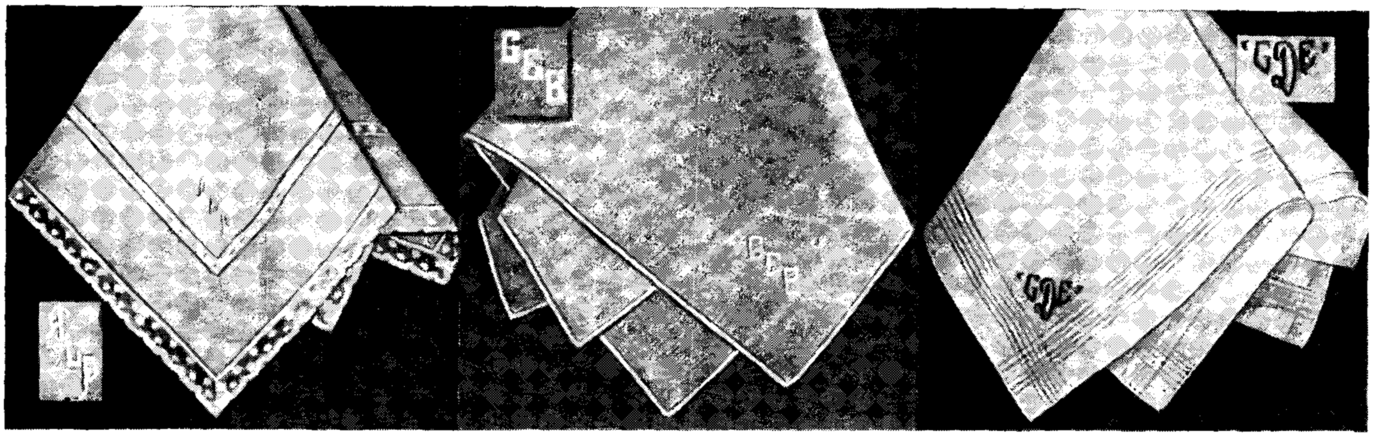

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(w-c) White sheer Swiss cotton, extra-large size with French lace border. Monogram in white. set of 3, **8.00**

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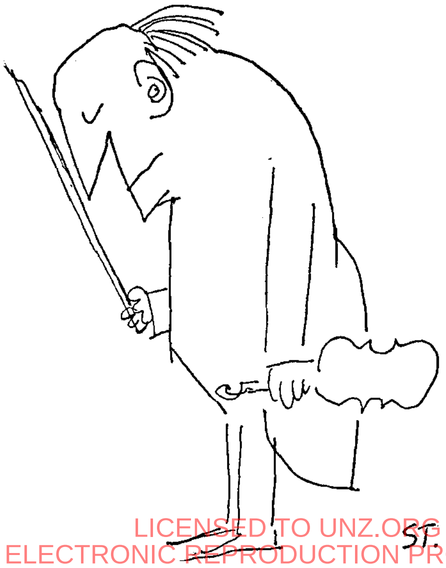
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONCE again, as Election Day draws near, we will attempt to clarify the political situation for our readers—a task we find easier this year, since nobody is running for mayor. Mayoralty campaigns are always tough, we have discovered. Bill O'Dwyer, to be sure, is currently back in the picture, getting ready to testify on Communist infiltration of Mexico before some committee, but we will leave it to him to clarify that. To proceed, then.

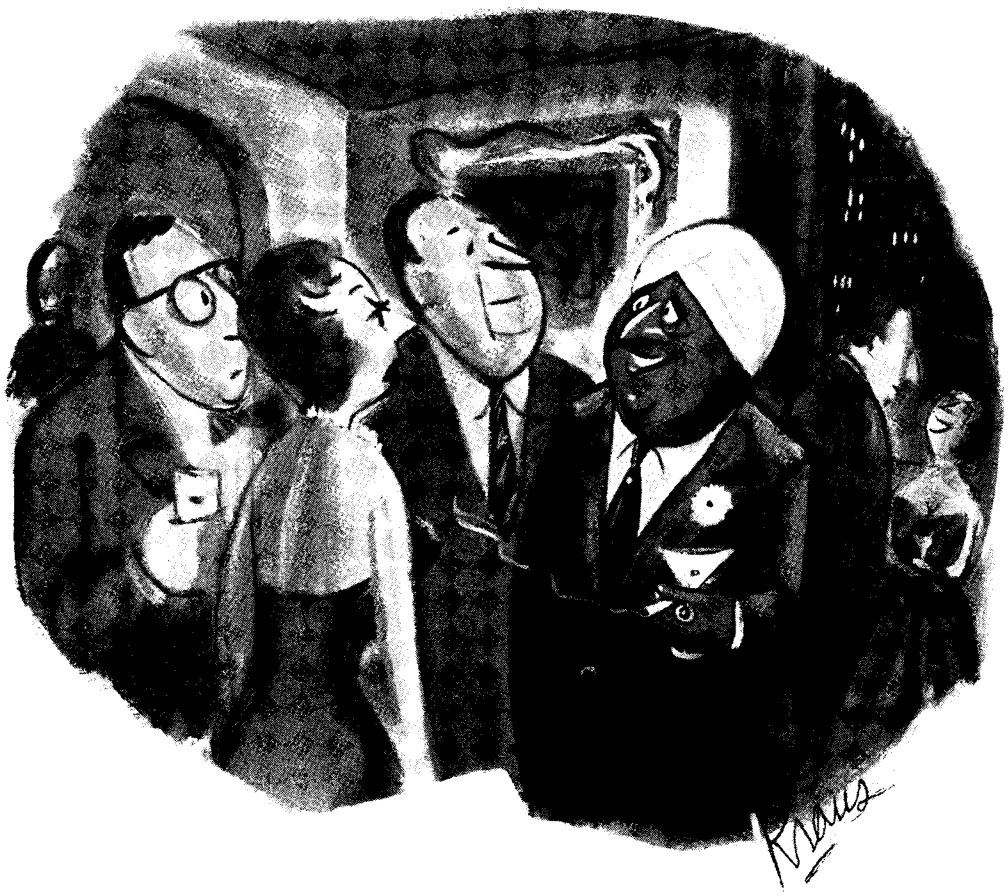
This may be remembered as the milk campaign, no matter who wins. Governor Dewey and Senator Ives have been toasting each other in milk. Averell Harriman (who was W. Averell Harriman until he decided to run for elective office) and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. (who has never found it politically expedient to crop his name), have exhibited themselves *drinking* milk and have slyly intimated that Dewey and Ives just toy with it. The point was not specifically covered in a fair-play declaration signed by the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees only a few days before they began chewing each other's ears off, but maybe it should have been. In any event, practically all the big-city political figures are proclaiming themselves dairymen in this campaign, except for Carmine DeSapio. Ives says DeSapio grows tomatoes and throws them away. Ives also says he would rather grow flowers than anything else. Harriman raises Labrador retrievers, which he sometimes names after fish. For a while, it looked as though food might be as important as drink in the campaign, when President Eisenhower's former mess sergeant ran in the Republican primary for the Congressional seat Roosevelt is giving up. The mess sergeant didn't win the nomination, though, possibly because the electorate has been satisfied by recent revelations from Colorado that Ike is now perfectly capable of being his own mess sergeant. How many mess sergeants does one government need? Too many cooks spoil the broth. Look at France. Roosevelt, now running for attorney general, a job his father never held, thought for a time he had first place on the Democratic state ticket cinched, and said he would never settle for second place. He seems to have ended up in third place, just like Duke Snider. John Roosevelt is making speeches all across the country for Republicans, but as a fraternal gesture he is staying clear of New York—and also of California, where Jimmy is running. The Democrats had to reshuffle their ticket here when their first candidate for comptroller became afraid that the Republicans might pick on him for a bit of alleged hanky-panky in 1934, back in the days when there were no Republicans. Some year, but certainly not this, we shall endeavor to explain what a comptroller is. Reshuffling is in the air among contemporary Republicans, too. In the expectation that Governor Dewey will hook up with the law firm known until lately as Root, Ballantine, Bushby & Palmer, Elihu Root, Jr., has joined up with Cleary, Gottlieb, Friendly & Ball, and his old firm is now called Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood. Nineteen-fifty-four will surely be a memorable political year for Wood.



Turning for a moment to other states, we find New Jersey especially agitated. Some Republicans there claim that their party's candidate for the Senate isn't really a Republican at all. The candidate, to demonstrate he's an O.K. guy, has bought time on the Liberace show. Liberace himself is nonpartisan in this campaign, as is Mendès-France, but General Willoughby is still for MacArthur. Mendès-France is for the Saar. A former New Jersey congressman, J. Parnell Thomas, has written his memoirs of prison days for *Life;* he says, if we read him right, that all congressmen should go to jail. Beyond the turbulent Jersey flats, the national picture is cloudy. Nebraska, in showy defiance of its old unicameral tradition, is holding no fewer than three elections for its two Senate seats. Harry Truman has urged that the Democrats be given control of Congress, so that they can support Eisenhower. Some Republicans have hinted that they hope their party loses control of Congress, so that the Democrats can take the rap for anything that happens between now and 1956. Some Democrats don't seem to want Congress much, either. Poor, unloved Congress! Joe McCarthy says that both President Eisenhower and the Democratic National Committee are unpredictable, and we see nothing contumacious in that. We like the sound of the word "contumacious," and are grateful to the Watkins committee for using it.

Creatures of Habit

MILK having become a political issue, this is as good a time as any to break the news that there's a six-hundred-and-fifty-acre dairy farm within the city limits. The farm has a hun-



"Of course, it's much funnier in Hindustani."

• •

longs to the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, a Roman Catholic home for children, in the Pleasant Plains section of Staten Island. It's the only honest-to-goodness dairy farm left in the city, though Pleasant Plains boasts a certified goat farm, with fifty goats, and there are several dairies in Brooklyn and one in Queens that keep cows on hand during their milking seasons only. James Corrigan, superintendent of the Mission farm, took us around his well-tended barns one afternoon recently and filled us with bovine lore. We learned that all the milk produced by his herd is drunk right at the home, which takes care of some eight hundred boys and three hundred girls, and has a staff of three hundred, and that Corrigan runs the farm with the help of seven paid hands and twenty-six boys from the home. The boys do the milking chores. Ten of them rise at five-thirty every morning to bring the cows in from the fields and get them ready for milking, and at a quarter to seven the sixteen other boys set to work milking and pasteurizing. By nine, the fresh milk of the night before and the morning's still fresher milk is on the breakfast tables at the home

Mr. Corrigan has about fifty cows milking at one time, and they produce a total of about a thousand quarts a day. Sounds like a lot, but there's usually not much left by suppertime. What *is* left is fed to the couple of hundred pigs the home keeps. At the moment, one of Corrigan's cows is yielding a hundred and four pounds of milk a day, while a number of lesser beauties are averaging over eighty pounds. (A cow's yield is measured in pounds, and forty pounds a day is considered par for a Holstein.) For the past four years, the farm's cows have averaged a butterfat content of three and eight-tenths per cent; the butterfat content required by the city is three and three-tenths per cent. These results are especially gratifying to Corrigan, for Holsteins are known to be high on volume but low on butterfat; the volume, of course, pleases him, too, since the boys on the farm detail are likely to vary from one month to the next, and a change of milkers is notoriously damaging to a cow's sense of security, which is intimately entwined with her flow. "Creatures of habit, you know," Corrigan said, not without love. The boys, who range in age from thirteen to eighteen, call themselves Barnos and are extremely proud of their farm skills. "And they really work," Corrigan told us. "A twenty-ton load of feed will be delivered half a mile from the barn, and they'll have it stored in two hours. Pick up a hundred-pound bag and heave it on top of an eight-foot stack. We've got a lot to take care of, after all—seventy-five acres in corn, two hundred and fifty acres in hay, two hundred acres in pasture, and the rest going to buildings, sports fields, lawns, and the like. And, along with their farm work, the boys spend half a day at trade school."

The home used to slaughter its excess cows, but several years ago Mr. Corrigan persuaded the powers-that-be that this was wasteful, and he has since been pure-breeding, and selling excess cows. A couple of months ago, at the Eastern Holstein Sale, held upstate in Earlville, Corrigan sold a cow to Bucknell University. Not only that, but his cow brought the highest price at the whole sale. He showed us two of his four prize bulls—Marshline Regal Pilot, who weighs twenty-eight hundred pounds and looks it, and a son of Winterthur Fobes Advance named King Winterthur Jim, who weighs twenty-four hundred pounds and ditto—and then introduced us to an entire family of cows, consisting of a mother, her two half sisters, and her three daughters. "This one gave sixteen thousand pounds of milk last year," Corrigan said, slipping an arm over the neck of the drowsy matron. "And she's thirteen if she's a day. When she was eleven, she gave twenty thousand pounds. Two years ago, she fell in a hole and broke her stifle joint. She had twins in July, and I shouldn't wonder if she hit sixteen thousand pounds again this year. I hope her daughters are half the cow their mother is."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Boston Chess Club plays only bridge.

Sylvia's Boy Friend

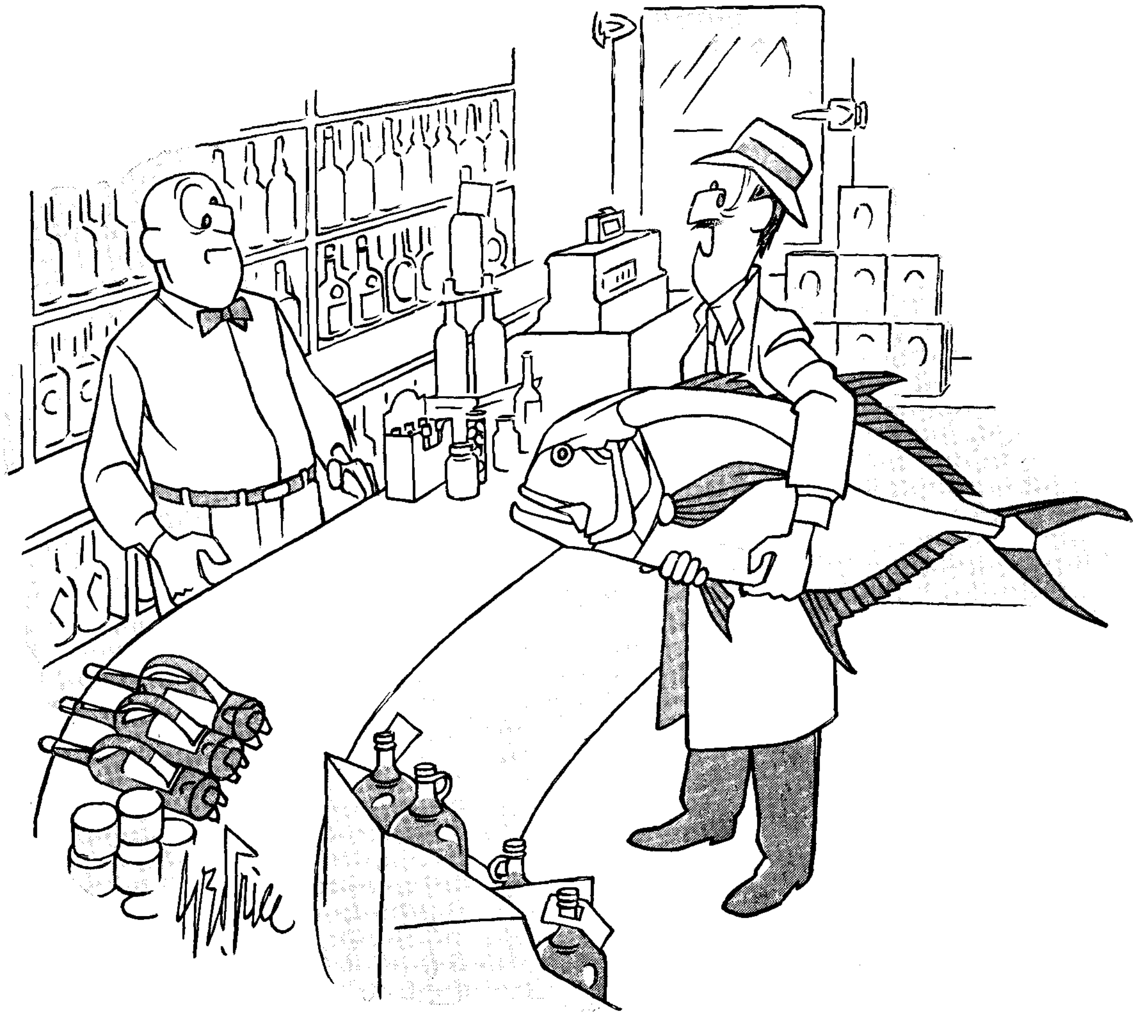
SANDY WILSON, who wrote the music, the lyrics, and the book of "The Boy Friend," the first English musical to click on Broadway in many a moon, was about to board a ship on his way back to London when we caught him for a farewell cup of coffee. He was born thirty years ago, in Manchester, and went to Harrow and, after an Army interlude, to Oxford. "I was in the Ordnance Corps and spent most of the time sorting out papers and typing in Egypt and the Persian Gulf," he said. "Technical Clerk Class Two—private all the way through. I was mad to act from the age of six. I acted in club plays at Oxford, and wrote revues there—music and words. I came to realize there was more of a demand for writers than for actors, so I gave up acting and went on with writing after Oxford." He took a course in stage management at the Old Vic School, and for several years wrote musical skits for club theatres, or private subscription outfits, in London. "The Boy Friend" stems from a one-hour revue he wrote a couple of years ago for the Players' Theatre Club. It was a three-week success, and he amplified it into a full-length production, which enjoyed another subscription triumph, for six weeks, at a suburban theatre. "We asked all the London producers to see it at the Players', and they said it wasn't commercial," he told us. "The day after it opened in the suburbs, ten West End theatres asked for it." Wyndham's Theatre got it, and it has been running there eleven months. Now New York has got it, too, and the end here is not in sight.

As you may know, "The Boy Friend" is a takeoff of musical comedies of the twenties. This brings up the question of how Mr. Wilson acquired his frame of reference for a decade that ended when he was six. We put it to him, and he said, "Many revues dating from the twenties are still touring England. I've seen revivals of 'No! No! Nanette!,' 'Sally,' 'The Girl Friend,' 'Hit the Deck,' and so on. One of my sisters—I have three elder sisters—told me that when I was very young she used to play me a twentyish record called 'Do Shrimps Make Good Mothers?' She attributes the success of 'The Boy Friend' to this. The show is by way of being a parody, and in America the funny side seems to appeal to audiences more than the nostalgic side, but in London people are more inclined to find it touching. I'm now working on a musical-comedy version of the movie 'The Private Life of Henry VIII.' I wanted to do an *English* subject, and a period one, and I thought this offered a good love story and a chance to be both amusing and serious. That period has never been done in a musical before." "Henry" is scheduled to open in London in March, and Wilson plans to revisit New York in May. He told us that he found New York bigger and brighter and lighter and later than London. "London closes down at eleven, unless you happen to belong to a night club," he said. "New York takes a bit of getting used to, but I've got used to it and I like it. I've been to Scarsdale and Long Island, and I took the ferry to Staten Island. I wanted to see the Statue of Liberty, which I missed coming in on the boat because I was having breakfast."

Mr. Wilson, who was wearing a black suit, a black knitted nylon tie, yellow socks, and brown moccasins at the time of our talk, told us he had improved his wardrobe while he was here. "Your range of shirts and socks is bigger and cheaper than ours," he said. He also said that he missed his cat, Sylvia. He has written and illustrated a book about Sylvia, "This Is Sylvia," which has been published in London. "In it, Sylvia has a stage and screen career, marries into the aristocracy, and settles down," he said. "Actually, Sylvia is being taken care of by a girl friend of mine and has just had six kittens by an unknown cat."

Space Bar

AN executive of an old-line Philadelphia firm that insists on its people's "total availability"—no hushed, carpeted anterooms, no batteries of secretaries to protect vice-presidents, no closed doors to inner offices—has devised an effective method of being a little less than totally available, an exact description of which we hereby pass on to whoever may find it useful. (1) He



"Something in a nice white wine."

seats his secretary facing, and immediately to the right of, the open doorway between his cubicle and hers; (2) he equips her with one of those accounting typewriters that have abnormally long rollers; (3) when a not quite welcome visitor comes into sight, he gives his secretary the high sign through the glass partition that separates them; and (4) she presses the tabulator key of her typewriter, sending the roller swiftly sidewise until it blocks the doorway. The ensuing conference takes place across the roller, while the secretary innocently gets on with her filing.

Nails and Doors

THE Modern Living Exposition, under the auspices of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association, was held in New York for the first time last week, and we swept up to the Kingsbridge Armory, in the Bronx, one afternoon to have a look at it. Each day, the Exposition was dedicated to something special—there was a Celebrity Day, a Suburban Day, and a Father and Son Day, for instance—and, as luck would have it, we arrived on Home Builders and Ma Perkins Day. We were told, on arriving, that Ma Perkins, who, we were further told, is the grand old lady of radio soap opera, was somewhere about; she had on a gray dress and was wearing a rose. The armory seemed especially festive and full of examples of man's ingenuity. The ceiling was gay with yellow and blue streamers, and home builders and other people were moving down the lanes of exhibits, pausing to open and shut windows, crank jalousies shut and crank them open, raise and lower a sliding garage door, watch a Remington Arms Company nail gun shoot nails through steel and into concrete, saw, drill, and snap steel bands that held planks together, test various types of insulation in close proximity to lamps, and fill their pockets with various types of nails. We opened and shut a few windows ourself, and pocketed a nail with two heads—used, we were told, for scaffolding. (The second head projects, so that the nail can be withdrawn easily.) After passing such impressive devices as a Windo-Door, a shatterproof Structoglas window, and a Kangaroo Door, we suddenly found ourself at a sliding garage door, and a young man invited us to fling it up. It was large and green and had two windows. The handle was about four feet off the ground and on the left. "No stoop," the young man said. "Last year, we had a handle the shape of a shovel, but this year it's more of a T-type handle. The firm feels the T type is more streamlined."

We flung the door open and moved on to a booth where several types of insulating materials were displayed on stands. Everywhere we looked there was a thermometer. "Feel 'em, feel 'em," a dark-haired young man in glasses was urging people. Some types felt hot and some felt cold. "Infra Multiple Accordion End-to-End Aluminum Insulation is the coolest," the man assured us. "Last year, our insulation had bent sides, but this year the sides are square. The difference is—"

We drifted away and picked up a few sinker-head wood-siding nails and Screw-Tite casing-head wood-siding nails from some jars sitting on a table. A young man in a brown suit, representing the Schlage Lock Company, informed us that the firm was showing for the first time an etched escutcheon plate for a doorknob.

We moved on. Another jalousie tempted us, and after we'd opened and shut it a few times, a learned young man in a gray suit told us that a stainless-steel spring in the shape of a V had been set around the front lip of the jalousie jamb, where no stainless-steel spring had been set before, and the result, as determined by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories, was that the crack length of the jalousie was doubled, while the allowable air infiltration was halved.

A small, dignified lady wearing a rose appeared a few exhibits away, and we went over. "Nobody ever built a boxcar for lumber," a gray-haired man was telling her. "It's hard to get it in and hard to get it out."

We took advantage of a pause to ask the lady if she was Ma Perkins. "The same," she said. "Mr. Egelston is around here somewhere. He's Shuffle Shober. Excuse me. I have to see the Hyster end-piler. I understand it's the queen of the show."

Ma Perkins darted off, and we wandered into an odorless-paint booth. "The first time an odorless paint has been on the market," a gray-haired man with steel-rimmed glasses told us. "The trick is to have an odorless vehicle and odorless thinners. You can give a room two coats of our paint and sleep in it that night."

A stocky man in a dark suit stopped at the booth. "My cousin has a steel indoor swimming pool," he said to the gray-haired man, "and the paint keeps coming off it."

"Chlorine?" asked the gray-haired man.

"A violet-ray system," said the stocky man.

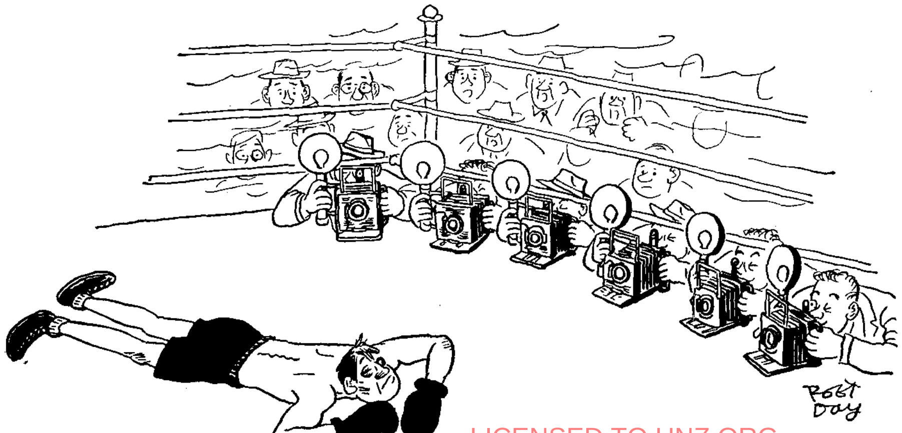
"I'll tell you frankly," said the gray-haired man, "a swimming pool is a headache in any paint man's book."

"It's my cousin's pool," the stocky man said quickly.

"We stay out of potable-water tanks," said the gray-haired man. "Where is this pool?"

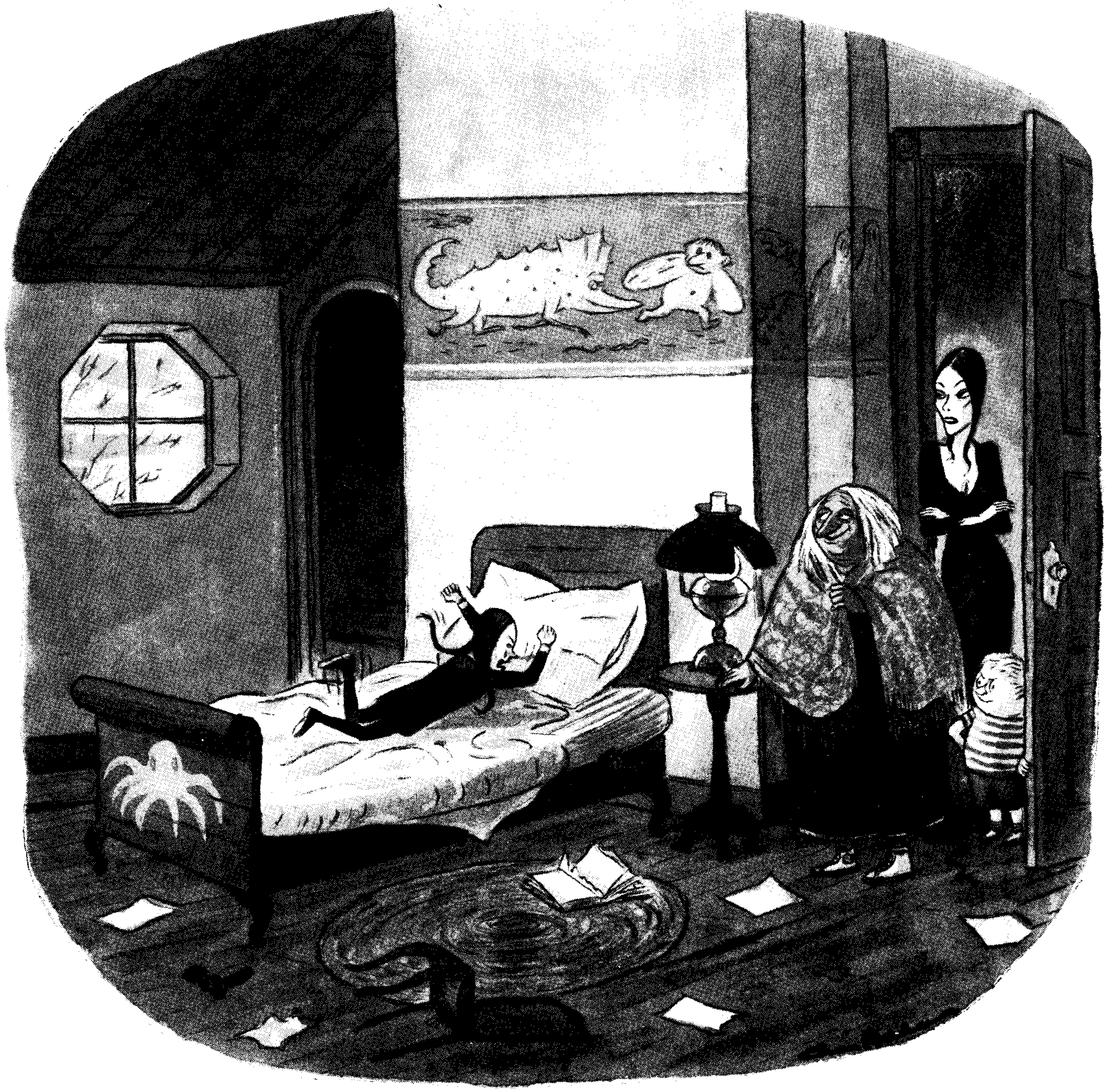
"In Connecticut," said the stocky man. "We've been sandblasting and painting."

"Your whole trouble is probably in your primer," the gray-haired man said. "My advice is to do some more sandblasting."



Le Trompeur Trompé

AN unscrupulous old lady who has been having some trouble with what she still calls "the servant problem" recently went to a cocktail party given by a young couple who live in a small apartment in the East Seventies. She was astonished when a Japanese butler opened the door, and she con-



"Oh, she's furious because they put her on the honor roll at school."

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tinued to be astonished as he proceeded to serve a considerable assemblage with style and dispatch. She expressed her admiration to her hosts, who explained that in a burst of extravagance they had hired him for another party, a few months earlier, and that he had taken a fancy to them and offered to stay on. When they intimated that their bank account wasn't up to this, he proposed a solution: if they would turn over their ordinary domestic budget to him, he would keep them clean, fed, laundered, and served, and would get his wages out of what was left. This they did, this he did, and they were living like kings.

Well, the old lady was smitten with envy, and as she took her departure and the butler held the door open, she mentioned that she would like to discuss a business matter with him, involving more money, shorter hours, vacation with pay, and so on. He declined graciously but went on to say, with a furtive glance toward the living room, that *he* had a business matter to discuss with *her*. Would she like to buy a five-thousand-dollar fur coat, almost new, for any reasonable sum—say, five hundred? Seeming to mistake her horror for caution, he said things could be arranged so that his employers would never suspect him *or* her, and anyway they'd collect the insurance.

The lady departed, and the young couple enjoyed a period of wicked speculation as to whether her conscience would conquer her natural reluctance to reveal her guile—for the butler, having been frequently approached in this manner, had taken to making the fur-coat proposal in return, always letting his employers in on the joke. Two days later, conscience won, and the lady telephoned to warn the young couple of the viper in their bosom. They let *her* in on the joke, and she was as mad as a hornet.

THE RESTING PLACE

THE possibility that Dr. Hillebrand was developing kleptomania caused a good deal of pleasure among his younger colleagues—that is, the entire personnel of the Department of Anthropology, including its director, Walter Klibben. It was not that anybody really disliked the old boy. That would have been hard to do, for he was coöperative and gentle, and his humor was mild; he was perhaps the greatest living authority on Southwestern archeology, and broadly learned in the general science of anthropology; and he was a man who delighted in the success of others.

Dr. Hillebrand was the last surviving member of a group of men who had made the Department of Anthropology famous in the earlier part of the twentieth century. His ideas were old-fashioned; to Walter Klibben, who at forty was very much the young comer, and to the men he had gathered about him, Dr. Hillebrand's presence, clothed with authority, was as incongruous as that of a small, mild brontosaurus would be in a modern farmyard.

On the other hand, no one living had a finer archeological technique. Added to this was a curious intuition, which caused him to dig in unexpected places and come up with striking finds—the kind of thing that delights donors and trustees, such as the largest unbroken Mesa Verde black-on-white jar known up to that time, the famous Biltabito Cache of turquoise and shell objects, discovered two years before and not yet on exhibition, and, only the previous year, the mural decorations at Painted Mask Ruin. The mural, of which as yet only a small part had been uncovered, compared favorably with the murals found at Awatovi and Kawaika-a by the Peabody Museum, but was several centuries older. Moreover, in the part already exposed there was an identifiable katchina mask, unique and conclusive evidence that the katchina cult dated back to long before the white man came. This meant, Dr. Klibben foresaw gloomily, that once again all available funds for publication would be tied up by the old coot's material.

The trustees loved him. Several years ago, he had reached the age of retirement and they had waived the usual limitation in his case. He was curator of the museum, a position only slightly less important than that of director, and he occupied the Kleinman Chair in American Archeology. This was an endowed position paying several thousand a year more than Klibben's own professorship.

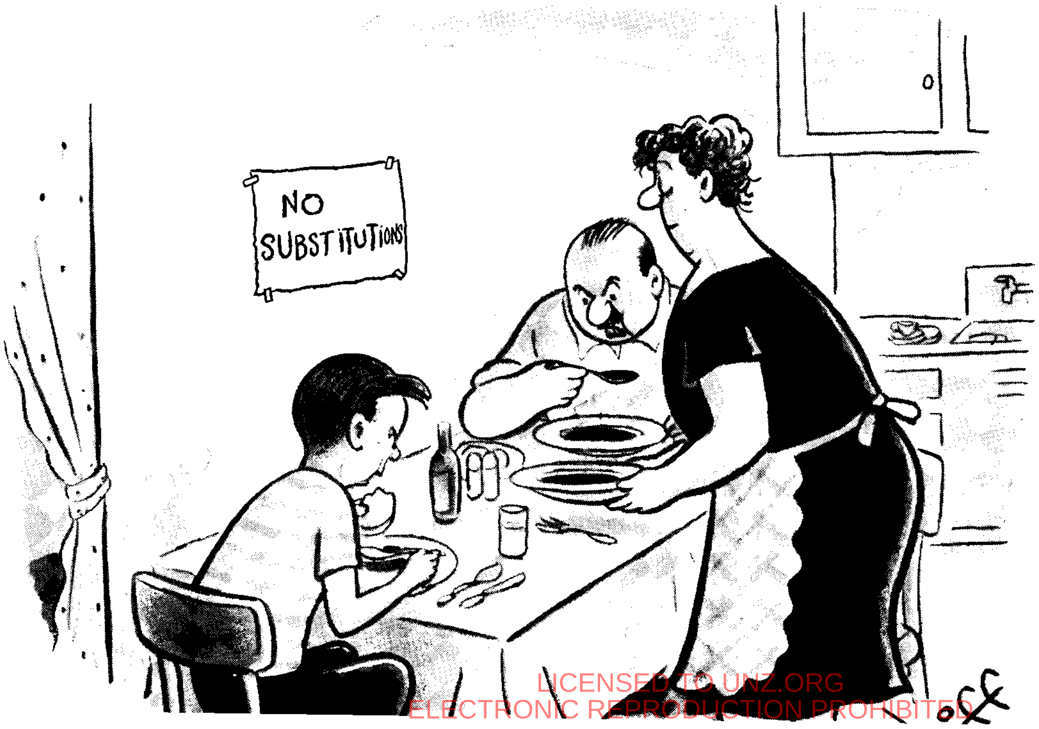
Dr. Hillebrand's occupancy of these positions, on top of his near monopoly of publication money, was the rub. He blocked everything. If only the old relic would become emeritus, the younger men could move up. Klibben had it all worked out. There would be the Kleinman Chair for himself, and McDonnell could accede to his professorship. He would leave Steinberg an associate, but make him curator. Thus, Steinberg and McDonnell would have it in mind that the curatorship always might be transferred to McDonnell as the man with senior status, which would keep them both on their toes. At least one assistant professor could, in due course, be made an associate, and young George Franklin, Klibben's own prized student, could be promoted from instructor to assistant. It all fitted together and reinforced his own position. Then, given free access to funds for monographs and papers . . .

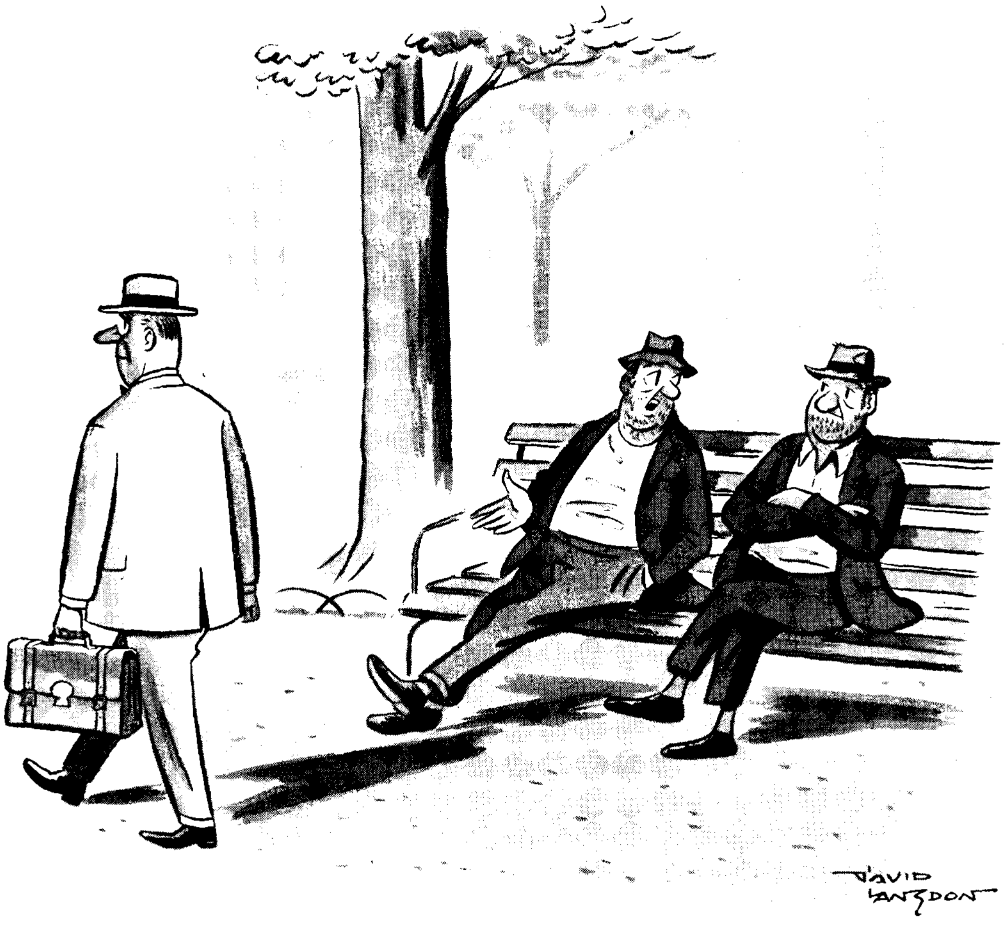
But Dr. Hillebrand showed no signs of retiring. It was not that he needed the money from his two positions; he was a bachelor and something of an ascetic, and much of his salary he put into his own expeditions. He loved to teach, he said—and his students liked him. He loved his museum; in fact, he was daffy about it, pottering around in it until late at night. Well, let him retire, and he could still teach a course or two if he wanted; he could still potter, but Klibben could run his Department as he wished, as it ought to be run.

Since there seemed no hope that the old man would give out physically in the near future, Klibben had begun looking for symptoms of mental failure. There was, for instance, the illogical way in which Dr. Hillebrand often decided just where to run a trench or dig a posthole. As Steinberg once remarked, it was as if he were guided by a ouija board. Unfortunately, this eccentricity produced splendid results.

Then, sometimes Hillebrand would say to his students, "Now, let us imagine—" and proceed to indulge in surprising reconstructions of the daily life and religion of the ancient cliff dwellers, going far beyond the available evidence. The director had put Franklin onto that, because the young man had worked on Hopi and Zuñi ceremonial. Franklin reported that the old boy always made it clear that these reconstructions were not science, and, further, Franklin said that they were remarkably shrewd and had given him some helpful new insights into aspects of modern Indians' religion.

The possibility of kleptomania was something else again. The evidence—insufficient so far—concerned the rich Biltabito Cache, which Dr. Hillebrand





"Do you know what he's carrying in that briefcase? He's carrying worries and problems and troubles, that's what he's carrying."

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loguing, and describing, mostly evenings, when the museum was closed. He was the only one who knew exactly how many objects had been in the find, but it did look as if some of it might now be missing. There was also what the night watchman thought he had seen. And then there was that one turquoise bead—but no proof it had come from that source, of course—that McDonnell had found on the floor near the cast of the Quiriguá stela, just inside the entrance to the museum.

The thefts—if there had been any—had taken place in April and early May, when everyone was thinking of the end of the college year and the summer's field trips. A short time later, and quite by accident, Klibben learned from an associate professor of ornithology that old Hillebrand had obtained from him a number of feathers, which he said he wanted for repairing his collection of katchina dolls. Among them were parrot and macaw feathers, and the fluffy feathers from the breast of an eagle.

Klibben's field was not the American Southwest, but any American anthropologist would have been able to draw an obvious conclusion; turquoise, shell, and feathers of those sorts were components of ritual offerings among the modern Hopis and Zuñis, and possibly their ancestors, among whose remains Dr. Hillebrand had carried on his lifework. Dr. Klibben began to suspect—or hope—that the old man was succumbing to a mental weakness far more serious than would be evidenced by the mere stealing of a few bits of turquoise and shell.

The Director made tactful inquiries at the genetics field laboratory to see if the old man had been seeking corn pollen, another component of the ritual offerings, and found that there the question of the evolution of *Zea maiz* in the Southwest was related to the larger and much vexed question of the origin and domestication of that important New World plant, so interesting to archeologists, botanists, and geneticists. Dr. Hillebrand had been collecting specimens of ancient corn from archeological sites for a long time—ears, cobs, and grains extending over two millenniums or more, and other parts of the plant, including some fragments of tassels. It was, Klibben thought, the kind of niggling little detail you would expect to find Hillebrand spending good time on. Dr. Hillebrand had been turning his specimens over to the plant and heredity boys, who were delighted to have them. They, in turn, had followed this up by obtaining—for comparison—seed of modern Pueblo Indian, Navajo, and Hopi corn, and planting it. It was natural enough, then, that from time to time Dr. Hillebrand should take specimens of seed and pollen home to study on his own. It might be clear as day to Klibben that the old boy had gone gaga to the point of making ritual offerings to the gods of the cliff dwellings; he still had nothing that would convince a strongly pro-Hillebrand board of trustees.

Even so, the situation was hopeful. Klibben suggested to the night watchman that, out of concern for Professor Hillebrand's health, he keep a special eye on the Professor's afterhours activities in the museum. Come June, he would arrange for Franklin—with his Southwestern interests, Franklin was the logical choice—to go along on Hillebrand's expedition and see what he could see.

FRANKLIN took the assignment willingly, by no means unaware of the possible advantages to himself should the old man be retired. The archeologist accepted the addition of the young man to his staff with equanimity. He remarked that Franklin's knowledge of Puebl

interpreting what might be uncovered, while a better grounding in Southwestern prehistory would add depth to the young man's ethnographic perceptions. Right after commencement, they set out for the Navajo country of Arizona, accompanied by two undergraduate and four graduate students.

At Farmington, in New Mexico, they picked up the university's truck and station wagon, and Hillebrand's own field car, a Model A Ford as archaic as its owner. In view of the man's income, Franklin thought, his hanging on to the thing was one more oddity, an item that could be added to many others to help prove Klibben's case. At Farmington, too, they took on a cook and general helper. Dr. Hillebrand's work was generously financed, quite apart from what went into it from his own earnings.

The party bounced over the horrifying road past the Four Corners and around the north end of Beautiful Mountain, into the Chinlee Valley, then southward and westward until, after having taken a day and a half to drive about two hundred miles, they reached the cliffs against which stood Painted current summer's work was to excavate the decorated kiva in detail, test another kiva, and make further, standard excavations in the ruin as a whole.

By the end of a week, the work was going nicely. Dr. Hillebrand put Franklin, as the senior scientist under him, in charge of the work in the painted kiva. Franklin knew perfectly well that he was deficient in the required techniques; he would, in fact, be dependent upon his first assistant, Philip Fleming, who was just short of his Ph.D. Fleming had worked in that kiva the previous season, had spent three earlier seasons with Dr. Hillebrand, and was regarded by him as the most promising of the many who had worked under him. There was real affection between the two men.

Two of the other graduate students were well qualified to run a simple dig for themselves. One was put in charge of the untouched second kiva, the other of a trench cutting into the general mass of the ruin from the north. Franklin felt uncomfortably supernumerary, but he recognized that that was an advantage in pursuing his main purpose of keeping a close watch on the expedition's director.

"Ninety-seven per cent of the economic activity of this area is based on agriculture. The dominant crops are corn and oats. Net crop income is off thirty-two point four per cent over a year ago. The percentage-point difference between this figure and the national average is directly attributable to crop failure due to drought. Activity in farm loans and mortgages remains . . ."

After supper on the evening of the eighth day, Dr. Hillebrand announced rather shyly that he would be gone for about four days, "to follow an old custom you all know about." The younger men smiled. Franklin kept a blank face to cover his quickened interest.

This was a famous, or notorious, eccentricity of the old man's, and one in which Drs. Klibben, McDonnell, and the rest put great hope. Every year, early in the season, Dr. Hillebrand went alone to a ruin he had excavated early in his career. There was some uncertainty as to just where the ruin was; it was believed to be one known to the Navajos as Tsekaiye Kin. No one knew what he did there. He said he found the time for thinking out the task in hand. It was usually not long after his return from it that he would announce his decision to dig in such-and-such a spot, and proceed to uncover the painted kiva, or the Kettle Cave fetishes, or the Kin Hatsosi blanket, or some other notable find.

If Franklin could slip away in the station wagon and follow the old man, he might get just the information he wanted. So far, Dr. Hillebrand's activities on the expedition had evidenced nothing but his great competence. If the old man ever performed mad antique rites with stolen specimens, it would be at his secret place of meditation. Perhaps he got up and danced to the ancient gods. One might be able to sneak a photo . . .

Dr. Hillebrand said, "I shan't be gone long. Meantime, of course, Dr. Franklin will be in charge." He turned directly to his junior. "George, there are several things on which you must keep a close watch. If you will look at

Franklin and Fleming sat down beside him. Dr. Hillebrand expounded. Whether the ancient devil had done it intentionally or not, Franklin saw that he was neatly hooked. In the face of the delicacy and the probable outcome of the next few days' work, he could not possibly make an excuse for absenting himself when the head of the expedition was also absent.

Dr. Hillebrand took off early the next morning in his throbbing Model A. He carried with him a Spartan minimum of food and bedding. It was good to be alone once more in the long-loved reaches of the Navajo country. The car drove well. He still used it because, short of a jeep, nothing newer had the clearance to take him where he wanted to go.

He drove slowly, for he was at the age when knowledge and skill must replace strength, and getting stuck would be serious. When he was fifty, he reflected, he would have reached

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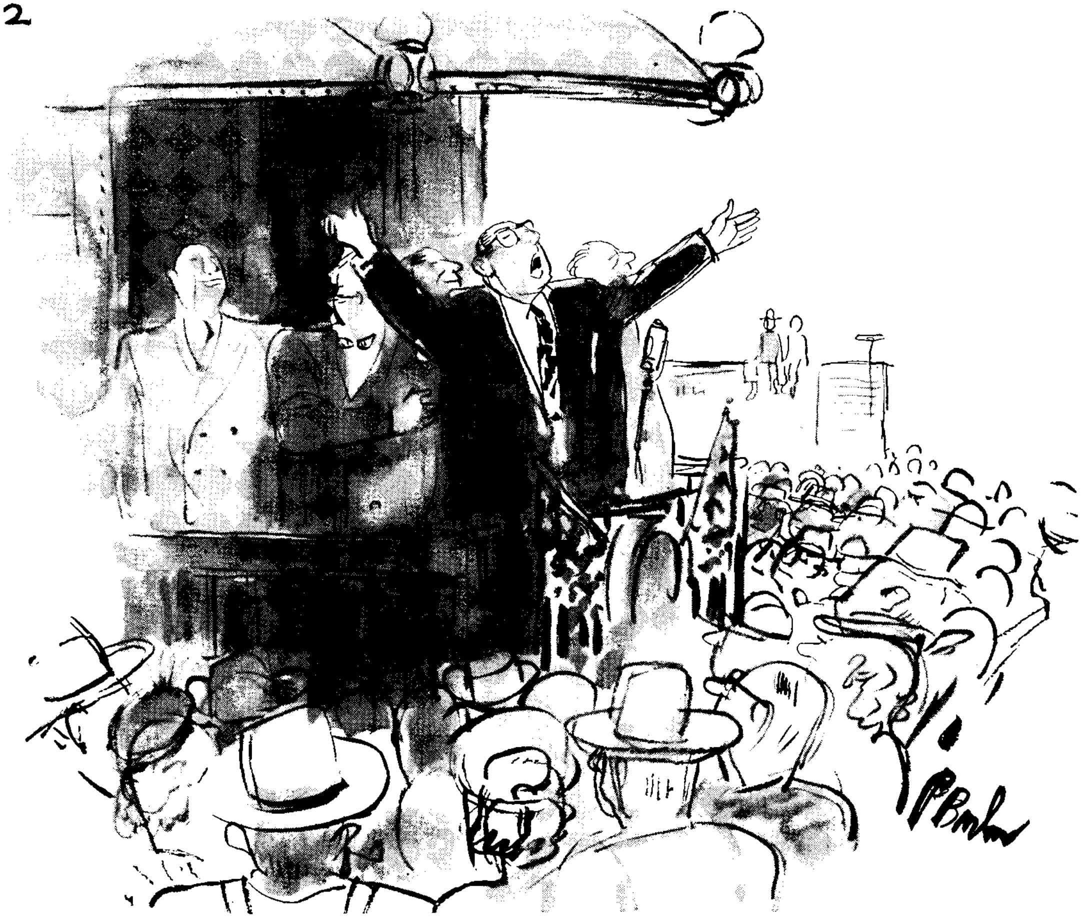

"*And I say to you that when your forebears broke this stubborn sod and made of the wasteland a dwelling place for themselves and a cornucopia of plenty for a hungry people, little did they dream that a heedless nation would one day so harden its heart as to permit this prospering economy and this flowering garden to wither back again into a wilderness.*"

camp in under four hours; when he was thirty, if it had been possible to travel this country in a car, he would have made even greater speed, and as like as not ended by getting lost. He reached the open farming area outside the place where T'iiz Hatsosi sliced into the great mesa to the south. There were nearly twice as many hogans to be seen as when he had first come here; several of them were square and equipped with windows, and by some of them cars were parked. Everything was changing, but these were good people still, although not as genial and hospitable as their grandparents had been when he first packed in.

He entered the narrow mouth of T'iiz Hatsosi Canyon in the late afternoon, and by the exercise of consummate skill drove some four miles up it. At that point, it was somewhat wider than elsewhere, slightly under two hundred feet across at the bottom. The heavy grazing that had so damaged all the Navajos' land had had some effect here. There was less grass than there used to be—but then, he reflected, he had no horses to graze—and the bed of the wash was more deeply eroded, and here and there sharp gullies led into it from the sides.

Still, the cottonwoods grew between the occasional stream and the high, warmly golden-buff cliffs. Except at noon, there was shade, and the quality of privacy, almost of secrecy, remained. In the west wall was the wide strip of white rocks from which the little ruin took its name, Tsekaiye Kin, leading the eye to the long ledge above which the cliff arched like a scallop shell, and upon which stood the ancient habitations. The lip of the ledge was about twenty feet above the level of the canyon, and approachable by a talus slope that was not too hard to negotiate. Some small evergreens grew at the corners of the ledge. From the ground, the settlement did not seem as if it had been empty for centuries, but rather as if its occupants at the moment happened not to be visible. The small black rectangles of doorways and the windows made him feel, as they had done over forty years ago, as if the little settlement were watching him.

South of the far end of the ledge, and at the level of the canyon floor, was the spring. Water seeped richly through a crack in the rock a few feet above the ground and flowed down over rock to form a pool at the base. The wet golden-brown stone glistened; small water growths clung to crevices. In the pool itself, there was cress, and around it moss and grass rich enough to make a few feet of turf.

Here Dr. Hillebrand deposited his bedroll and his food. He estimated that he had better than two hours of daylight left. He cut himself a supply of firewood. Then he took a package out of his coffeepot. The package was wrapped in an old piece of buckskin. With this in hand, he climbed up the slope to the ruin.

The sense of peace had begun once he was out of sight of the camp at Painted Mask Ruin. It had grown when he entered T'iiz Hatsosi Canyon; it had become stronger when he stepped out of the car and glimpsed through the cottonwoods his little village, with its fourteen rooms. By the spring, it had become stronger yet, and mixed with a nostalgia of past times that was sweetly painful, like a memory of an old and good lost love. These feelings were set aside as he addressed himself to the task of climbing, which was not entirely simple; then they returned fourfold when he was in the ruin. Here he had worked alone, a green young man with a shiny new Doctor's degree, a boy-man not unlike young Fleming. Here he had discovered what it was like to step into a room that still had its roof intact, and see the marks of the smoke from the household fire, the loom ties still in place in the ceiling and floor, the broken cooking pot still in the corner.

He paid his respects to that chamber—Room 4-B; stood in the small, roofless, irregular oval of the kiva. All by himself he had dug it out.

Could Dr. Franklin have been there then, spying unseen, he would have been most happy. From under a stone that appeared firmly embedded in the clay flooring Dr. Hillebrand took an ancient, crude stone pipe fitted with a recent willow stem. He filled it with tobacco, performed curious motions as he lit it, and puffed smoke in the six directions. Then he climbed out of the kiva on the inner side and went behind the double row of habitations, to the darker area under the convex curve of the wall at the back of the cave, the floor of which was a mixture of earth and rubbish. Two smallish, rounded stones about three feet apart inconspicuously marked a place. Sitting by it on a convenient ledge of rock, he puffed at the pipe again; then he opened the buckskin package and proceeded to make an offering of ancient turquoise beads, white and red shell, black stone, feathers and down, and corn pollen.

Sitting back comfortably, he said, "Well, here I am again."

The answer did not come from the ground, in which the bones of the speaker reposed, but from a point in space, as if he were sitting opposite Dr. Hillebrand. "Welcome, old friend. Thank you for the gifts; their smell is pleasing to us all."

"I don't know whether I can bring you any more," the archeologist said. "I can buy new things, of course, but getting the old ones is becoming difficult. They are watching me."

"It is not necessary," the voice answered. "We are rich in the spirits of things such as these, and our grandchildren on earth still offer them to us. It has been rather for your benefit that I have had you bringing them, and I think that that training has served its purpose."

"You relieve me." Then, with a note of anxiety, "That doesn't mean that I have to stop visiting you?"

"Not at all. And, by the way, there is a very handsome jar with a quantity of beans of an early variety in it where you are digging now. It was left behind by accident when the people before the ones who built the painted kiva moved out. It belonged to a woman called Bluebird Tailfeather. Her small child ran off and was lost just as they were moving, and by the time she found him, the war chief was impatient. However, we can come back to that later. I can see that you have something on your mind."

"I'm lonely," Dr. Hillebrand said. "There are a lot of people I get on nicely with, but no one left I love—that is, above the ground—and you are the only one below the ground I seem to be able to reach. I— I'd like to take your remains back with me, and then we could talk nights."

"I would not like that."

"Then of course I won't."

"I was sure of that. Your country is strange to me, and travelling back and forth would be a lot of effort. What I saw that time I visited you was alien to me; it would be to you, too, I think. It won't be long, I believe, before I am relieved of attachment to my bones entirely, but if you moved them now, it would be annoying. You take that burial you carried home ten years ago—old Rabbit Stick. He says you treat him well and have given him the smell of ceremonial jewels whenever you could, but sometimes he arrives quite worn out from his journey."

"Rabbit Stick," Dr. Hillebrand mused. "I wondered if there were not someone there. He has never spoken to me."

"He couldn't. He was just an ordinary Reed Clan man. But he is grateful to you for the offerings, because they have given him the strength he needed. As you know, I can speak with you because I was the Sun's Forehead, and there was the good luck that you were thinking and feeling in the right way when you approached me. But tell me, don't the young men who learn from you keep you company?"

"Yes. There is one now who is like a son to me. But then they have learned, and they go away. The men in between, who have become chiefs, you might say, in my Department, have no use for me. They want to make me emeritus—that is, put me on a pension, take over my authority and my rewards, and set me where I could give advice and they could ignore it. They have new ways, and they despise mine. So now they are watching me. They have sent a young man out this time just to watch me. They call him a student of the ways of your grandchildren; he spent six weeks at Zuñi once, and when even he could see that the people didn't like him, he went and put in the rest of the summer at Oraibi."

"New Oraibi or Old Oraibi?" the Sun's Forehead asked.

"New Oraibi."

The chief snorted.

"So, having also read some books, he thinks he is an ethnographer, only he calls himself a cultural anthropologist. And he is out here to try to find proof that my mind is failing." He smiled. "They'd certainly think so if they saw me sitting here talking to empty air."

The Sun's Forehead chuckled. "They certainly would. They wouldn't be able to hear me, you know." Then his voice became serious again. "That always happens, I think. It happened to me. They wanted to do things differently, when I had at last come to the point at which an Old Man

WORDS FROM ENGLAND

The maples of Connecticut
In dry October breezes flare
All shades of orange, shades of red.
There is my home, but I have not
For two Octobers rested there,
Nor the red maples visited.

The English autumn pales the trees
With yellow fog to ornament
This island jewel of a Queen.
As morbid as a slow disease,
October makes its faint descent
Toward winter's rainy quarantine.

Another year and I will be
Returned to where the seasons are,
Each delicate compartment shut.
Then I will watch the truthful tree
That tells position like a star,
A maple in Connecticut.

—Donald Hall

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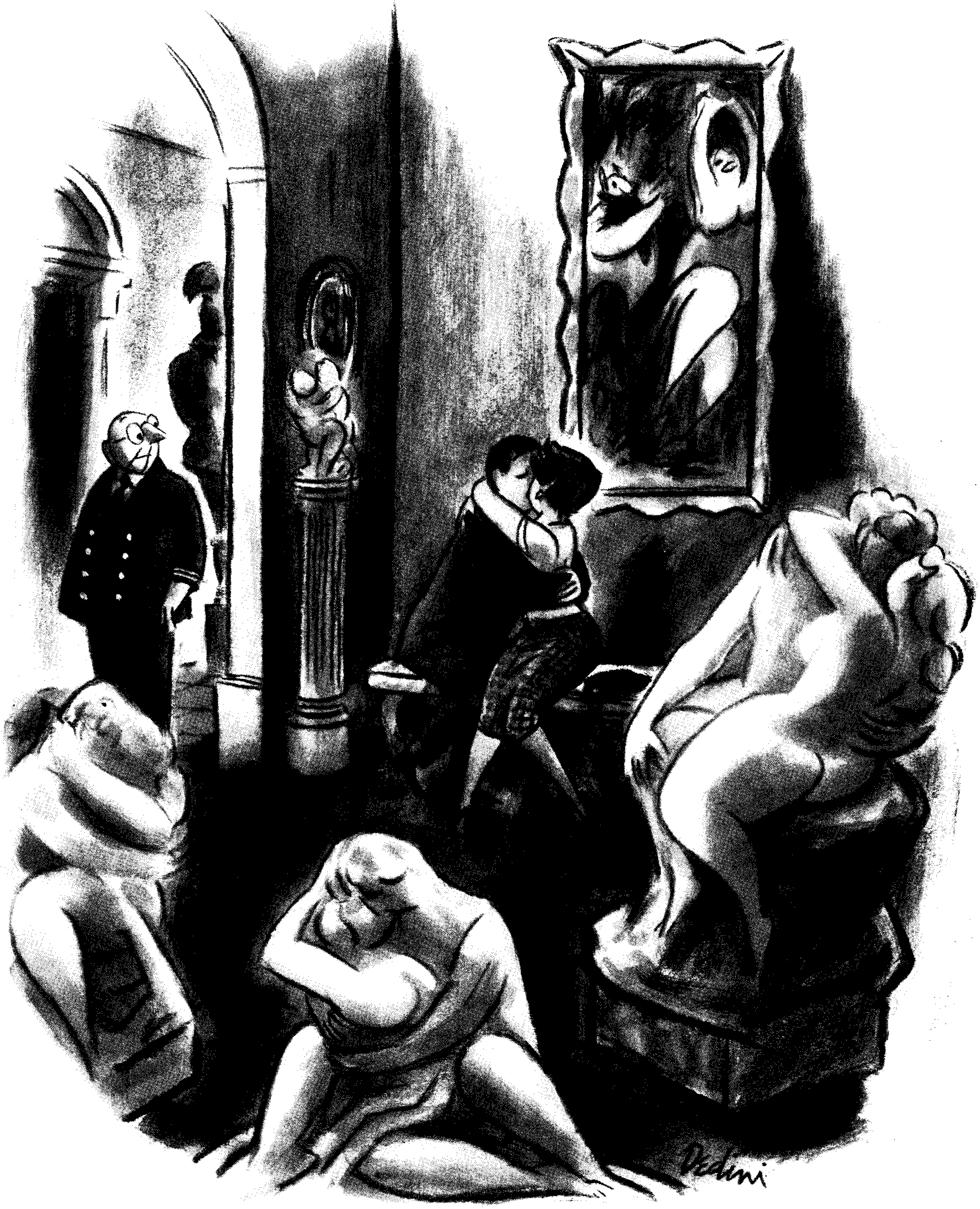


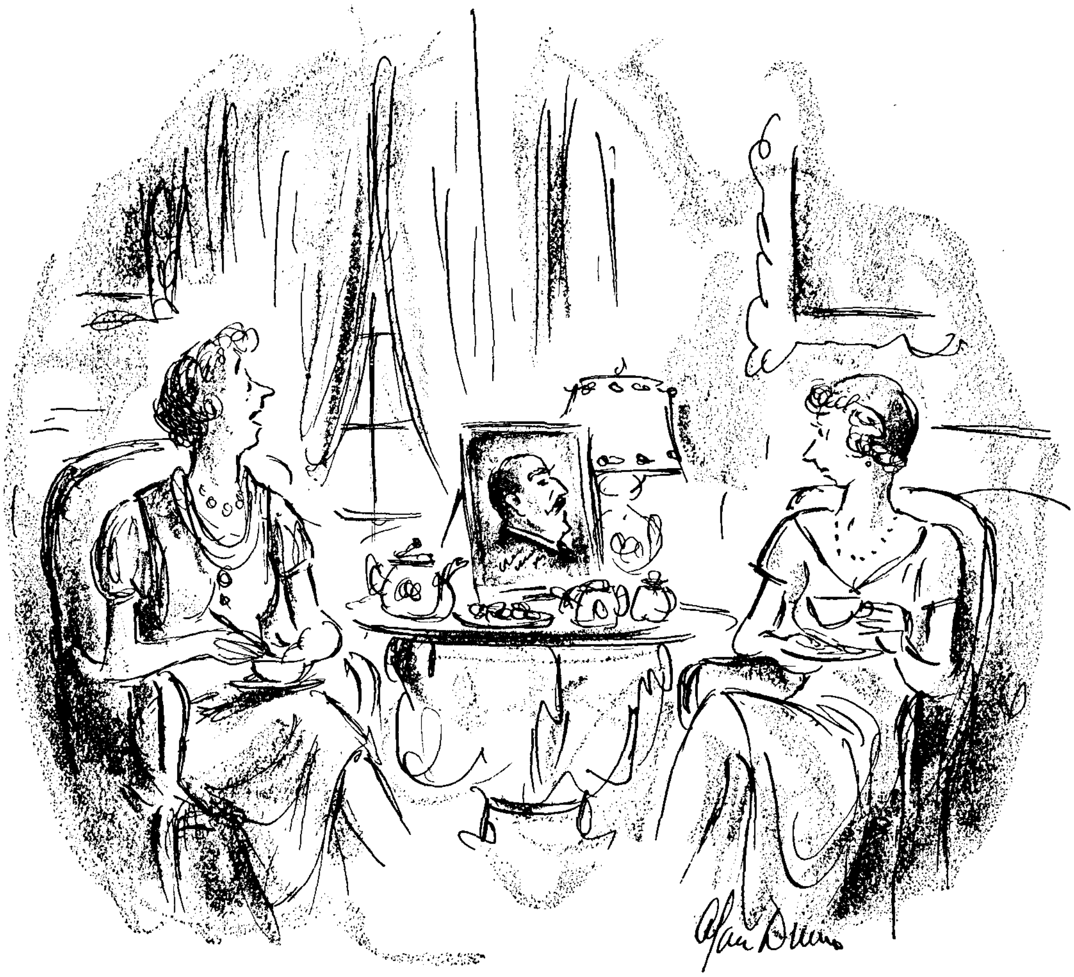
not young, as you did. They could not take my title, but they wanted to handle my duties for me, bring me enough food to live on, hear my advice and not listen to it. Struggling against them became wearying and distasteful, so finally I decided to go under. At the age I had reached—about your age

"And now you say that you are about to be detached from your bones entirely? You are reaching the next stage?"

"Let us say that I begin to hope. Our life is beautiful, but for a hundred years or so now I have been longing for the next, and I begin to hope."

"How does it happen? Or is it wrong

"You may know. You are good, and you keep your secrets, as our wise men always did. You will see a man who has become young, handsome, and full of light. When we dance, he dances with great beauty; his singing is beautiful, and you feel as if it were creating life. Then one time when the



"I thought this time it was the real thing, but he was only after my proxy."

• •

masks, you understand, the katchinas themselves—you can't find him among the watchers. Then you seem to recognize him, there among the sacred people, dancing like them. Then you think that the next time our grandchildren on the earth put on the masks and dance, that one, whom you knew as a spirit striving to purify himself, who used to tell you about his days on the earth, will be there. With his own eyes he will see our grandchildren and bless them." The chief's voice trailed off, as though the longing for what he was describing deprived him of words.

"To see the katchinas themselves dancing," Dr. Hillebrand mused. "Not the masks, but what the masks stand for . . . That would keep me happy for centuries. But then, I could not join your people. I was never initiated. I'd be plain silly trying to dance with them. It's not for me."

"For over forty years I have been initiating you," the Sun's Forehead said. "As for dancing—you will no longer be There is room for you in our country. Why don't you come over? Just lie down in that crevice back there and make up your mind."

"You know," Dr. Hillebrand said, "I think I will."

BOTH the Kleinman Professor of American Archeology and the spirit who once had been the Sun's Forehead for the settlements in the neighborhood of T'iiz Hatsosi were thoroughly unworldly. It had not occurred to either of them that within six days after Dr. Hillebrand had left camp Dr. George Franklin would organize a search for him, and that four days later his body would be found where he had died of, apparently, heart failure. Above all, it had not occurred to them that his body would be taken home and buried with proper pomp in the appropriate cemetery. (But Philip Fleming, close to tears, resolutely overlooked the scattering of turquoise and shell in the rubbish between the crevice and the kiva.)

Dr. Hillebrand found himself among [illegible] alien to him as they had been be gaunt from the total lack of offerings, and the means by which they should purify and advance themselves to where they could leave this life for the next, which he believed to be the final one, were confused. He realized that his spirit was burdened with much dross, and that it would be a long time before he could gather the strength to attempt a journey to the country of his friend.

His portrait, in academic gown and hood, was painted posthumously and hung in the entrance of the museum, to one side of the stela from Quiriguá and facing the reproduction of the famous Painted Kiva mural. Dr. Klibben adroitly handled the promotions and emoluments that fell under his control. Philip Fleming won his Ph.D. with honor, and was promptly offered a splendid position at Harvard. Moved by he knew not what drive, and following one or two other actions he had performed to his own surprise, Fleming went to Dr. Hillebrand's grave, for a gesture of respect and thanks.

It had seemed to him inappropriate to bring any flowers. Instead, as he sat by the grave, with small motions of his hands he sprinkled over it some bits of turquoise and shell he had held out from a necklace he had unearthed, and followed them with a pinch of pollen given him by a Navajo. Suddenly his face registered utter astonishment; then careful listening.

THE following season, Fleming returned to Painted Mask Ruin by agreement with Dr. Klibben, who was delighted to get his Department entirely out of Southwestern archeology. There he ran a trench that led right into a magnificent polychrome pot containing a store of beans of high botanical interest.

Within a few years, he stopped visiting the grave, but he was sentimentalist enough to make a pilgrimage all alone to Tsekaiye Kin at the beginning of each field season. It was jokingly said among his confreres that there he communed with the spirit of old Hillebrand. Certainly he seemed to have inherited that legendary figure's gift for making spectacular finds.

THE DARKNESS

MY mother used to think that it took only an effort of the will to cure fears. She believed in strong-mindedness, in facing up to whatever mental funk you might have fallen into. I remember her telling how she had got over her fear of thunderstorms. She was still in her teens, she said, when one day she decided that thunder and lightning were going to frighten her no longer, and she walked out into the crashing of a storm and its driving rain. She stood, soaked, in the street, and let the elements howl around her. It gave her a wild sort of pleasure, she told me, and after that, when storms came, she would stand watching the lightning and thinking how beautiful was the display of God's energy. Another of her fears when she was a child had been of the darkness. She had got over that, too—by making herself sit quietly for an hour or more at a time in as dark a room as she could find. She said it was surprising how you could grow accustomed to the dark. "A dark room is somehow the most peaceful kind of room, Mac," she sometimes said to me.

When I was nine and began to show signs of being afraid of the dark, my mother thought she ought to help me get rid of the fear. We had recently moved into a two-story frame house in a small upstate city. Ours was a quiet street. The lawns in front of the houses were small, and the back yards were spacious. Against the tall wooden fence surrounding our yard, hollyhocks grew, and already I was allowed to care for a small vegetable garden.

It was in the summer of that year that matters between my mother and father began going badly. For one thing, his business—running two grocery stores—had taken a turn for the worse. My mother thought his management was poor, that it was somehow due to a lack of spunk on his part. My father was sensitive to her reproaches, and they quarrelled often. I suppose she reviewed their whole marriage while she was about it, calling all their life together into question. It would have been like her to tell him she shouldn't have married someone who possessed weak traits. This strained period ended when my father's pride acted up and he moved out of the house. For a while, he lived in a small flat above one of his stores. I occasionally visited him there.

At home, there were just my mother and me. I wasn't fully aware that she fell into a depression, because her thoughtfulness toward me was more pronounced than ever, but her voice, when she talked to friends on the telephone, lost some of its cheeriness. And I had no idea how much I added to her worries when I began to demand that a light be left on in my room after I went to bed. "You don't need it," she told me. "You can even train yourself to see in the dark like a cat. Wouldn't you like to have eyes like a cat?"

I clamored for the light, and reluctantly she gave in. She put a small lamp with a fluted pink shade on my ivory-colored dresser, and each night the light was left on when I went to bed. I'd wake in the morning and find it extinguished, but I didn't mind. I trusted her not to turn it off until after I had fallen asleep.

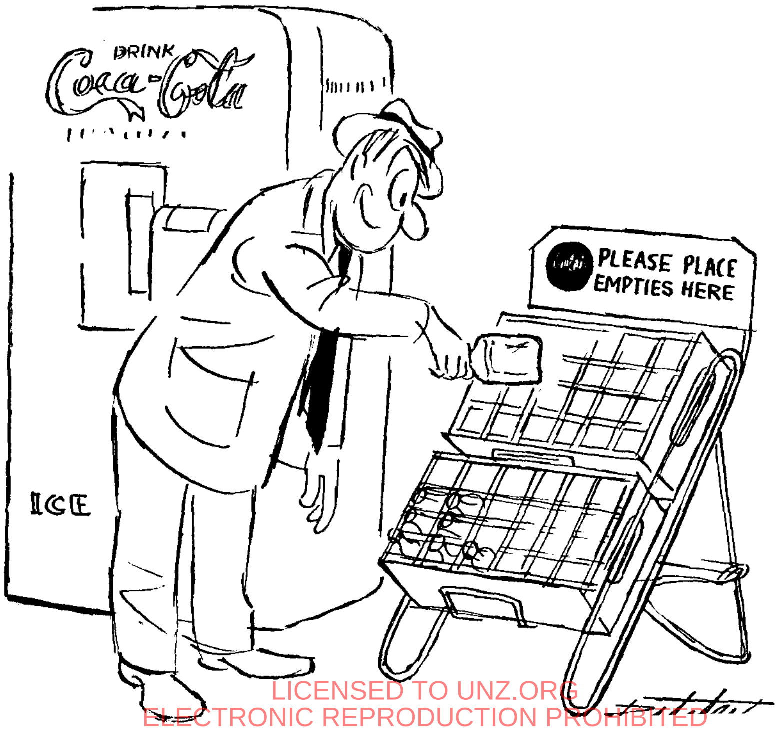
I can connect now the asking for this light with my father's absence from the house. I must have felt less sure and less safe with him gone. Yet, as far as I knew, I was happy enough. My schoolwork that autumn wasn't difficult for me, and I had good friends on the street. We had plenty of fun. The street came to an end less than a block away, and beyond the last house were some vacant lots, in which we played. Just past the lots was a railroad track, a seldom-used spur, and when we crossed the tracks, we entered a stretch of light woods, which we called the Grove.

We were able to play in the street, too, because, being a dead end, it had almost no traffic. After coming home from school, I'd gulp down a snack that my mother had prepared, and then go outside to play for the remainder of the afternoon. As evening drew on, as the light of the day dimmed, I would know that my mother's call was bound to come. "Mac! Mac!" she would call from the porch of our house, and down toward the end of the street I would hear faintly "Mac! Mac!" And unwillingly I would leave my friends and trot home.

It was understood between my mother and me that I was to play outside only until dark fell. I remember being annoyed because each day the darkness arrived a little sooner. Sometimes my mother greeted me on the porch, and other times she was in the kitchen, setting the table. I don't remember missing my father very much. For one thing, there was no longer the unpleasantness of hearing the arguments between them, and I guess I couldn't take seriously the thought that he would be gone for a very long time. He was sure to come home soon, I felt. Meanwhile I had my mother to myself. I had more attention from her.

One evening, I was a little late getting home. The other boys and I had gone to the Grove and had chased through the trees, yelling and playing at discovering secret treasures. The street was already dark when I ran up it. I ran fast, because I knew my mother must have called me, though I had not heard her. Odors of food tantalized me as I ran. It was a cheerful street, in the evening as well as during the day, and I already knew almost everyone who lived on it.

Strangely enough, when I got to my house, I found that it was in darkness. I went up the six steps to the porch and hesitated for a moment at the door, worried for



locked. Then I tried the door, and it opened. I went tentatively into the dark, narrow hallway and called, "Mother?"

"In here, Mac," my mother answered.

"Where?" I asked.

"In the living room, Mac. Come in."

When I went there, I could dimly make out my mother sitting in one of the large velours-covered chairs of our matched suite.

"Hello, Mac," she said. "You weren't afraid, were you?"

"No," I told her.

"There's nothing wrong with the dark, is there?"

"No," I said. "I guess not."

"I don't want you to be afraid of the dark," she said. "There's nothing in it that would hurt you." She turned on a lamp, and the room took on its normal appearance. "You see," she said. "Here I am, just the same as I was a second ago. You can see me more easily, that's all."

"Yes," I said. "I'm hungry, Mother."

"All right," she said, brushing my hair back with her palm. She led the way into the kitchen, turning on the lights in each room as she went.

WHEN it was time for me to go to bed that night, my mother helped me undress, fixed the covers about me, and asked if I wanted the night light on.

"Yes," I said.

"You're not worried about the dark again, are you?"

"No," I said, "but can I have the light, please?"

"All right," she said, with a smile. She switched off the overhead light, leaving the room in darkness for a moment, then turned on the night lamp. It gave off a pleasant, rosy glow.

The next evening, I was playing down at the end of the street, near the lots, when I heard her call, "Mac! Come home, Mac!"

When I got to the house, I found that it was dark again. This time, I thought she had put out the lights as a game, and I didn't mind very much. I went more boldly into the hallway, closing the door behind me.

"Mac!" my mother called. "I'm in here!"

"Where?" I asked, not quite able to make out the direction her voice came from.

"In the dining room, by the window."

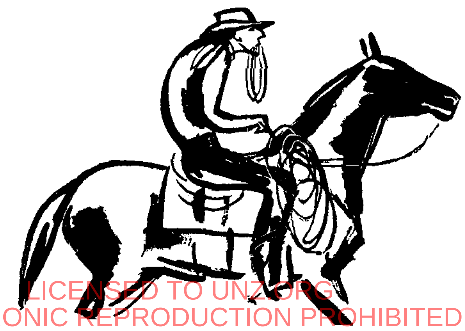
T the dining room I had to felt my way carefully, guiding myself by the sofa and the piano, and when I reached the dining room, I was able to see her outlined against the window.

"What a brave boy!" she said. "You didn't mind the house being dark, did you?"

"No," I said.

"You mustn't worry about the dark," she said, and she turned on the lights.

I was never certain, during the next couple of weeks, whether the house would be dark or alight when I got home. When it was dark, I would simply stand in the hallway and call, and wait for my mother to tell me which room she was in. Then I'd find my way to her. But there was one time when I came home to the darkened house and could hear my mother's voice only faintly. She seemed very far away.



"Mac?" I heard her call.

"Yes, Mother," I said loudly. "Where are you?"

"Let's play a game," she said—from somewhere, I wasn't sure where. "You try and find me."

"But which room?" I asked anxiously.

"Just come and find me," she called back.

So I nervously searched through the living room, the dining room, the kitchen—but she wasn't in any of them. There was a small guest room just off the first-floor hallway, but she wasn't in there, either.

"Mother?" I called.

"Yes, Mac," I heard her answer. "Come and find me."

She must be upstairs, I thought, and I went up. She wasn't in her bedroom, nor was she in the bathroom. I finally found her in my room, sitting on the bed.

"Well, you found me, Mac," she

BEAUTY IN TROUBLE

Beauty in trouble flees to the good angel
  On whom she can rely
To pay her cab fare, run a steaming bath,
  Poultice her bruised eye;

Will not at first, whether for shame or caution,
  Her difficulty disclose,
Until he draws a checkbook from his plumage,
  Asking how much she owes

(Breakfast in bed: coffee and marmalade,
  Toast, eggs, orange juice,
After a long, sound sleep—the first since when?—
  And no word of abuse);

Loves him less only than her saintlike mother;
  Promises to repay
His loans and most seraphic thoughtfulness
  A millionfold one day.

Beauty grows plump, renews her broken courage,
  And, borrowing ink and pen,
Writes a newsletter to the evil angel
  (Her first gay act since when?):

The fiend who beats, betrays, and sponges on her,
  Persuades her white is black,
Flaunts vespertilian wing and cloven hoof,
  And soon will fetch her back.

Virtue, good angel, is its own reward:
  Your dollars were well spent.
But would you to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediment?

—ROBERT GRAVES

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I knew it was a test of my courage, and I told her I hadn't.

"That's a fine boy," she said. "Do you like the game?"

"Let's not play it any more," I said.

"Why not, Mac?"

"I don't know," I said.

"But it's good for you," she said. "It will teach you something. You'll learn that lights aren't always necessary. They're artificial. God didn't make the lights. Man made them. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," I said.

We played the game once again, and this time the search for her took longer. She wasn't in any of the rooms, either downstairs or upstairs, and I found her only when it occurred to me that she might be in the cellar. I didn't quite have the nerve to go into the cellar without a light on, because it was so much darker than the rest of the house. So I switched on the light at the head of the stairs, and saw her at the bottom.

"That was cheating a little, Son," she said. "You should have found me without the lights."

"I didn't want to go into the cellar," I said.

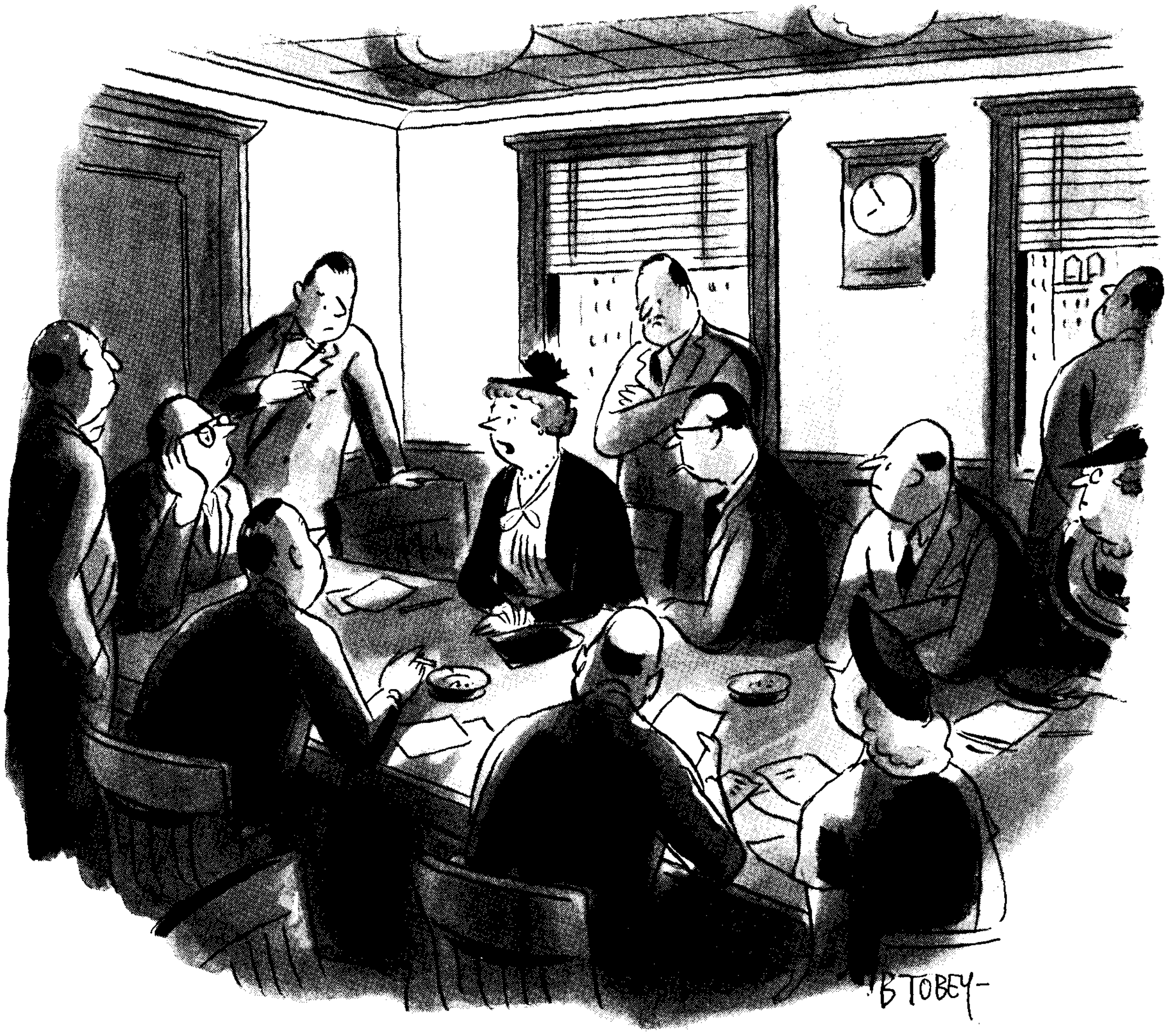
"But you mustn't be afraid to go anywhere in the dark," she told me. "There's never anything to worry about. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

That was the end of the game. Looking back now, I see that my mother no longer thought it necessary, because that night, for the first time, I agreed to go to sleep without the night lamp turned on. She seemed very pleased when I told her I didn't need it. "You can have it on, if you want," she said, as though testing me.

"No," I told her, "it's all right."

Perhaps she had actually cured me, or begun to cure me. There were times when, after she'd left the room, I'd crawl out of bed and turn on the lamp, but there were other times when I'd forget about it. Or I'd



"Oh, it isn't that I don't think she's guilty. I just think she had a perfect right to be guilty."

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turning it on, perhaps because some shadow bothered me, but before I'd fully made up my mind about it, I'd be asleep.

THE days were growing noticeably shorter, and the briskness of the air seemed to fill my friends and me with energy. One afternoon, we went exploring beyond the Grove, and found a fenced field that belonged to a farm. Cows were grazing there, and we sat on the fence and watched the cows for a while. Then we decided to see where the fence led. We went along beside it, up a gentle slope, and found an apple orchard. There were a few rotting apples on the ground, but we didn't try to eat them. We realized, as it began to grow dark, that we were pretty far from home, and we raced most of the way back.

I was sure my mother must have called me long before. When I got to the house, I saw that it was dark again.

but I went inside confidently enough, banged the door sharply to let my mother know I was home, and then waited for her to tell me where she was. When there was no sound from her, I started searching. I was impatient and hungry. I was already in the kitchen before it occurred to me that my mother was taking a long time to call.

"Mother!" I said loudly. I waited, but there was no answer. "Mother!" I shouted. She still didn't answer. I thought she was being unnecessarily mysterious this time. "Mother," I said, "tell me where you are."

I kept calling her as I went up the stairs to the second floor. I found that my eyes were wet with tears, more from rage than from fear. "Mother! Mother!" I called, but she didn't answer me. She wasn't in her bedroom, or in my room. I opened the door of a small dressing closet near the head of the stairs and peered in. The closet had a musty odor, and there were shapes indoor quickly. I kept calling my mother as I went downstairs, and back through the rooms to the kitchen, in the rear of the house. I looked on the back porch, hoping she was there, but she wasn't. Only the cellar was left to look in. So that's where she is, I thought. And I was supposed to find her without turning on the light.

I opened the door to the cellar and peered into the gloom of the stair well. "Are you down there, Mother?" I called. There was no answer, so I crept slowly down the steep steps, shivering a little. She wasn't at the bottom of the stairs, but there were many places in the cellar where she might have hidden. I looked in the coalbin, and in the storage room that contained furniture we no longer used. I stumbled against a heavy old sewing machine, and as I did so, something fell on me. It was a cardboard box, and a plumed hat fell out of it—just my father's fancy lodge hat, one he wore in parades, but even when I recognized what it was, I couldn't help being frightened. I began to scream and cry, calling for my mother, and at the same time groping for a light switch. I couldn't stand being without the light any longer. My hands touched dusty boards. I stood on a box and felt along the beams of the ceiling for a light bulb, but I didn't encounter one. I thought I'd never be able to find my way out of the cellar, for I had lost my sense of direction and no longer knew where the staircase was. I banged around, the noise I made scaring me. I was chilled, my scalp was crawling, and I was sobbing all the time, "Mother, where are you? Tell me where you are!"

When I did find the stairs, I climbed them as fast as I could, scraping my knees as I went, and ran through the house into the street. The lights of the other houses cheered me a little. Shaking, I sat on the porch steps and waited.

Though it was probably only five or ten minutes, it seemed hours before I saw my mother approaching. She came down the street carrying a package.

I began to sob again, and ran to her. When I reached her, I hugged her and held her close.

"What's the matter, Mac?" she asked. "Is something wrong? Are you hurt?"

I couldn't get any words out.

"Now, what's the matter with my little boy?" she said soothingly. "Did you have a fight? Did someone hurt you?"

"No," I said, and then I became furious. I struck at her. "You mustn't do that!" I said. "You mustn't do that!"

"I haven't done anything," my mother said. "What did I do to you, Mac?"

"You mustn't hide that way," I said. "It isn't a fair way to play the game."

"The game?" she said.

"Yes," I said. "I couldn't find you anywhere."

"You thought we were still playing the game?" she asked. "Because the lights were out?"

"Yes," I said.

We had reached our house, and she sat down on the front steps, setting her package beside her. I sat beside her, and she had one arm around me. "I didn't mean that to happen," she said, but it was as though she weren't speaking to me. "Poor boy!" she said. "Poor, poor boy!"

She took me into the house, still speaking soothingly, but I wasn't satisfied until all the lights were lit in each of the downstairs rooms. I was still shivering a little when we sat down to supper.

"You must eat something, Mac," my mother said.

"I'm trying," I said.

"I didn't realize," she told me. "I was out buying a new dress, that was all. It took a little longer than I expected. I forgot all about the lights. You see, it wasn't dark when I went out. I didn't mean for you to come home to an empty house."

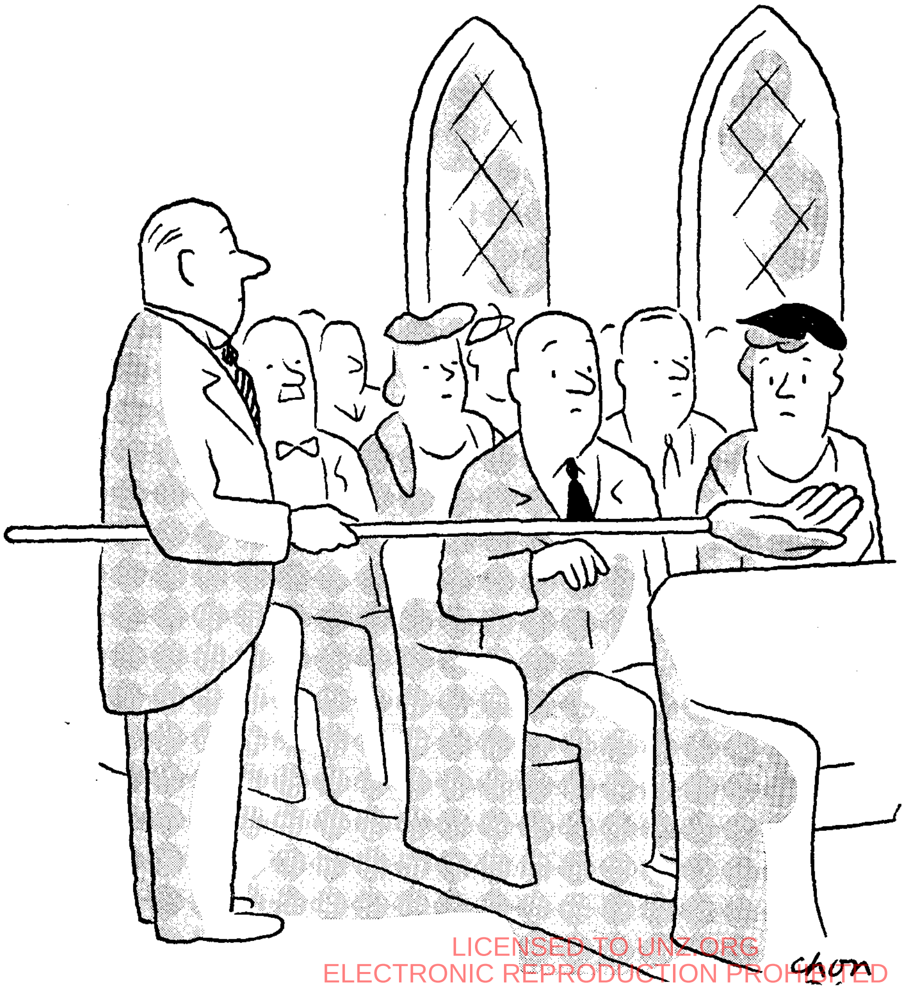
"I know," I said.

"We'll just forget all about it. Won't we?"

"All right," I said.

But it took a long time to forget that darkened house, with no one in it except the frightening presences. I asked for my night light back, and my mother let me have it. It was only a few days later that my father returned. Why he decided to, I never knew, for the quarrels between him and my mother continued. They kept the door of the kitchen closed when they argued there, but upstairs in my room I could hear them distantly, and every night I had the lamp turned on.

—HOLLIS ALPERT



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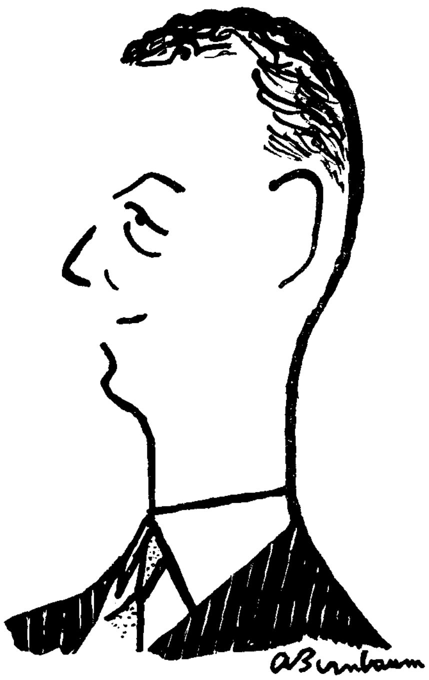
Poole said the postoffice money was locked in a vault. The burglar, apparently an amateur, got into the postoffice through a large postoffice box, Poole said.
—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

PROFILES

THE COMMUNICATOR

I—ATHENS STARTS POURING IN



Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr.

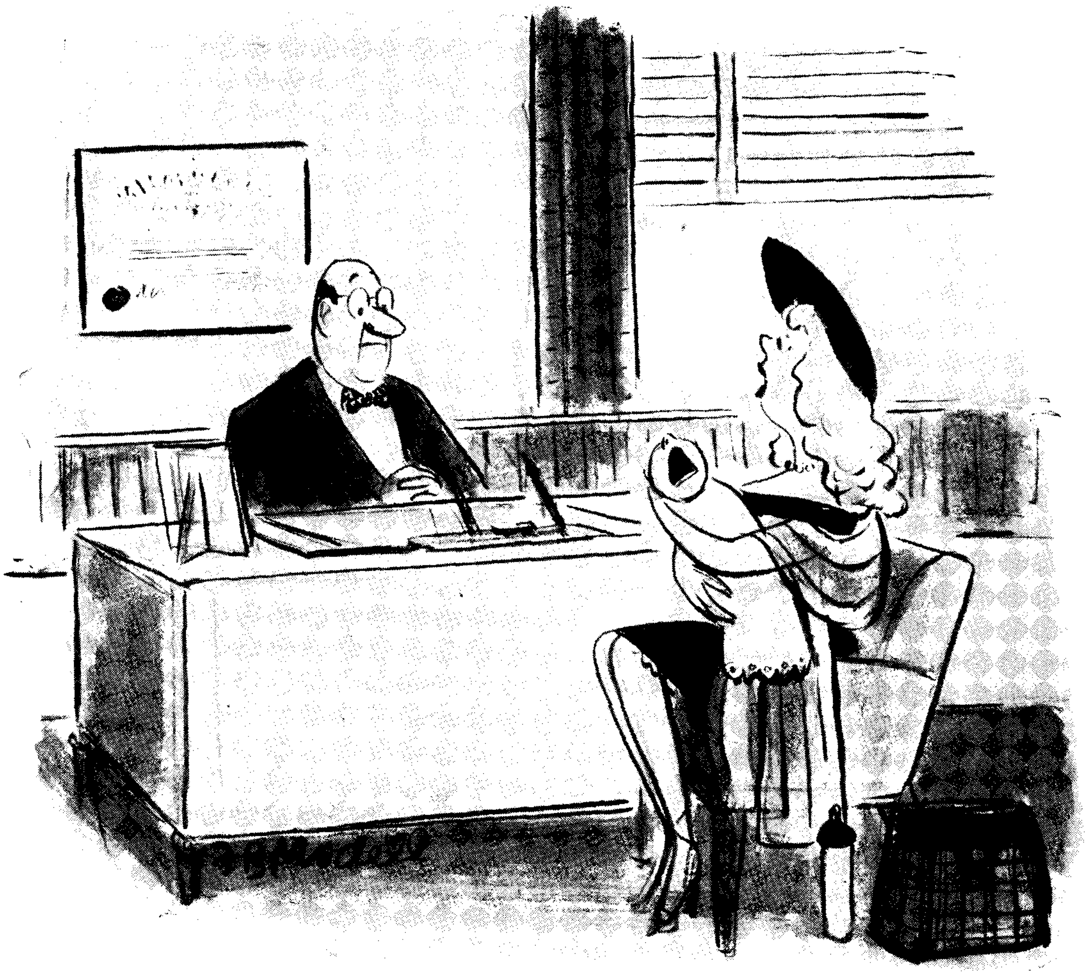
PEOPLE who have the reputation of being philosophers, plentiful though they may be in the poorer-paid professions, are comparatively rare in the radio-and-television industry. In Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., the president of the National Broadcasting Company, however, the industry has such a man. Weaver, who, for no particular reason, is known to his associates as Pat, is regarded by many people connected with broadcasting not only as the leading showman in the business but also as its most unrelenting thinker and most vocal theorist. "Programwise, the guy is terrific," says a talent agent who has had many dealings with him. "Longhairwise, he's great, too. With Pat, you can think big even about a cooking show." Weaver has been thinking and theorizing at N.B.C. since 1949, when he joined the organization as a vice-president. He became president last December, taking on a job in which there had recently been a considerable turnover; before Weaver, three men had occupied the office of president in as many years. Weaver's election to the position has been widely interpreted in the trade as not simply another change of leadership but an indication of a change in N.B.C.'s attitude toward the importance of improving its programs. Prior to Weaver, the company's presidents were businessmen first, and their professional talents in the matter of creating radio and television programs were looked upon as relatively incidental to their ability as administrators. Weaver, on the other hand, is a professional program man. "Pat's just what we needed," one N.B.C. producer said not long ago. "He's probably the first top guy we've had here who can dream up a big show, sell a sponsor on the idea, figure out the show's dramatic form, and get the right budget for it and the right script writers, as well as the right talent and the right air time against the right competition. A broad-stroke guy in every respect. Other men, when they have a show on their hands that isn't making dough, will drop it like a hot brick. Pat will take the same kind of show, pour half-a-million bucks into it, and use it like a loss-leader in a chain grocery to gain traffic. Pat knows how to build up a network audience."

Weaver has been in broadcasting more than twenty

times, he has been a radio announcer, a radio script writer, a radio actor, a radio-and-television production executive, advertising director (at the age of thirty) for the American Tobacco Company, and vice-president in charge of radio and television for the Young & Rubicam advertising agency. As a vice-president of N.B.C., he was directly responsible for creating and building up such financially successful network television programs as "Your Show of Shows," "The Kate Smith Hour," "The Comedy Hour," and "Today." Since becoming president of the company, he has been the moving force behind such programs as "Home" and "Tonight" and a current series of extravaganzas—in both black-and-white and color—that are popularly known as "spectaculars." In addition, Weaver, who was a Phi Beta Kappa man at Dartmouth, is something of a student of classical civilizations and has written two books—unpublished so far—on the cultural forces of the future. And on top of all this, as president of N.B.C., a vast corporate dominion that owns and operates five radio and five television stations, as well as the immense network facilities that feed its programs to three hundred and ninety affiliated stations, from Hawaii to Portland, Maine, and from Seattle to Miami, he is, of course, a man of business.

In action, Weaver displays his versatility in a manner that some find disconcerting. His interests lead him in so many directions, generally at the same time, that his associates are often at a loss to follow his thinking at all. "It's rough," one of Weaver's assistants said recently. "Right in the middle of a meeting, the guy will start acting out some bit from an old Greek play to illustrate a point he wants to make about a show we're working on. And then, before you realize it, he's somehow off talking about astronomy and what everybody ought to know about the universe, and all, and the next minute he turns around and talks about a new broadcasting-time sales pattern for Palmolive Soap. All that double-dome stuff! References to things like galactic clusters. Who knows anything about galactic clusters, for God's sakes? So everybody sits around saying, 'Yeah, yeah, Pat,' and I get calls for the rest say?' 'What he say?' Boy, sometimes it just drives you crazy."

The office in which Weaver sits and cerebrates is on the sixth floor of the R.C.A. Building, in Rockefeller Center. The approaches to it, far removed from the vulgar clatter of teletype machines and the rest of the noisy tumult that pervades N.B.C.'s operating divisions, are hushed, deeply carpeted, and elegantly appointed, with deep sofas and built-in, individually illuminated boxes of plants. In an anteroom, guarding Weaver, are three charming secretaries, seated at massive mahogany desks. Weaver's office, a corner one that faces St. Patrick's Cathedral to the east and the Time and Life Building to the south, is long and spacious, with bleached-mahogany walls, modern furniture, and draperies printed in airy abstract designs. Seated with his back to Rockefeller Plaza, at an L-shaped desk, theatrically bathed in light from fixtures concealed in the ceiling, Weaver, like an engineer at some great control panel, nimbly manipulates the complex interplay of commercial, artistic, and technical forces on which N.B.C. depends for its existence. In the past, some of the men who have attempted to run the company have quickly collapsed under the strain, but Weaver, buoyed up by thought, sails through the daily crises of a network presidency (the Bob Hope crisis, the Lever Brothers crisis, the morning-lineup crisis, the Tuesday-night crisis) with spirited self-assurance. "Come in for a quick five, boy!" Weaver may cry



"He says he can't marry me right now. He's still under analysis."

• •

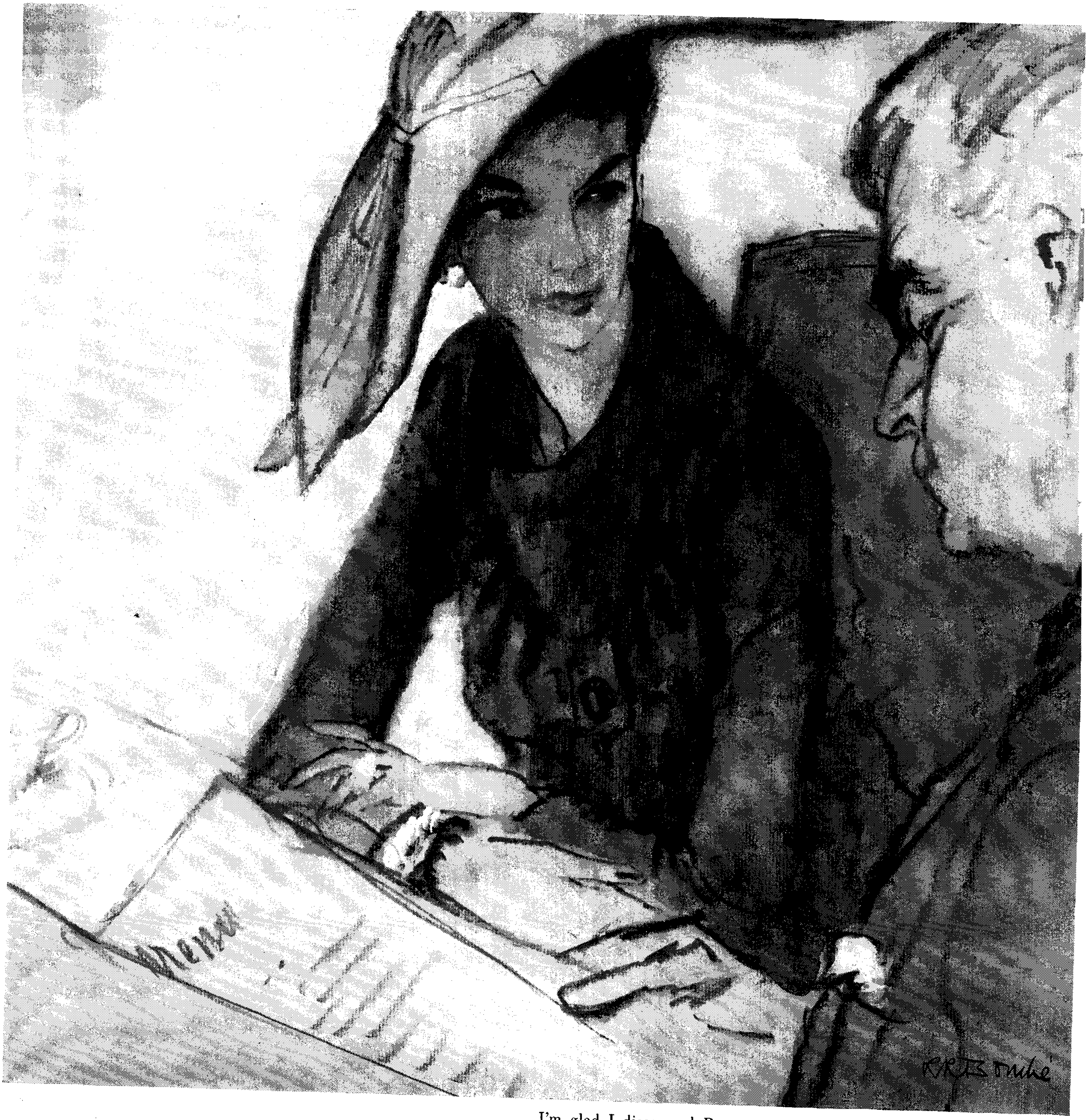
N.B.C. vice-president enters his office to give him a dire report on, say, the Colgate crisis. And before the five minutes are up, Weaver will have cheerfully settled the matter, made a few corner-of-the-mouth jokes, received two or three telephone calls, touched briefly on cybernetic civilization, and balanced himself on a Bongo Board, a kind of one-man teeter-totter device that he keeps in his office to exercise on.

AT forty-five, Weaver is slim, good-looking, and very tall—six feet four—with a perpetually tanned and slightly freckled face, blue eyes, a long neck, short, curly hair that was once a blazing red but is now brown tinged with gray, and large, thin, protruding ears. He is addicted to wearing carefully tailored pin-striped suits, and shirts with the peculiarly raised collar that advertising executives seem to go in for. He speaks in a well-modulated baritone voice, and when he smiles the effect can be dazzling. His conversational style is a dialectal fugue of chatter, merchandising argot, and oblique philosophical references, all flowing together in brisk counterpoint. In the course of putting over a single sales plan, Weaver has been known to use such expressions as "I've been earing the ground," "take the John Dewey utilitarian approach," "that was a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances," "the formula of the half-hour show is strictly handcuffs," "selling in depth," "Brooks Brothers-Ivy League axis," "the we-group," "the heavy-listener group," "low-brand-loyalty items," "new humanitarian philosophy," "contiguity discounts," and "pantry checks." In one sentence he will talk about "the new cosmology," and in the next he will slide, without any apparent difficulty, into some remarks on the relation of ten-second television commercials to the amount of shelf space that supermarkets may be expected to allot a brand of cake mix. Weaver has even experienced some trouble himself in following the flow of his thought. Just before a meeting of N.B.C. policy-makers not long ago, one prudent ex-

to grasp the full meaning of Weaver's ideas at one hearing, arranged to have the chief's words recorded on tape for future reference. Later, the executive had a transcript of Weaver's remarks typed out, and sent a copy on to Weaver for his files. Weaver read the transcript carefully and admitted to an assistant that he couldn't quite understand it. This did not disturb him particularly, however, for he feels that most people's conversational style doesn't show up very well in print and that inflection has a great deal to do with putting over ideas that may be somewhat involved; in support of his contention, he points out that when he sent for a phonograph record of the tape recording and played it back, he found that his thoughts and the words he had clothed them in sounded thoroughly lucid. Some of the members of his staff have observed that they wish his inflection accomplished the same thing for them.

The subject of Weaver's remarks on this recorded occasion, as well as the subject of most of the other remarks he has made during the past few years, was communications, a word for which he has an extraordinary fondness. While other men at N.B.C. usually refer to radio and television simply as "radio-TV," Weaver is likely to call them "electronic communications into the home." To Weaver, the room in which N.B.C. news is assembled and broadcast is not merely a newsroom; it is a communications center. And a man who presides over a news program is not a newscaster; he is a communicator. The concept of the communicator, connoting, as it does for Weaver, the powerful resources of thought, technology, showmanship, and cultural enlightenment, is one that he especially delights in, and, as president of N.B.C., with all its sprawling facilities, he is inclined to see himself in the role of a super-communicator, gathering high-level intelligence from everywhere, pondering its complexities, making decisions, informing the people, and influencing the shape of things to come. The future of the communicator as a class is, in Weaver's view, bright. When he thinks of the technological improvements that have been made in electronics, and of the further technolog-

I never dreamed I'd look this young at my age



CREAM
REVENESCENCE

REVENESCENCE

I'm glad I discovered Revenescence when I did . . . for my skin has remained soft, smooth, youthful looking longer than I had ever dreamed possible—thanks to Revenescence and its moisturizing benefits.

Liquid
REVENESCENCE

AS A CREAM $3. 5. 9. 15. 25.

AS A LIQUID $5. 9. 15.

PULITZER PRIZE • CRITICS' CIRCLE • TONY AWARDS
MAURICE EVANS in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents
BURGESS MEREDITH • SCOTT McKAY
the Teahouse of the August Moon
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • JONATHAN HARRIS • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Settings by PETER LARKIN • Costumes by NOEL TAYLOR
Music Composed by DAI-KEONG LEE
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify alternate dates.
Mon. thru Thurs. Evs. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. Orch. $6.25; Mezz. $5.20; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Taxes Incl.

"A HUMDINGER!"—KERR, H.-TRIB.
JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05, 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.
AIR CONDITIONED

"EXTREMELY FUNNY—A DANDY SHOW!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD-TRIBUNE
CHERYL CRAWFORD
in association with Anderson Lawler presents
LLOYD BRIDGES in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
Air.-Cond. HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
BR. 9-3970 Evgs 8:40 Mats Thurs & Sat 2:40

"Tallulah's dynamite"
—CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

be placed at the disposal of the communicator of tomorrow, his imagination soars to almost euphoric heights. "Think of color, think of transoceanic television, think of Ultrafax, the R.C.A. machine that has already electronically transmitted 'Gone with the Wind'—the complete book—across the continent in ninety seconds!" he said in a recent talk to a group of N.B.C. writers. "Think of a working N.B.C. communications center with a thousand monitors being on tap and all your information coming in—live, film, and recorded, et cetera—edited, indexed, collated, cross-indexed, and the index operated cybernetically with electronic push buttons, so that you can get the stuff just like *that* when you want it! You know. Something happens in Athens. *Boing!* The guy pushes the button 'Athens,' and the lights begin to blink all over the place as Athens starts pouring in." The writers are still thinking of it.

Weaver's confidence in broadcasting as a means of bettering mankind is unshakable. He has a low opinion of critics who refer to commercial broadcasting as the opiate of the people or the most efficient system for glorifying mediocrity that man has yet devised. "I believe the great trend of the mass media, certainly of broadcasting, has been upward, as against those who think that mass man has been ruining class man," Weaver once said. "I am of the pro-people persuasion, as against the twelve-year-old, pointed-heads persuasion. I believe that through communications properly used, not necessarily in the Big Brother sense, mass man fifty years from now will be today's class man at his best. I am an information optimist." As Weaver sees it, mass man will evolve into class man primarily through television, a medium of communication for which he has an almost unbounded enthusiasm. A while ago, during one of his soberer moments of reflection on the subject, he pronounced the development of television comparable in importance to the invention of movable type. Lately, he has revised this comparison, to the disadvantage of Gutenberg. "Television is a miracle," he declared in an article that appeared in *Television Magazine*. "It is going to change social history." Elsewhere in the same article, he wrote: "The grand design of television . . . is to create an aristocracy of the people, the proletariat of privilege, the Athenian masses—to make the average man the uncommon man. . . . Television makes diversity the natural law, not conformity. Television . . . has made adults out of children. Up to now, most experiences have made big children out of little children. That is the great thing about television. It is an instrument for maturity." In another article, which appeared in *Variety*, Weaver sketched in a few details of the grand design, to let his readers know what they can expect to view on their screens in some presumably post-Milton Berle era. "Every man will walk the craters of the moon, look into the churning lava of Vesuvius, sit in the ruins of Magna Lepta, be present at tribal dances, and range down the corridors of antland," he wrote. For Weaver, the possibilities of it all are simply enormous. Against the day when his camera crews can provide adequate lunar coverage, he strives, through exhortations, written and oral, to make sure that information optimism at N.B.C. is maintained at a high level. "N.B.C. must do *good*," he told a group of his associates not long ago. "Television must be used to upgrade humanity across a broad base."

Not the least of Weaver's problems in upgrading humanity is that of upgrading the outlook of vice-presidents, producers, and other executives of N.B.C. Many of these men, confronted with such day-to-day intricacies of broadcasting as fluctuating audience ratings, new tie-in promotions, the whims of sponsors, and the necessity of coping with performers, scripts, labor unions, station time clearances, and coaxial-cable connections, lead frantic lives and have little opportunity or inclination to speculate on the sociological or philosophical implications of their work. To broaden their horizon, Weaver not only gives them inspirational talks but occasionally presents them with what he regards as appropriately instructive books, ranging from Norbert Wiener's "The Human Use of Human Beings" to the complete works of Albert Schweitzer. Members of the N.B.C. staff who receive these books feel it advisable to read them, no matter how busy they may be with other matters. In the sight of an N.B.C. executive winding up a difficult day with the Bob Hope crisis by stuffing a volume of Albert Schweitzer into his briefcase to study on the train home to Rye there lies, perhaps, an illuminating glimpse of the coming glorious age of the communicator.

ONE of Weaver's favorite methods of imbuing his executive staff with information optimism is the issuing of memorandums. Like his conversation, his memorandums, which descend upon his subordinates in endless cascades,

* Stetson Ivy League, Ten Dollars

Stetson makes charcoal something to talk about

The news in the Stetson Ivy League is new charcoal shades to blend with the new darker suits, shoes and accessories. Charcoal blacks—like the spots on a Dalmatian. Charcoal grays—like burnt match heads. Charcoal browns inspired by cordovan. Notice this hat's narrower brim and subtly tapered crown designed for today's lean lapel look. See the Stetson Ivy League, today—$10.* Other Stetson hats from $12.95 to $100. Stetson is part of the man.

(*Price slightly higher in Canada)

John B. Stetson Company, Fifth Avenue at Forty-eighth Street.

The Stetson "Cushioned-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stet are highly discursive. A Weaver memo may begin with an abbreviated history of radio and television advertising, swing into a discussion of the attitudes of what he calls "the blue-chip circle" of advertisers, digress into a discussion of what he sees as a trend away from "time-space culture patterns," and wind up with a résumé of the theory of digital computers. Weaver's memorandums are distinguished for their length, for frequent syntactical daring, and, at times, for what strikes his associates as an almost complete opacity of expression. "It's terrific! Just terrific! A great memo!" an N.B.C. executive exclaimed one afternoon last spring after reading a typical Weaver memorandum. "What did he mean in the last eight pages?" Weaver, who once, in writing a long memo about the future of communications, found his language becoming so involved that he ended it abruptly with the apologetic notation that the subject was "pre-semantic," is aware of the difficulty his subordinates have from time to time in reading his prose, and he is fairly tolerant toward their lack of comprehension. "Perhaps I am not articulate enough to spell it out for the higher primates in our employ, but my themes are simple," he wrote, with but the faintest touch of bitterness, in an introductory paragraph to a memorandum he sent out shortly after several of his executives had expressed bewilderment over certain passages in a previous memo. The point he had been trying to make in the first memo turned out to be simple enough, but his readers had been able to arrive at it only by hacking their way through a rhetorical jungle so dense that many of them sank exhausted before reaching the literary clearing where the author's meaning lay plainly exposed. Weaver is not unduly concerned about his literary shortcomings, such as they may be. "I'm a frustrated writer," he once confessed to a friend, without noticeable regret. "You know, sometimes, when I sit counting my money while my artists fawn on me, I wonder how I stand it."

At times, on the other hand, Weaver's memos are perfectly comprehensible to even the most easily discouraged member of his staff. "Every writer, every director, every producer is having an influence upon upwards of ten million people when he goes on the air for N.B.C.," he wrote a while ago, with no ambiguity whatever, in a memorandum headed, typically, "Opportunity." "It is therefore more than just his self-interest as a creative artist that is challenged in this day. It is his self-

THE SUN IS OUR BEST CUSTOMER

Millions of people (including several Kings) enjoy Bisquit* Cognac each day, but our largest consumer is the sun. Evaporation—in the aging process, drinks up thousands of bottles. But we profit—as this leaves Bisquit with character, vigor, and velvety perfection. You too will be a good customer when first you savor the delight of Bisquit—straight, on the rocks, in a highball.

*Say Bis-Kwee
Since 1819

Bisquit Dubouché & C
Cognac
Grande Fine Champagne

80 Proof

Sole U.S. Representatives MUNSON G SHAW CO INC New York 17, N. Y.

The man from Cunningham & Walsh

THIS IS Pete Peabody checking tires at the G. O. Patterson service station in Mamaroneck. Pete worked there for a week.

The next week, Pete went back to his regular job in our advertising agency, writing copy for our clients.

All our art directors, copy writers and account men get out in the field at least once a year, and sell directly to the public. It helps them make ads that sell directly, too.

[illegible] N Y MU 3-4900

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOSCANINI'S MOST DEDICATED PERFORMANCE!

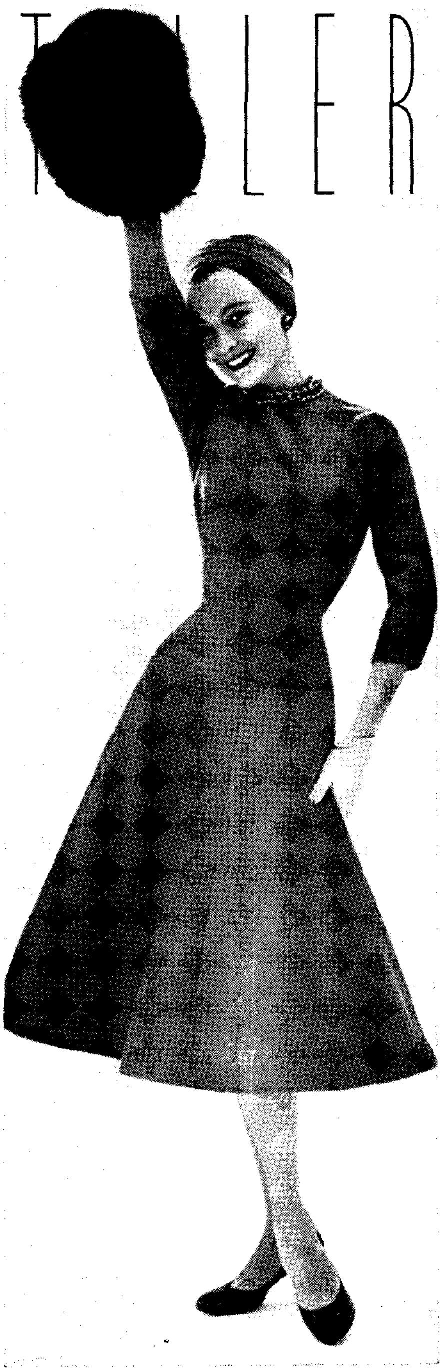
VERDI — REQUIEM
RCA VICTOR
LM-6018
RED SEAL
A HIGH
FIDELITY
RECORDING
ARTURO TOSCANINI
© RCA Printed in U.S.A.

THE LONG AWAITED RECORDING OF THE VERDI REQUIEM

One of the most memorable events in music was Toscanini's inspired performance of this great work at Carnegie Hall in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Verdi's death. Now, after extensive preparation, RCA Victor presents this most dedicated performance of the Requiem in brilliant High Fidelity sound. . . . Album includes booklet with complete text, informative material and ten beautiful reproductions from Michelangelo's masterpiece "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. . . NBC Symphony, Nelli, di Stephano, Barbieri, Siepi, and the Robert Shaw Chorale. On two Long Play records. . . . These records have exclusive GRUVE/GARD feature . . . raised rims and centers give permanent protection to record surfaces.

RCA VICTOR
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC

BONWIT TELLER



DREAMY BLUE, 22.95

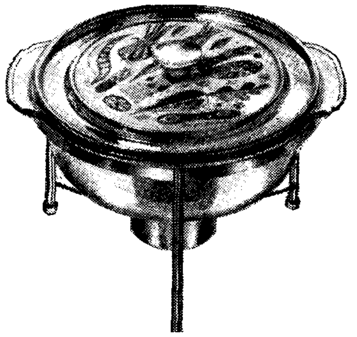
Bonwit's torso junior wool flannel in the prettiest new color...men-love-it blue. Also in navy blue or raspberry. Perfect for football week-ends, movie dates. Newly shaped with a gracefully gored skirt, wonderful over rafts of petticoats. Neckline, a simple round. By Devonshire in sizes 5 to 13. Mail and phone, no c.o.d. New York Boston

interest as a member of the human race. For he can do something personally that will increase the vitality of a medium that can increase the individual's ability to meet and decide his own future." But then the jungle closed in. "I also happen to feel," he went on, "as a writer with no time to write, that the times need a return to great issues in our drama to serve as the background for individual human tanglements and their resolution, and that the impact of television is so great that we can force the human mind to perceive more and faster than we sometimes think, particularly if we make our presentation one of great simplicity and clarity, even though it is different." The memo wound up with a promise of more to come: "At a later date, I would like to expand . . . on the return to the great themes which can now be so timely as the currents of disintegration, the tides of nihilism, and the strong winds of great hope and aspirations all sweep the same world. This is a time for writers and directors and producers. . . . It is a time for courage, but also for optimism if it is based on individual determination to make the optimistic pattern the future pattern."

Whether or not Weaver's associates subsequently did get properly filled in on the currents of disintegration and the tides of nihilism, no one around N.B.C. is certain. It may well be that more immediate concerns diverted Weaver's attention from these topics, for a short while later this memo went out from his office: "Operation Saturday Night. Possible sponsors: Ronson and other jewelry outfits are prospects. Gum fits our Saturday pattern. So does aspirin." A few days later, though, he was at least back on the subject of the future. "We must think," he wrote. "We must analyze. We must gamble. We must experiment. And we must deep-six." (Weaver served in the Navy during the war, and nowadays everyone around N.B.C. knows that "deep-six" is a nautical way of saying "abandon.") All Weaver's planning for the future is firmly based on thought, analysis, experimentation, and deep-sixing, if not gambling. "I know a great many of you are working very hard, and that one of the difficulties in running a dynamic operation without sufficient men, money, or material is that the job runs you," read a recent Weaver memo. "Consequently you labor in the vineyards without a thought about getting your shoes off to press the grapes. But some chaps will kill themselves on the work and still think and plan and try and create. . . . I may be unfair to our

Hosting? Hostessing?

There's Cookery Magic in a Casserole!



Especially this superbly designed, delightfully decorative 2 quart oven-proof Casserole with gold flecked decoration. Brass frame with candle holder . . . brass cover with vegetable decorated tile. 8½" dia. By Georges Briard. Casserole 10.00 Double Casserole

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.
Write for Fall Housewares Book N-2
ELdorado 5-4700

In NYC add 3% sales tax. Free delivery within 150 miles except on COD's shipped beyond United Parcel Delivery area.

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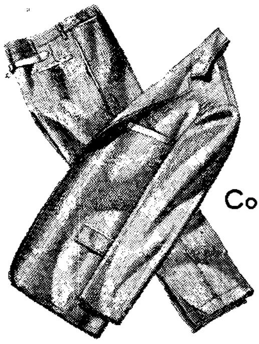
We're first and foremost with

THE COUNTRY CORD SUIT



of leather trimmed Corduroy in our new Covert shade

Country squires will practically *live* in this cozy Fall-weight corduroy with distinctive leather trim. City dwellers will dote on it for football games, for motoring, for week-ends. Wear it as a handsome suit. Or use the jacket as a sport coat . . . and the trousers as odd slacks.

The 3-button, center vent, natural shoulder jacket has leather trim at pockets. 38-44. Regular or long, **$35.** The trousers have leather-edged pockets and adjustable leather back strap. Waist 30 to 40, **$18.50.**

Please add 35c per package on mail orders. Trousers shipped uncuffed.

Whitehouse & Hardy
695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street)
New York, N. Y. PLaza 9-1225

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creative group, but I do not sense in the work the restlessness with our forms that they merit. You must lead the writers into adventures in experiment. No writer working with us to get money to buy mush is going to go mad with his Corona unless you encourage him."

Weaver has written many long memorandums urging his executives to ignore the conventional approaches to television and to look upon the medium as an art. "Before you think of your product, you must think of the form in which your product is to appear," one memo warned, and two or three vice-presidents may have read on at quite some length before they realized that Weaver wasn't talking about commercials. "People once acted in, not sat in, orchestras. If you wrote the Passion play for a Spyros Skouras house instead of Oberammergau, you would write it in different form. The physical housing of a show directs the writing form. To reveal to you the scope of new forms, I am having studios designed that will make O. B. Hanson [N.B.C.'s chief engineer at the time] cry like a baby." In another memo: "If you have ever sat dozing and musing in the ancient theatres of Greece and Sicily, you must know what a barren experience is our theatre compared with those long gone. . . . The spectacle, the sweep and pageantry, the greatness of the themes, are all gone. The Hayden Planetarium tops the general offerings, if you want size. But that form had tremendous, great power. And were they to open the Circus Maximus tomorrow, our remote crew would be first on the spot, and, intimate or no, TV would have a Hooper breaker. Try to think of new forms for your particular show. Forget conventions. If it's just a story of escape nature, you can go mad in your planning. I can imagine shooting a big head of a goon thinking as he walked, with expressive face and perhaps muttering lips, with a 16 shot outdoors as he hoofed it, with the story told entirely on audio, except maybe for the payoff scene."

Now and then, Weaver assembles his staff for an informal lecture, and when it comes to pleading for fresh creative approaches to television, he can be just as eloquent on these occasions as he is in his memorandums. In the course of one hour-long homily, he said, "A new age of enlightenment is upon us. . . . The articulation of a new positive humanist philosophy is coming in the next five or ten years. The new understanding of the cosmos—the new cosmology—has tremendous implications for all of us." The words were barely out of

You've never heard music sound like this before!

The "Magic Flute." A superlative instrument for High Fidelity reproduction of all recordings. **$249.95***

THE INCOMPARABLE

Capehart

High Fidelity Instruments

Now Capehart—the greatest name in sound reproduction—provides you with a thrilling musical experience. These Capehart High Fidelity instruments reproduce, in your own home, the brilliance and tonal range of "living music."

The high, clear tone of the trumpet, the low, throbbing note of the cello, the grand orchestral finale—each comes to you true, full and alive.

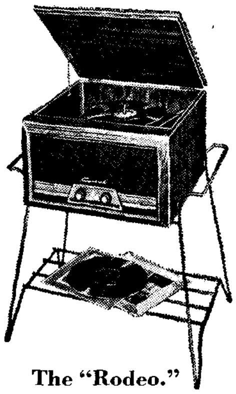
Hear them today. Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer.

Capehart—The most complete line of quality High Fidelity instruments in the market—from **$129.95*** to **$549.95***

*Suggested list price. Prices slightly higher in the South and West.

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana

A Division of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation



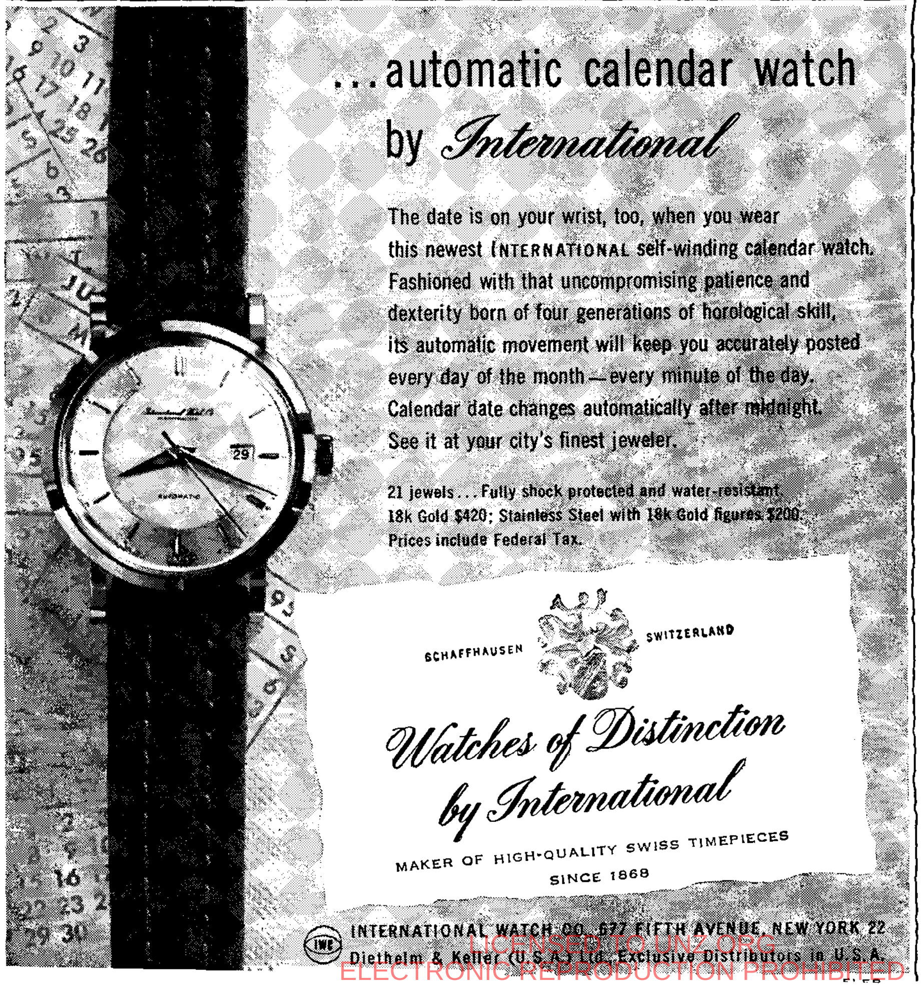
The "Rodeo."

A Table Phonograph with three Symphonic Tone speakers for true High Fidelity reproduction of your favorite old and new recordings

(*Advertisement*)

REAL ESTATE
duquette

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."


...automatic calendar watch by *International*

The date is on your wrist, too, when you wear this newest INTERNATIONAL self-winding calendar watch. Fashioned with that uncompromising patience and dexterity born of four generations of horological skill, its automatic movement will keep you accurately posted every day of the month—every minute of the day. Calendar date changes automatically after midnight. See it at your city's finest jeweler.

21 jewels... Fully shock protected and water-resistant. 18k Gold $420; Stainless Steel with 18k Gold figures $200. Prices include Federal Tax.

SCHAFFHAUSEN SWITZERLAND

Watches of Distinction by International

MAKER OF HIGH-QUALITY SWISS TIMEPIECES
SINCE 1868

INTERNATIONAL WATCH CO. 677 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22
Diethelm & Keller (U.S.A.) Ltd., Exclusive Distributors in U.S.A.

his mouth when his imagination began a series of astral gyrations, and he swooped into an ambitious outline for a proposed sequence of television programs on the new cosmology. This culminated in a description of a colossal television program that he felt N.B.C. might produce, with the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra seated in bleachers at one end of the company's huge studio 8-H in the R.C.A. Building and playing Josef Strauss's "Music of the Spheres," and, at the other end, Dr. Albert Einstein, thinking. "I think you could get Dr. Einstein personally to be there, although he might not do more than say a few words," Weaver declared. "But I think you could get him to be there. I think you could *intrigue* him into being there." When Weaver was through with his talk on the new cosmology, some of the writers in his audience went back to their typewriters in a kind of daze. Others retired to a nearby bar. Although no one came up immediately with a script covering the subject, Weaver told an acquaintance shortly afterward that he believed his speech had had a beneficial effect. "I was trying to get the writers and producers to shed their cynical hucksterism and *think*," he said.

WHEN Weaver utters the word "think," as he does many times a day, he is likely to give it a singularly dramatic inflection. Thinking, as Weaver uses the word, has a way of conjuring up images of some gigantic, complex electronic engine, with lights blinking on and off all over it, like the N.B.C. communications center of the future, and with gigantic surges of power being generated at high voltages. Sometimes, Weaver alludes to thinking with a certain proprietary air, as if it were a patented communications theory of his own. At other times, he speaks of his personal capacity for thinking in a disarmingly casual manner. "I will brain the problem around," he may remark to a producer who has come to him for a policy decision on, perhaps, the Procter & Gamble crisis. Scores of such problems are constantly being brained around in Weaver's head, some of them to be quickly centrifuged out as dross, others to be edited, cross-indexed, collated—and, of course, resolved. When several problems have been resolved by extensive braining around, a new Weaver concept emerges, which is called "a think." "I'd like to talk to Lord Russell about television and the Rubble Risers—a new think of mine," Weaver wrote an N.B.C. official in London last year,

Man of the World

Tom Hamilton goes no farther than the foot of 42nd Street to cover his beat. Yet he's a "foreign" correspondent who covers more territory than most. As chief of The New York Times United Nations Bureau, he covers the world.

Even as an undergraduate at the University of Georgia, Thomas Jefferson Hamilton had his eye on the world. He went from Athens, Georgia, to Oxford, England, as a Rhodes scholar. He returned, after extensive travel in Europe, to write editorials for the Augusta Chronicle, chase a police beat for the Atlanta Journal.

In 1934, Tom Hamilton joined The Associated Press in Washington, two years later went to London as diplomatic correspondent. In 1937 he joined The New York Times in London, went to Madrid as correspondent in 1939, came back to Washington in 1941. During the war, he served three years as a Navy lieutenant, saw action in Europe and in the Pacific. In 1943 he wrote a book on Franco Spain, "Appeasement's Child."

Tom Hamilton has headed The Times UN staff since 1946. It is the biggest maintained by any publication. Hamilton and his staff have an unmatched record of UN news beats. Diplomats at the UN depend on The Times to know what's going on in the world. So much so that in 1948, when the UN General Assembly met in Paris, they asked The Times to publish a special UN edition for them in Paris. That was the start of The Times International Edition.

On The Times staff you find many men and women who, like Tom Hamilton, are experts in their fields. They pool their knowledge and their talents as reporters and editors to produce each day a newspaper that is alert, alive, vigorous, interesting, informative, different from any other. They put more into The Times. *You get more out of The Times. Read it every day.*

The New York Times
"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

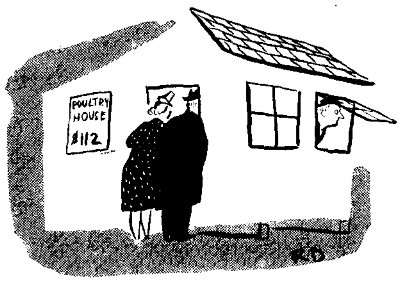
Arnold Newman

shortly before flying to England to make arrangements for N.B.C.'s coverage of the Coronation. The concept of the Rubble Risers is a fairly typical Weaver think. It began to take shape while he was braining around some problems relating to information optimism. "I'd been thinking that history is brief and mankind is just beginning and the record is brilliant, but that we might have a brief operational crisis if we destroy ourselves before we know the threshold of tomorrow's world that is available to us," Weaver has said. "It was my concern that if in the next few years we should blunder into a war and have atomic destruction, the resulting confusion of people might be so great that there wouldn't be a positive, humanist philosophy strong enough to rise from the rubble. The Rubble Risers might turn out to be the prophets of authority, from whatever source—the ones who would say that man has been on the wrong road through the centuries of liberal humanitarianism, which is the typically American philosophy of John Dewey, William James, and those boys. I felt an articulation of this philosophy would be desirable among the Rubble Risers." In discussing the problem of what to do about the Rubble Risers with his N.B.C. staff on the eve of his departure for England, Weaver proposed a solution—television. "I would like to see television do its job in molding the Rubble Risers," he told them. "The Rubble Risers are people who rise up out of the rubble and instead of hating and fearing and fighting, they realize that human beings are frail and make mistakes, and it's too bad, and they come out of the rubble still optimistic, progressive, for the open society, and they do not confuse a disaster, a cataclysmic disaster, with something foreordained or something that will put the forces of retrogression into high gear to move backwards."

Just how television was supposed to mold the Rubble Risers, Weaver did not explain to his writers, but he continued to mull over the idea. In London, he outlined his think to Bertrand Russell, who listened to it with polite interest. "A delightful man," Weaver recalls. "I also talked with him about interplanetary travel. He agreed with me that interplanetary travel is coming along, but the developments had not changed his pessimism about the race between education and the end of the planet. I felt more optimistic. I had figured that he would be one of the first who, working it out mathematically, would realize that there were lots of places to go on to from here. It seemed to me that, given time, there should be no problem in keeping moving. Lord Russell didn't seem to think so, although he admitted that he hadn't given it much thought. A fascinating, charming, brilliant man. I talked to him about cybernetics, too. I explained to him that broadcasters as communications men have always been interested in their social influence. He was delighted to find that somebody in the field had that kind of priority about social influence rather than just business. It was something he had not expected."

Despite the interest Russell showed in the think about the Rubble Risers, he offered Weaver no specific suggestions for translating it into action around N.B.C. Weaver himself has admitted to several of his associates that the problem of molding the minds of the Rubble Risers is not an easy one for television to tackle. Nevertheless, while puzzling over the matter, he has devised, as a corollary think, another means, unrelated to television, for preserving a progressive, optimistic philosophy in the event that a cataclysmic disaster strikes humanity. This is the survivors'-library think. "The survivors' library would review man's history and achievements to date in a thousand volumes," Weaver says. "You would have, say, twenty thousand editions of the survivors' library placed everywhere, and it would cover a library wall, and prominent citizens would have it at their ranches, so that in case of an atomic war and wholesale destruction there would be available to the survivors an organized, comprehensive review of mankind up to the present, without any gaps." So far, Weaver has not taken any practical steps toward making the survivors' library a reality, however. "It's really just an intellectual exercise on my part," he says.

Once a Weaver think has been fully developed and is ready to become a part of N.B.C.'s operational procedure, Weaver gives it a code name—a semidescriptive one that confers on the project a suggestion of importance, urgency, and high-level communication. Many of Weaver's code names for thinks aimed at upgrading humanity have a



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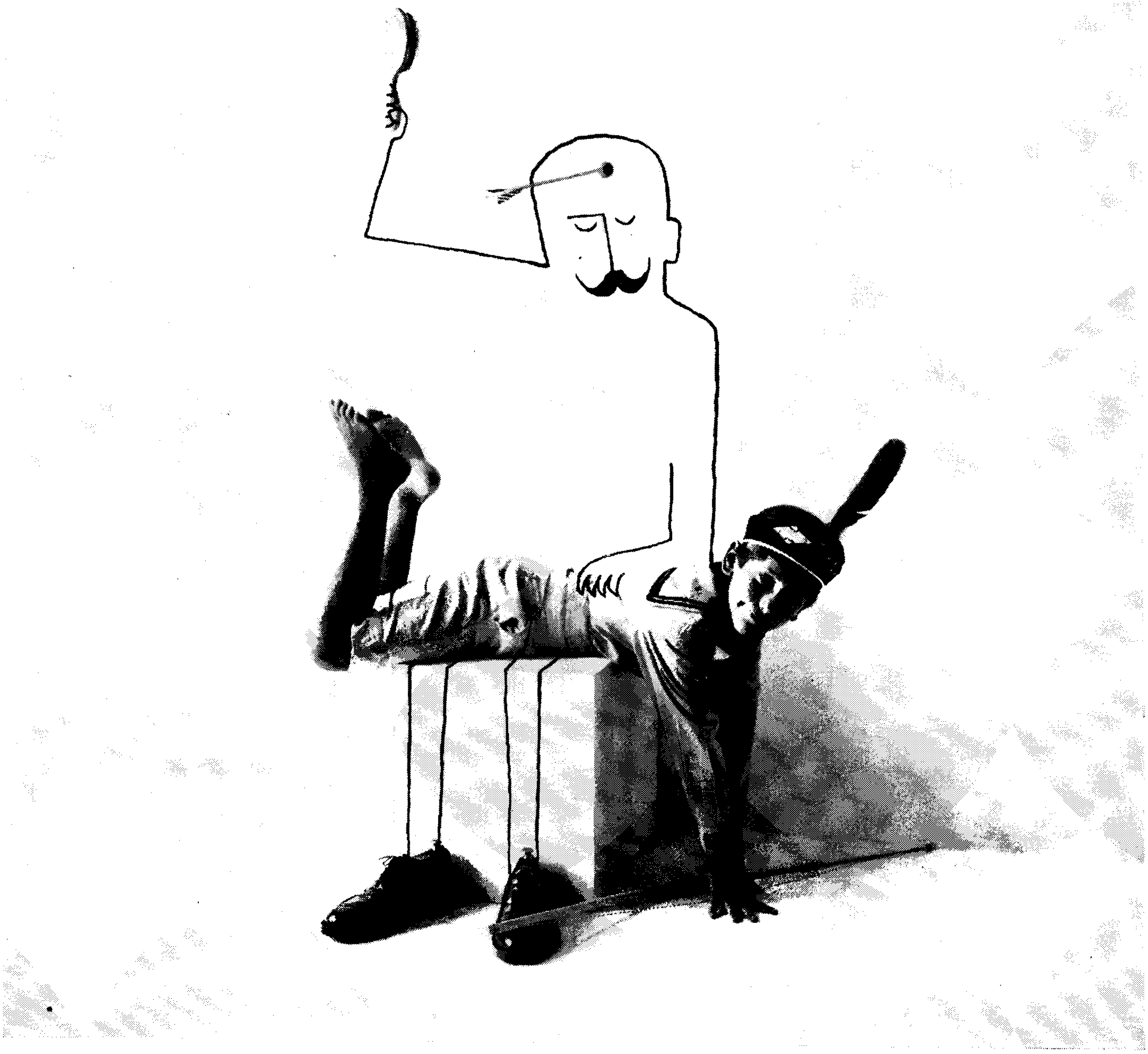

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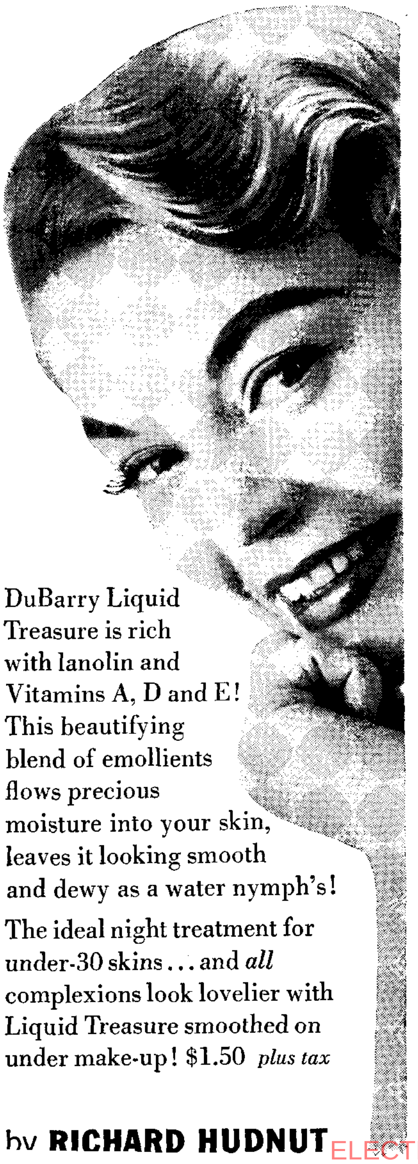

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by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

highly cerebral flavor, among them Operation Frontal Lobes and Operation Wisdom. Operation Frontal Lobes is a plan, which has yet to reach full flower, for N.B.C. to preëmpt, at its discretion, the time occupied by big commercially sponsored network television programs in order to put on programs of its own of special cultural or informational value. As Weaver has succinctly summarized the project, "It would mean the replacement of shows on the commercial schedule by one-shots—great telementaries in the public interest." "Telementary," meaning a television documentary program, is a word of Weaver's own coinage, and he is extremely sanguine about the possibilities of such programs. When, or if, Operation Frontal Lobes materializes, N.B.C. will broadcast dozens of telementaries a year, at peak listening hours, for the information and instruction of the public. "Operation Frontal Lobes would have tremendous scope," Weaver says. "Our telementaries would range in subject matter from explanations-in-depth of current events to historical surveys. *The whole march of mankind* would be converted into telementaries with an impact and sweep such as we've never seen, and it would have an effect that would be almost traumatic on people. Suppose Iran is in the news, and there is Iranian trouble. You put on a half-hour telementary that places the whole Iranian situation in broad perspective. Suppose a book like Frederick Lewis Allen's 'The Big Change' comes out. You go right on the air with a telementary covering the first fifty years of the twentieth century that would just knock your hat off, and you would spend commercial-type money on it, too—say, a hundred thousand dollars for an hour on the air. Gad, on the new cosmology alone there are half a dozen things that would lend themselves to a treatment of the physical and historical environment of man." Weaver has a number of other subjects lined up in his Operation Frontal Lobes file for possible telementary treatment, including "Western Mankind," "The Physical Universe," "The Atom," "Must There Be War?," "Grand Championships at the Dog Show," "Birth of a Baby" ("It's amazingly quick and can be timed to schedule," an accompanying note reads), and one entitled simply "Utopia." There are a number of reasons, most of them financial, that Operation Frontal Lobes has not been given a green light at N.B.C., but Weaver, ever the information optimist, continues to look forward to the time when the

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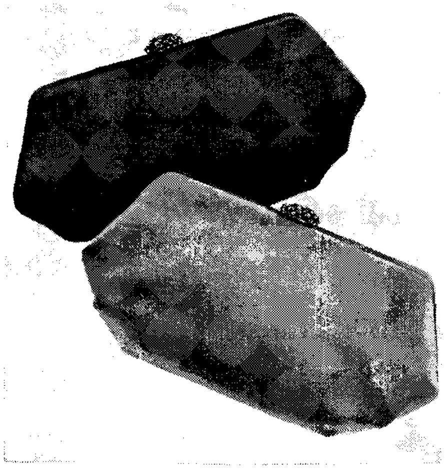

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company will be converting the march of mankind into telementaries on a massive scale.

Happily, Operation Wisdom has reached a more advanced stage of development than Operation Frontal Lobes. Operation Wisdom is an outgrowth of what Weaver calls his Faces of the Age Concept. "Today, the average family is, through television, in a position as never before to become familiar with the face of greatness," he says. "Through exposure on television to the great men of his time, the average man will become truly contemporaneous with his age." While N.B.C., along with other television outfits, presents many faces of the age in the natural course of broadcasting news events, Weaver came to feel some time back that the scope of activities and interests touched on in this way is skimpy, and, accordingly, he set up Operation Wisdom, with the idea of getting famous people who are not necessarily making big news at the moment to talk to television audiences about their work, their philosophies, and their lives. The operation got under way a couple of years ago and a number of distinguished persons, among them Bertrand Russell, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Wanda Landowska, have already appeared on the series, which has been remarkably well received. Weaver often refers to Operation Wisdom by an alternate title—"The Wise Old Men." He prefers as subjects men and women who are well along in life, because, for one thing, he feels that someone of fairly advanced age is less likely to be inhibited in front of the cameras than a younger person, and will therefore speak more freely. There is another reason, too: Weaver wants to keep a camera record of faces for posterity. He has made a beginning at this, and N.B.C. now has large piles of metal cans that contain sound films of celebrated persons addressing the television public. "The theory of the big communications center and the attempt to use it right involve the principle that you should never let someone die without his telling the people face to face whatever it is he has to say," Weaver explains. "Every time I hear about someone dying and we don't have him in the can, it just kills me. When John Dewey left before saying a few words for us, it was awful."

IN his search for solutions to the problems of the present and the future, Weaver sets himself a furious

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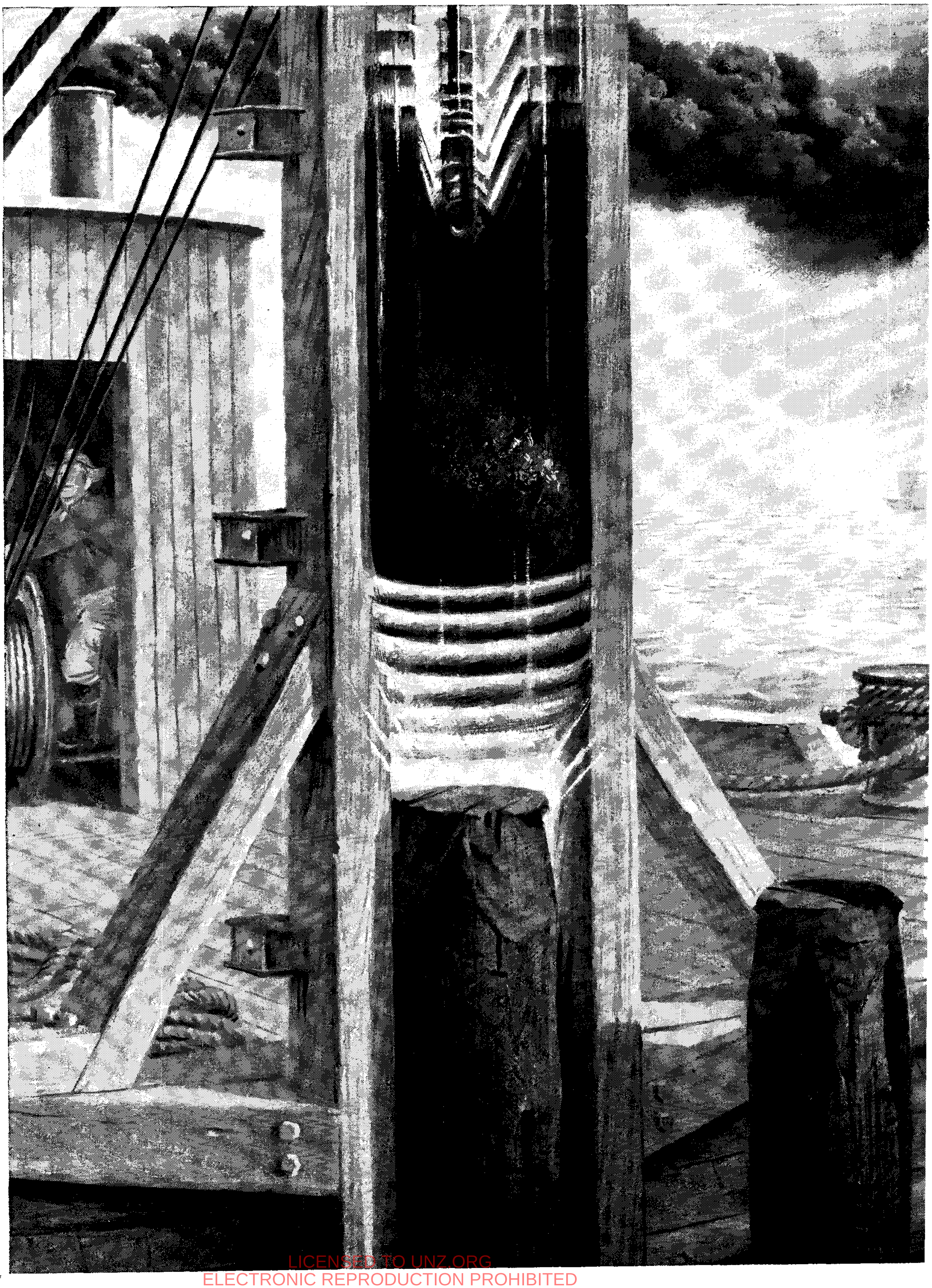

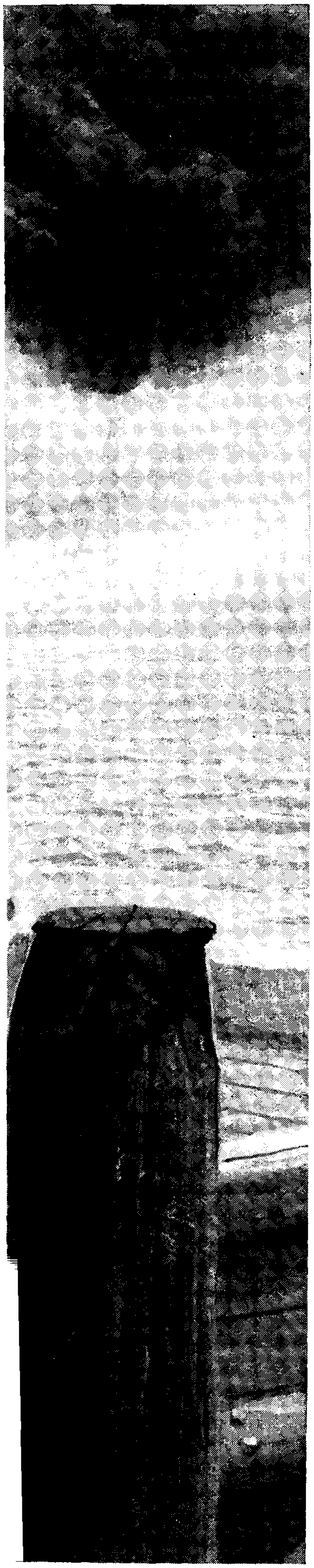

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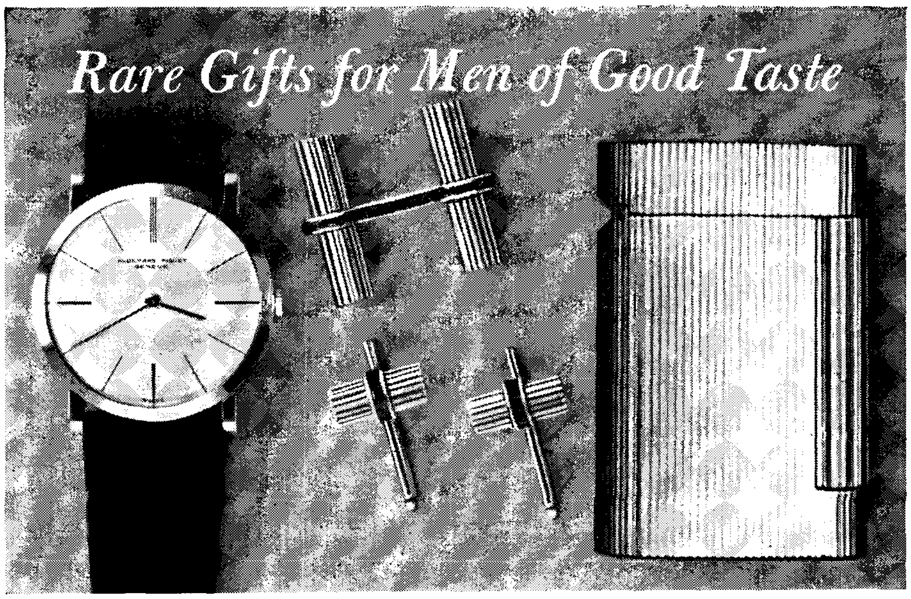

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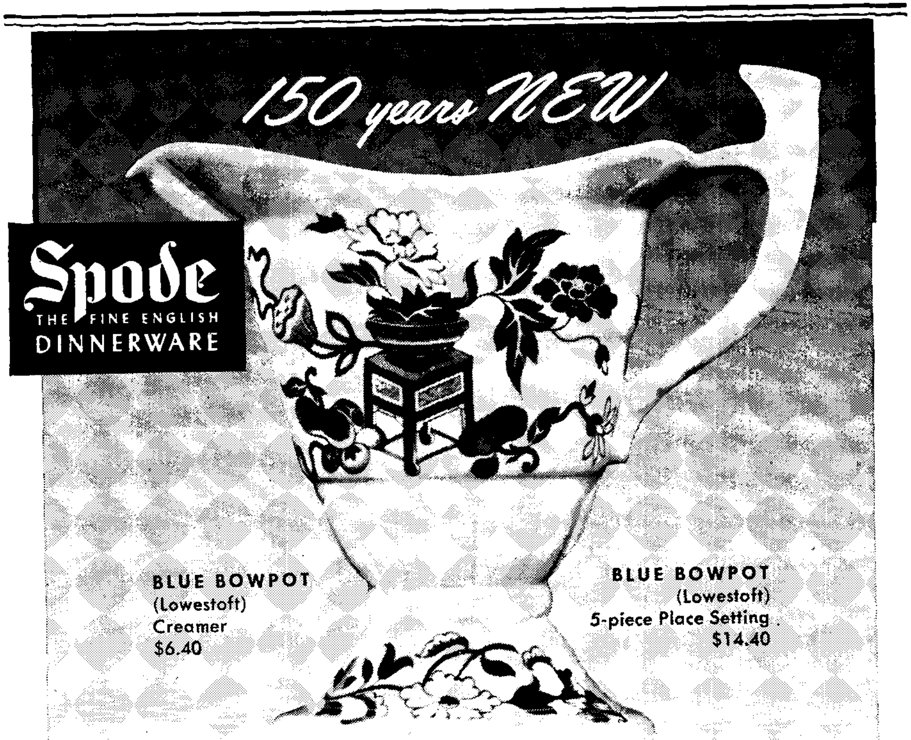

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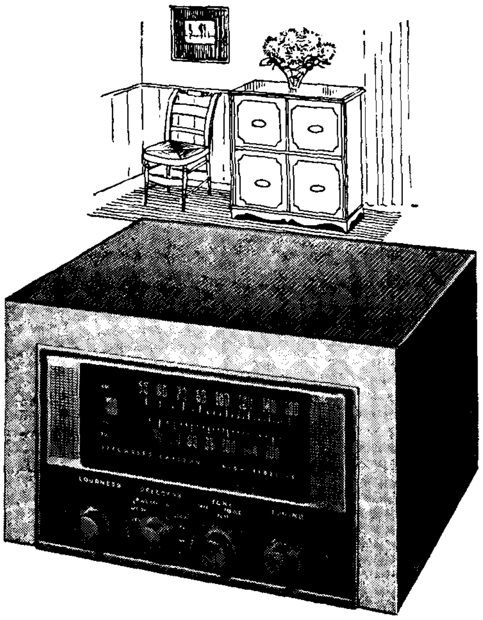
pace. As head of a vast company, and a member of what he sometimes refers to as "the nosebleed set"—those who operate in the rarefied upper stratum of commercial power—he must not only meet the demands of a tight schedule of executive work but spend a good deal of time fulfilling the public obligations of a corporation dignitary. These include making speeches, attending conventions and banquets, turning up at the premières of big N.B.C. programs to shake hands with the performers, and greeting important visitors to the studios—duties that he carries off with considerable grace. Such extracurricular activities, which he classifies as part of "the Grover Whalen kick" or "the half-grapefruit circuit," occupy many of his evenings, and even when he does manage to spend an evening at home, he usually devotes a good part of it to working on company matters. Weaver has two homes—a seven-room apartment on East Sixty-fourth Street, and an eighteen-room Colonial farmhouse, with a swimming pool, at Sands Point, Long Island; he also has a wife, the former Elizabeth Inglis, a native of England, whom he married in 1942, and two children, Trajan, eight, and Susan Alexandra, five. Trajan is named after the Emperor. "My wife and I decided to get a first name that would give the boy identity in the telephone book," Weaver says. "And, besides, Trajan had always appealed to me as one of the really great figures of all time, a man who quite probably provided the basic stability that carried the Roman Empire along for so many years." The younger Trajan, like his little sister, is rationed to two hours of television a day; a longer exposure to the instrument for maturity, Weaver believes, might confuse the children intellectually. They react to it principally by pestering their mother to buy them cereals they see advertised in the commercials.

While out at Sands Point on warm summer weekends, Weaver, who has a passion for sunshine, often sets up a typewriter on the edge of the pool and works in swimming trunks, taking a quick plunge from time to time to refresh his thoughts. There, beside the pool, he allows his restless mind to range freely. He has written so many memos that he can't recall when or where each of them originated, but it may well have been in just such a restful setting that he batted out the following: "The pre-TV radio job . . . tended to devote more and more of its attention and expenditure to fighting for the heavy users and less and less to making the light users heavier users, and the nonusers, users. I mean, chaps, that movies and radio point the horrible path that looms before us. . . . The conformity and carbon-copy boys are hard at work. . . . This is not satisfactory. Television must be the shining center of the home. It must be the instrument which brings maturity to us, and prepares us for the accelerated progress into tomorrow's good society, or steels us to fight for our democratic way of life and all its implications if the world is thrown into war and cataclysm." And it may have been after a dip in the pool that Weaver typed these lines, as part of a personal request to his staff to mention the American Heart Association, of which he is a governing member, as often as possible over the air: "This is our way of going, fellows. Let's not kid ourselves. Aside from those of us who elect the high-board finish, this business is almost devoted to worsening the statistics on cardiovascular drops. . . . You'll be snarling at an agency man one minute, and the next you'll be hearing 'Anybody here know 'the Lord's Prayer bit?' "

Weaver keeps a recording machine at his apartment and another one at his country place, and he enjoys dictating into one or the other of these as a rest from typing. He finds the recording machine helpful whenever he invents something, which he does from time to time, for it enables him to elaborate swiftly and at length on the details of the invention and on the need for it. Among the things he has invented, none of which have ever come to much, are an ever-burning fireplace log, a method of installing swimming pools on the roofs of apartment houses, an electronic sea-rescue device, and a new kind of shaving cream. The apathy that has greeted these and similar efforts does not discourage him, for he looks upon inventing as a stimulating intellectual exercise. The invention he is perhaps proudest of is a gadget he thought up a few years back to take the place of cigarettes. (Weaver gave up smoking several years ago.) In the memo he turned out on that occasion, he developed his subject with characteristic thoroughness. He began with a historical and sociological appraisal of the use of tobacco in particular and of the use and nature of "pleasure products" in general from Roman times down to the present. This led him into an account of the phenomenal growth of the pleasure-product market in modern times, and he enumerated today's pleasure products—



High Fidelity
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Here's an ingenious, famous-brand, low-cost product for up-grading handsome old radio-phonographs to modern high fidelity standards. And, if you're even medium-handy with a screw-driver, you can do the conversion yourself!

Provided your present record-player has a good coaxial speaker and a magnetic cartridge pickup, this Stromberg-Carlson "SR-405" FM-AM radio tuner and amplifier combination should work wonders. You'll hear radio and records as lifelike as in a concert hall—in fact, the way you probably have heard them in homes of your own friends who have expensive installations.

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Ask your dealer . . . to demonstrate the "SR-405" and see and hear the entire "Custom 400" Hi-Fi line. Or write us for complete specifications.

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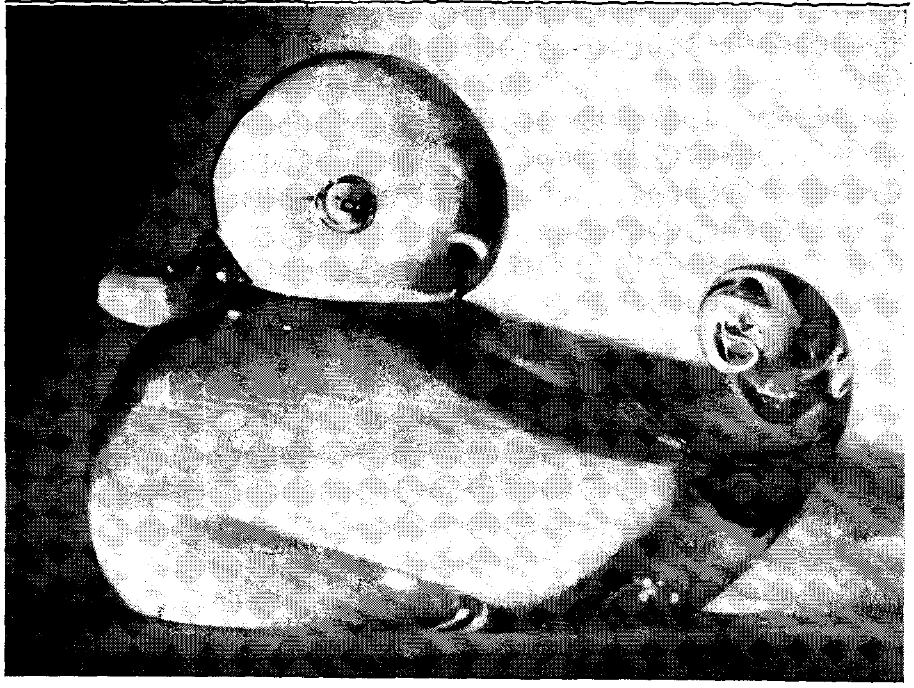

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tobacco, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages, chewing gum, and candy. "Except for alcohol, these products are artificial creations of man," he went on. "Furthermore, most of these products have no objective relation to pleasure. . . . The thought of seeing smoke emerge from a man's mouth would undoubtedly have sent your average Roman racing for a temple." It was a long windup, but now Weaver was ready with the pitch: The time was ripe for a revolutionary new pleasure product—and he knew just what it should be.

Weaver's pleasure product was a small metal cylinder with a top that would flip open, like that of a cigarette lighter, and a replaceable inner cartridge saturated with one of a number of aromatic essences, which when sniffed would arouse a feeling of mild exhilaration in the sniffer. On the surface of the cylinder there were to be several movable wheels and bands to fiddle with, and it was Weaver's idea that just as cigarette smokers grow accustomed to turning a cigarette in their fingers, purchasers of his inhalator would develop the habit of fiddling with the wheels and bands, and so become addicts. Indulgence in the new pleasure product was to be called "smacking," and Weaver's memo included suitable advertising slogans for its promotion—"Smacking Is a Pleasure Habit," "Smacking Is a Solace," and so on. As for the aromatic essences, Weaver knew offhand of at least two that he thought would be fine for the purpose. " 'Mountain Pine' could be a cold, clear, piney aroma that takes one to the High Sierras with a whiff," his memo stated. " 'Tropic Sea' could be a mixture of rich coffee, tobacco, rum, and spice! A touch of Benzedrine could be added if medical research approved." It is perhaps significant that Weaver, in his striving for a brave new world, should provide his version of Aldous Huxley's soma pill with plenty of moving parts and, of course, a dash of Benzedrine.

AT least once a week, Weaver slips a special recording disc into one or the other of his home dictating machines, and as he does so, the instrument, in his mind, undergoes a transformation. No longer is it merely a machine grinding out office memos; it becomes an "electronic diary," into which he pours an account of his recent activities, interspersed with personal observations on sociological and philosophical subjects, quotations from books he has been reading, and random notes on any communications, ideas that may

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BY

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Some people never do get used to staying away from home. Travel is broadening, they'll maintain, but give them the homely comforts.

Precisely why hotels go all out these days to run not just a pleasant hostelry—but a home away from home.

Next time you feel like you're in a "second home"—look at the maker's label on the towels. Odds are they'll be Martex.

Since the extra luxury of Martex comes at no extra cost, there seems to be a homely homily here for successful bonifaces. And for those who would like to be.

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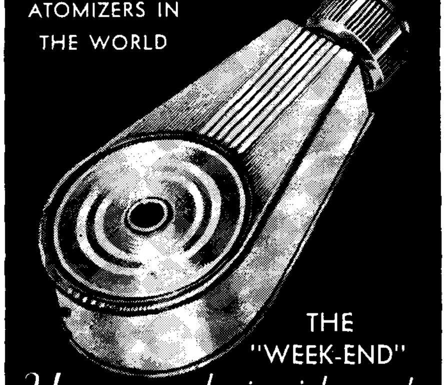

THE "WEEK-END"

You can take it with you!

If it's perfume — and you have this perfect purse-size atomizer.

It puts your perfume where you want it — not all over the inside of your handbag!

Made in France, and complete with black suede travel bag, in Chrome 9.00; in Gold Finish 11.50.

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

have occurred to him. "I want to put down a quotation from R. W. Girard [on] the biological basis of imagination," Weaver confided to his electronic diary some time ago. "He makes the point about Yerkes' ape, which, having accidentally whirled before making a correct solution of a choice-of-gate problem, thereafter regularly whirled before trying the gate of his choice. Yerkes' ape is a good illustration to someone who confuses cause and effect. . . . The Learned Hand Albany speech [on the subject of civil liberties] that I made a big fuss about our not recapping on TV illustrates that we must come to grips with our responsibility as a communications medium. . . . I would like to get a dozen copies of 'The Creative Process,' edited by Brewster Ghiselin, so that they may be given to our key thinking élite at N.B.C. . . . While we have been working out the Operation Wisdom, I have been wondering about extensions of this into recording the actual conversations of a congress of brains. We could very easily fit up a conversation room at N.B.C., in which none of the people would be able to see the cameras focussed on them."

As a communicator, a man with the world at his fingertips, Weaver feels it important to have information pouring in on him from all possible sources even when he is away from his nerve center at N.B.C. At either of his homes, he is constantly absorbing news and information from a battery of television and radio sets, as well as books and magazines. He owns a total of seven television sets (one of them equipped to receive color) and ten radios, and he has disposed them in such a way that he can keep himself continuously alerted to the condition of the outside world no matter what room he happens to be in. If he feels he is not deriving enough information from a television program that he has decided to watch, he will turn off the sound but retain the image on the screen, and switch on a nearby radio, so that he can follow one program with his eyes and another with his ears. Weaver seldom reads one book through before starting another; indeed, he generally has at least half a dozen going at once. He likes to read in the bathtub and keeps a book in his bathroom for that purpose, but it is not the book that he takes to bed with him, nor is the book he reads in bed the one that he has started in the living room. While reading, he usually keeps an eye on a television program, too, and, of course, there is always likely to be a radio

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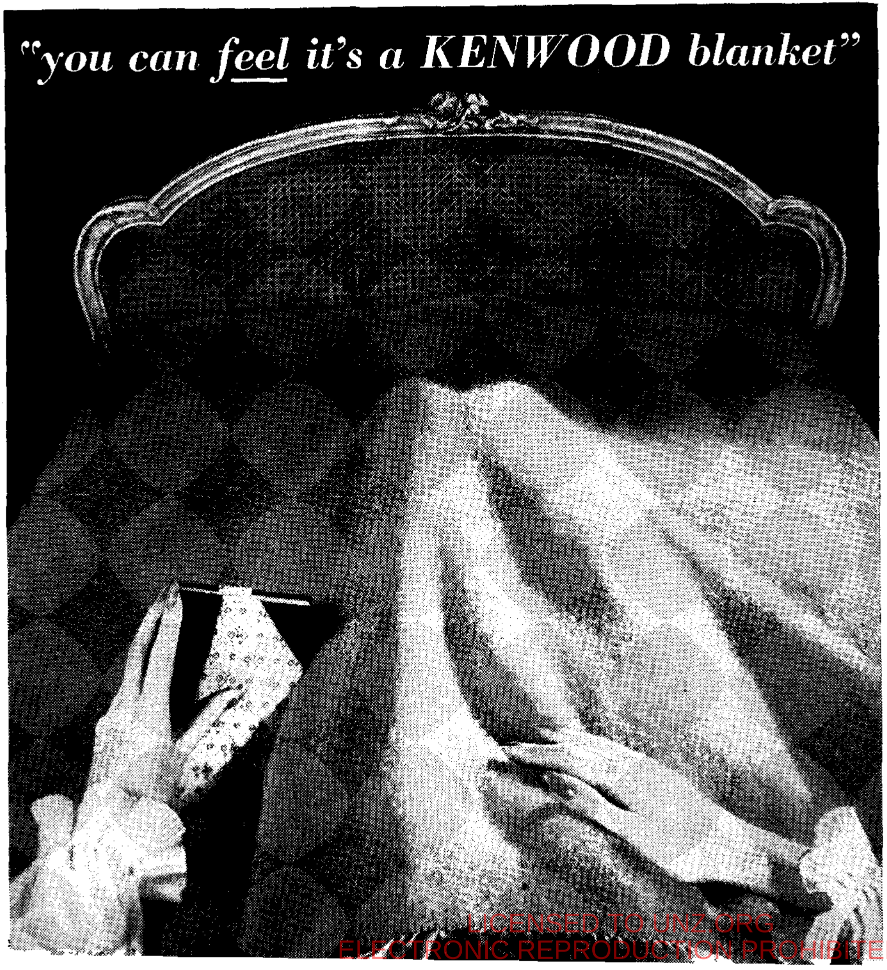


turned on. When Weaver goes into high gear in his efforts to fill himself with information, he presents a dynamic picture of the communicator in domestic surroundings. With an open book on his lap, an open magazine by his side, other books and magazines strewn all around him, a glowing television screen in front of him, and a radio going at his elbow, he soaks in the latest intelligence; his ears attuned to the loudspeaker, his eyes flitting from book to screen and from screen to magazine, he *simultaneously* looks, listens, reads, and thinks.

It is a source of annoyance to Weaver that some of the things he sees, hears, reads, and thinks slip away from him. Accustomed as he is to braining around many problems at once, he occasionally encounters what he regards as lamentable blank spots in his mind. To anyone who knows Weaver, his memory seems more than adequate, but he is irked that it is not perfect. He has, however, expressed the characteristically optimistic opinion that in the future a way will be found to make memories more efficient. "It's a communications problem, essentially," he said not long ago. "We know from experiments with drugs and hypnosis that most people have an inherent ability for almost total recall of experience. The trouble is that they can't recall everything at will. There is a short circuit somewhere in their conscious minds. What we have to do is get around the short circuit and get all that information back out when it's needed. There is simply no excuse for us to let people go on using only one per cent of their minds when we know the other ninety-nine per cent is active but is being short-circuited. It's all part of a generalized communications theory. I am convinced that we will discover a solution to the problem." Until such a solution is discovered, Weaver, as best he can, just keeps thinking and thinking and thinking. —THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Weaver.*)

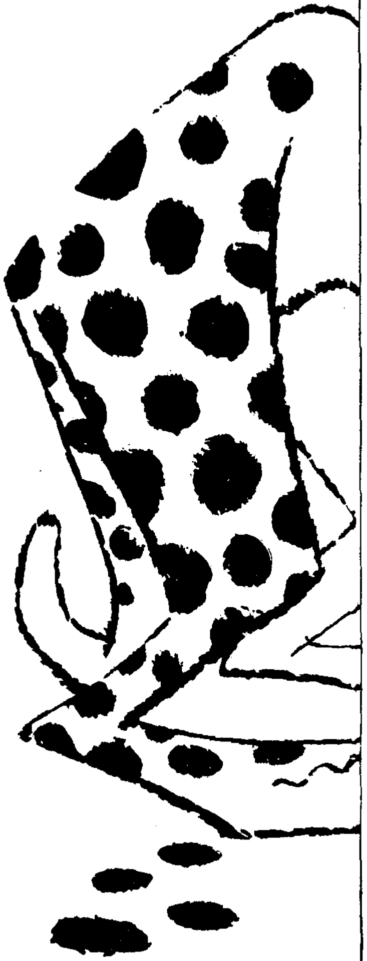
•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Seattle Times*]

Broad-hipped, and yet somehow looking sweet-faced and blue-eyed in the gray drizzle, the whopping battleship Missouri tied up at Pier 91 this forenoon amid the music, fanfare and color of a gay Seattle welcome.

Even a 45,000-ton warship can, on occasion, look sweet and feminine—and even graceful—in spite of having to waddle into a pier stern first, smiling with some slight stiffness over her perky shoulders.



Leopards may want to— our customers don't

It may be frivolity that makes the leopard want to change his spots, but the wise advertiser today knows that if he wants to *move goods now*, the best way is to buy *spot radio, on key stations* —and stick by the spots. It doesn't take many good stations to reach just about everybody. WJR alone, for instance, reaches some 10 per cent of U.S. buying power—more than 15 million people. Ask your advertising manager for details on WJR.

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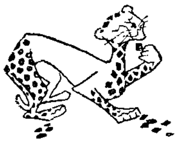
50,000 watts CBS Radio Network



MAKE UP YOUR MIND. You can rationalize all you want, but the Red Cross still needs blood—and you've got it.

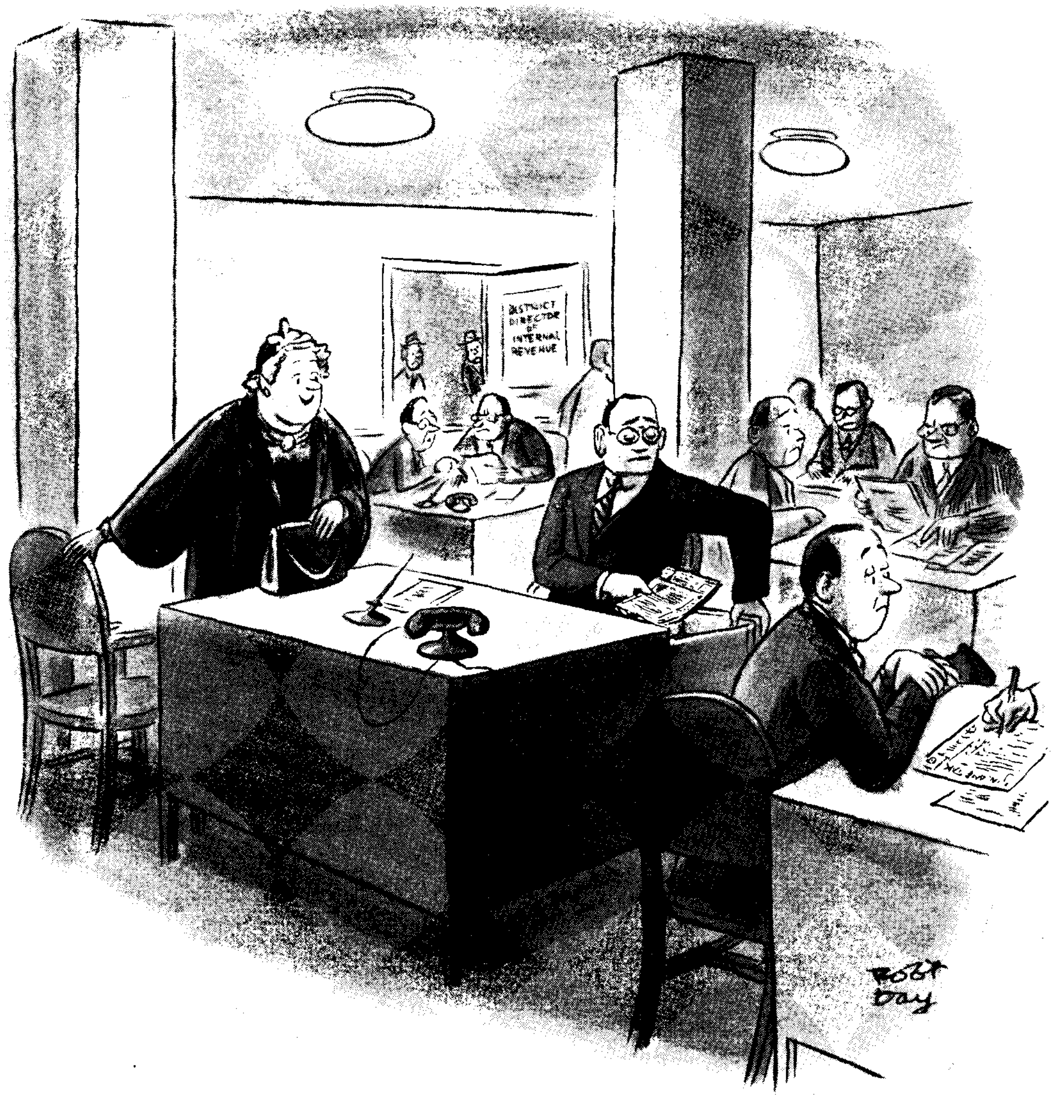
THE THEATRE

SOME GAGS FROM THE GALLERIES

As I was having dinner before the opening of "Reclining Figure," one of those sudden silences fell on the restaurant, and in it a lady at an adjacent table remarked loudly and clearly, "She may be peripheral, but you have to admit that she's terribly sincere." Enchanted by this comment, which seemed to sum up the essential quality of so many of my friends, I took it to the Lyceum Theatre with me, and sat thinking about it there in the dark while the intentional comedy on the stage went on. The lines in the play ranged from moderately accomplished, though never very gracefully phrased, journeyman humor ("My idea of being really rich is being able to afford an *illiterate* butler") to such dire specimens as "I could stand poverty, but I couldn't bear not to have money," and, in answer to the question "Do you follow me?," "I might as well. I've got a feeling I'm not going anywhere." There were also frequent and painful lapses in grammar, such as the occasion when a formidably cultivated art dealer was caused to observe, "Psychiatry was in its infancy. For two dollars, you could lay on the couch all day," and the habitual use by practically everybody of "like" as a conjunction. Altogether, it seemed to me a fairly primitive operation, with none of the style that makes high comedy and very little of the cockeyed invention that makes farce. There was certainly nothing in it that entertained me half as much as that shapely but elusive thought I brought with me from the restaurant. From all this, it should be evident that my private taste in jokes is erratic, and that my low opinion of those proffered by Harry Kurnitz in "Reclining Figure" should be discounted accordingly. A great many people in the first-night audience clearly found the whole

well be that you will, too. In that case, I can only say that at the moment you're reading the wrong critic.

Mr. Kurnitz's story has to do with shady manipulations in that peculiar world inhabited by art dealers and their clients. It is all remarkably involved. There is a young dealer who dreams of starting a modern gallery of his own and is trying to raise a hundred thousand dollars for this project by selling a Renoir he has picked up in Paris to an elderly brewer of soft drinks. It presently develops that the picture is a wonderfully convincing fake, painted by the alcoholic technical expert in charge of the old man's collection, and also that the work's appearance on the market is part of a deep-laid conspiracy engineered by another dealer for certain sinister purposes that I don't think we'll investigate here. A good deal of the play consists of detailed and presumably well-informed discussions of the skulduggeries of the trade, with some emphasis on the manner in which Old Masters can be forged (three celebrated authorities on the subject, each a separate comic invention of sorts, turn up in the course of the action), and this special material is rather interesting, and even provides some humor—particularly in one telephone sequence in which one of the dealers tries to explain to a client in Texas that Toulouse-Lautrec is not identical with José Ferrer. The rest of the evening, however, is considerably less diverting, being devoted partly to untangling the staggering complexities of the plot and partly to a budding romance between the young dealer and his prospective client's daughter, in which the participants


DISTRICT DIRECTOR OF INTERNAL REVENUE
Robt Day

and I are friends again?"

Curious?

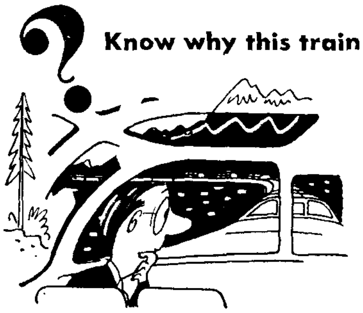
about the Vista-Dome California Zephyr?

WP
Gerhardt-Hurt

(Most people are; after all, it's the most talked-about train in the country!)

Want to know about the route?

The Vista-Dome California Zephyr travels the most scenic of all transcontinental routes . . . through the heart of the mighty Colorado Rockies, across the High Sierra, and down the entire length of California's Feather River Canyon. And you see *all* this wonderful scenery *during daylight hours!*



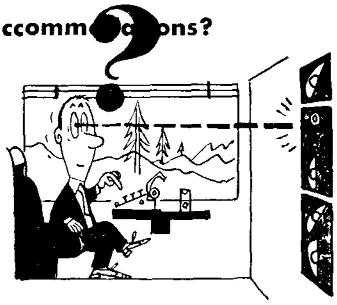
Know why this train has five Vista-Domes?

Because there's so much to see along the spectacular route of the no-extra-fare California Zephyr, this streamliner has *five* Vista-Domes . . . 120 unreserved, *extra* seats for the enjoyment of both Pullman and Chair Coach passengers! What's more, there are *two* spacious lounge cars!

Wonder why there's so much talk about the Dining Car? Simply because so many passengers are so pleased that such wonderful food can be served at such reasonable prices. Another talked-about feature is the unique system of advance dinner reservations in the Diner. There's no waiting in line for a table aboard *this* train!

Like more facts about accommodations?

In addition to Vista-Dome Chair Coaches, you have a choice of Pullman accommodations: drawing rooms, compartments, bedrooms, bedroom suites, roomettes and regular sections. NOTE: all private rooms have individual controls for lighting, heating, air conditioning, radio or recorded music.



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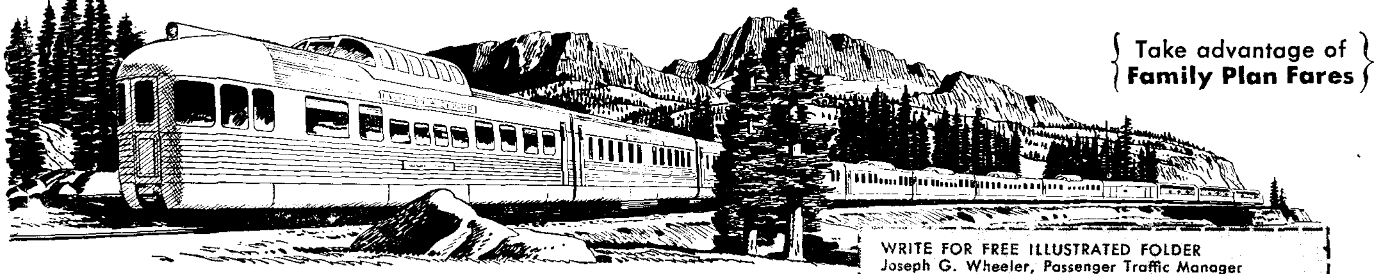
Daily between Chicago and San Francisco-Oakland via Denver and Salt Lake City on the Burlington, Rio Grande and Western Pacific Railroads. *(Through Pullman New York-San Francisco)*



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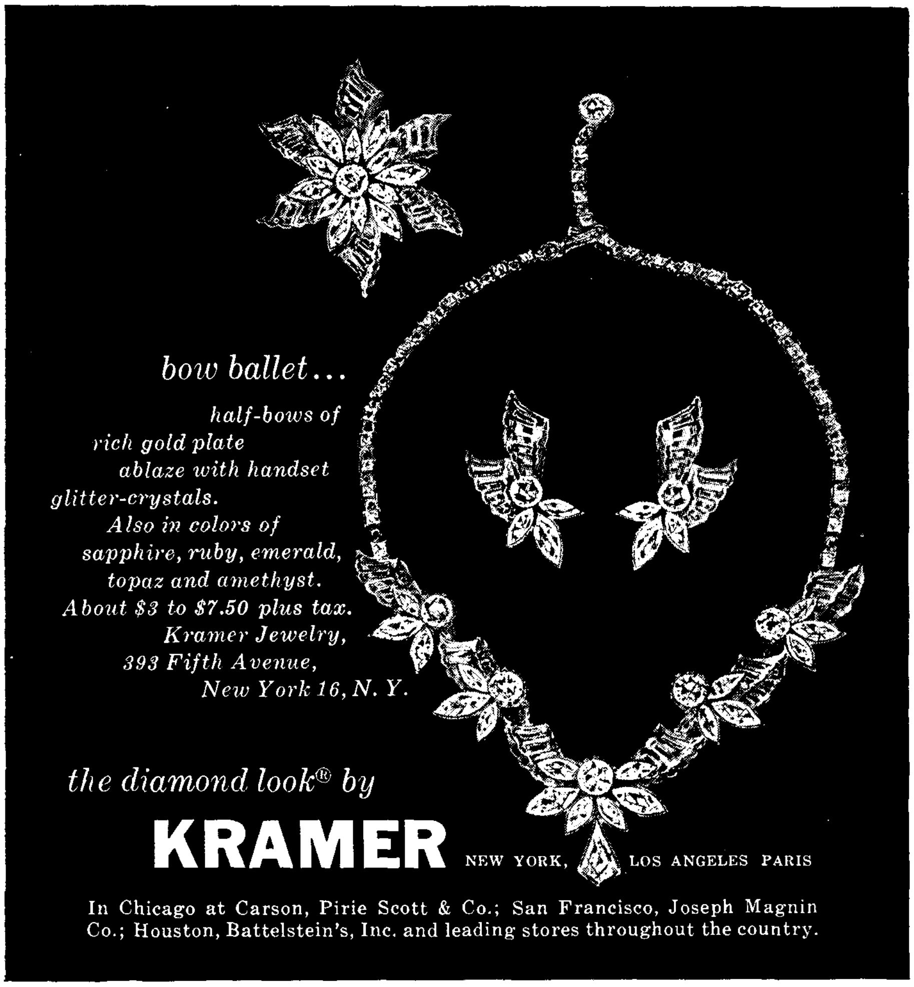
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half-bows of
rich gold plate
ablaze with handset
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Also in colors of
sapphire, ruby, emerald,
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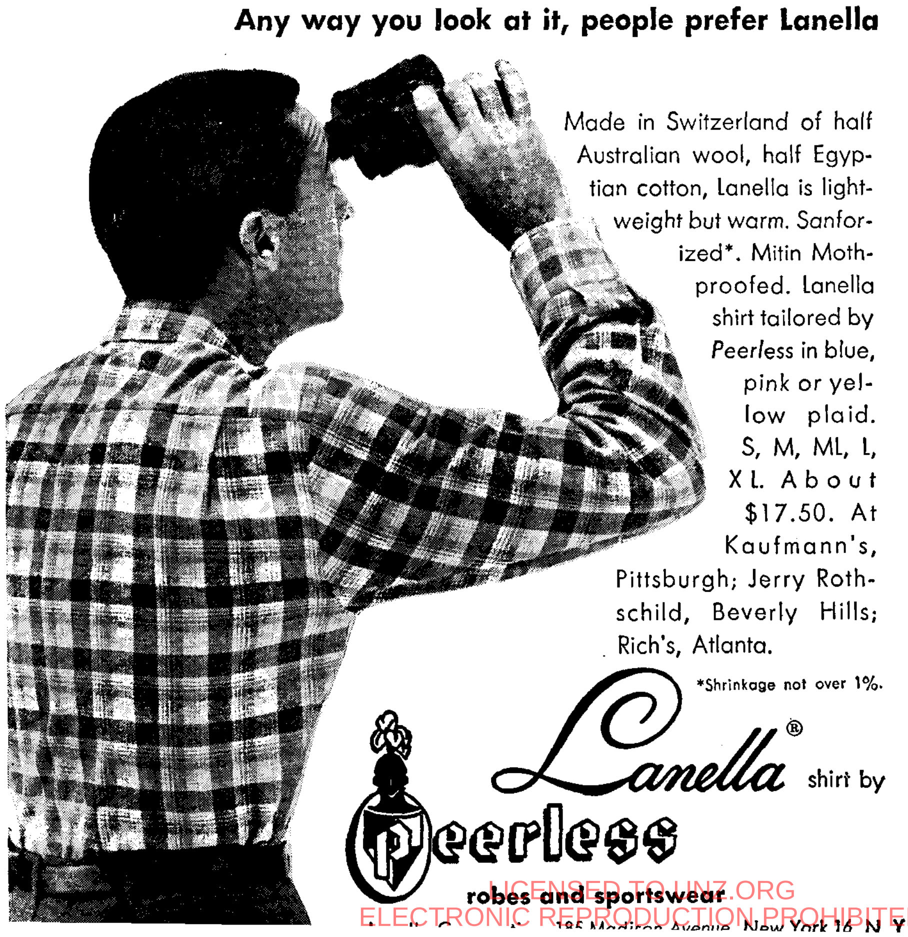
Any way you look at it, people prefer Lanella

Made in Switzerland of half Australian wool, half Egyptian cotton, Lanella is lightweight but warm. Sanforized*. Mitin Mothproofed. Lanella shirt tailored by *Peerless* in blue, pink or yellow plaid. S, M, ML, L, XL. About $17.50. At Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Jerry Rothschild, Beverly Hills; Rich's, Atlanta.

*Shrinkage not over 1%.

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demonstrate some novel wrestling grips but not much talent for intelligible conversation.

The acting is, on the whole, not inspired. In spite of occasional difficulties with his lines, for which I would be the last to blame him, Percy Waram gives a pleasant and thoughtful performance as the soft-drink king, and Martin Gabel, sporting an extremely ceremonial wig and mustache, is excellent as the scheming dealer, but Mike Wallace and Georgiann Johnson, though attractive enough as the young lovers, seem rather stiff and abrupt in manner, and the others, cast in character roles, play them somewhat more broadly than an austere taste might altogether approve. Abe Burrows' direction, while sound in general design, may be criticized for not achieving a proper unity in acting styles, and Frederick Fox's set, described ecstatically by most of the players as "spacious," struck me as anything but that. Richard Maney, the press representative for the production, introduced a new note by writing one capsule biography in the program entirely in the French tongue. Mr. Maney is quite a card. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

POESY DEPARTMENT
(CALM AFTER THE STORM DIVISION)

[*Adv. in the York* (*Maine*) *Weekly*]

HAZEL HILDRETH WOODWARD
Broker
MAIN ST., YORK VILLAGE

When flood waters were whirling the strongest
And the Hurricane blowing things down
Didn't it give all you people of York a big thrill
To hear broadcasting right from our town?

The Marshall House kept all York well informed,
Of the hurricane winds and tides there,
When it comes to good public service,
The Marshall House did its full share.

In our busy lives it takes some disaster,
To make us all realize how well,
Folks in York always help one another,
York's community spirit is swell.

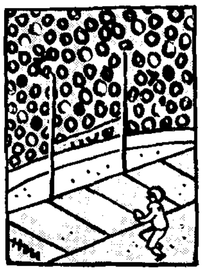
Well now, there's a three bedroom house to be rented,
Also one with two bedrooms—all new,
Both are oil heated, furnished and modern,
And right on the bus line for you.

A fine little home that is all on one floor,
With a fireplace and three bedrooms, there,
The price is eleven thousand, five hundred,
And there's land enough and to spare.

Every day now a new place is listed,
And each day someone comes in to see,
What there is here in York to rent or to buy,
So keep your "weather eye" open for me.

FOOTBALL

Still at Sea



THREE weeks of football have gone by and neither Pennsylvania nor Columbia has yet won a game. And not only that, but Harvard, having accomplished the unbelievable feat, a fortnight ago, of losing to the University of Massachusetts, last weekend accomplished the even more unbelievable feat of nosing out Cornell, 13–12. Students of unnatural phenomena will betray no astonishment if this coming Saturday opens for business with the sun rising in the West. The football that is evolving from the organic disorders so many teams are suffering is not always top grade from the technician's point of view, but there is nothing wrong with it from the spectator-sportsman's point of view, for there's scarcely a team in this part of the world that dares take things easy at any time. Yale, which was expected to beat Columbia, came close to blowing the ball game before it rammed home the winning touchdown in the fourth quarter; Princeton, which was expected to beat Penn, made it a sister act. The score of both matches was 13–7, and right up to the end there was an obvious chance that the losing team would rack up another touchdown, kick the ensuing goal, and go home a 14–13 winner. In fact, Cornell had Harvard beaten, 12–7, but before it could go home with the victory Harvard came from behind to win by a single point.

THE Penn-Princeton game, the box-office event in these parts last Saturday, was what would have been called, back in the barely remembered days of normality, a coaches' battle. Not since the tightening of the rules about substitutions of players have quarterbacks, clearly bursting with restricted information, dashed from the sidelines and into the game in such rapid succession, and possibly never before have these bearers of official messages and instructions dashed into a game to less avail. For seldom have two sets of players, all presumably in the pink of condition, put on a merrier exhibition of fumbling a football, dropping a football, and passing a football to wholly mythical confreres. Shakespeare never had a better road company for "The Comedy of Errors." It was a game that might have gone on for days, no matter what bright ideas the coaches were able to dream up, if Penn hadn't, in the fourth quarter, dropped the ball once too often. A Penn back, getting set to throw a pass, simply let the ball float out of his hand as two Princetonians ran at him, and another Princetonian grabbed it. In two lightning plays, Royce Flippin, this year's apple of Princeton's eye, galloped the necessary twelve yards to Penn's goal line, and there went the ball game.

Despite its confusion, it was a good game. Princeton's offensive formation looked the way Penn's offensive formation used to look all those years that George Munger, who retired last year, was coaching it, and Penn, under its new Michigan State coach, looked a great deal like a Big Ten team—looked like, not played like, one, for Penn's new offensive hasn't jelled yet. In fact, almost its only successful maneuver was the backfield shift that occurred in the midst of its signal calling. For more than half the afternoon, this shift kept luring Princeton linemen offside, and some of the resulting five-yard penalties were expensive. The best part of Penn's offensive was, as it has been for the past two years, Walt Hynoski, who can run, block, pass, and punt with equal grace and decision. It isn't often any more that one has the pleasure of seeing two truly all-round performers (Royce Flippin, of course, was the other) in action against each other. In theory, the tightened-up rules about substitution did away with the age of the football specialist and replaced it with the second age of the all-round performers. But anyone who spends his Saturday afternoons in the stadiums can tell you that the age of the specialist is taking a powerful long time to die.

—J. W. L.

•

LONDON, Sept. 25 (UP)—Lady Hardwicke, 28, pretty wife of 61-year-old actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke, was asked to leave London's Cocoanut Grove night club last night because she was wearing slacks.

She and her party transferred to a club called the Stroke Room and danced there until after 3 A.M.

Novelist Graham Greene, a member of the party, said of the Cocoanut Grove ouster, "We can't be correct all the time. Not even sensible all the time. The slacks are most becoming."

The schipperke breed of dogs, which originated in Belgium, is naturally without a tail.—*Lowell (Mass.) Sun.*

It's a cinch *they* can't be correct all the time.

The Essential Ingredient of a Perfect Martini

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THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
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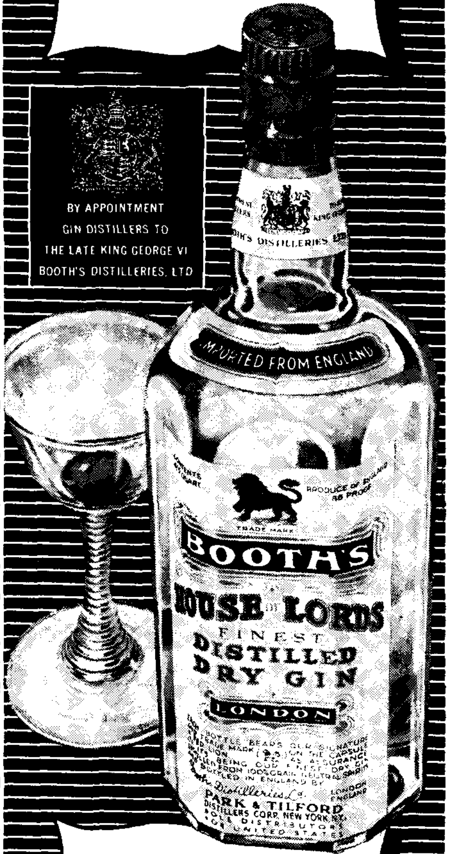

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DRY GIN
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Imported by
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The written message

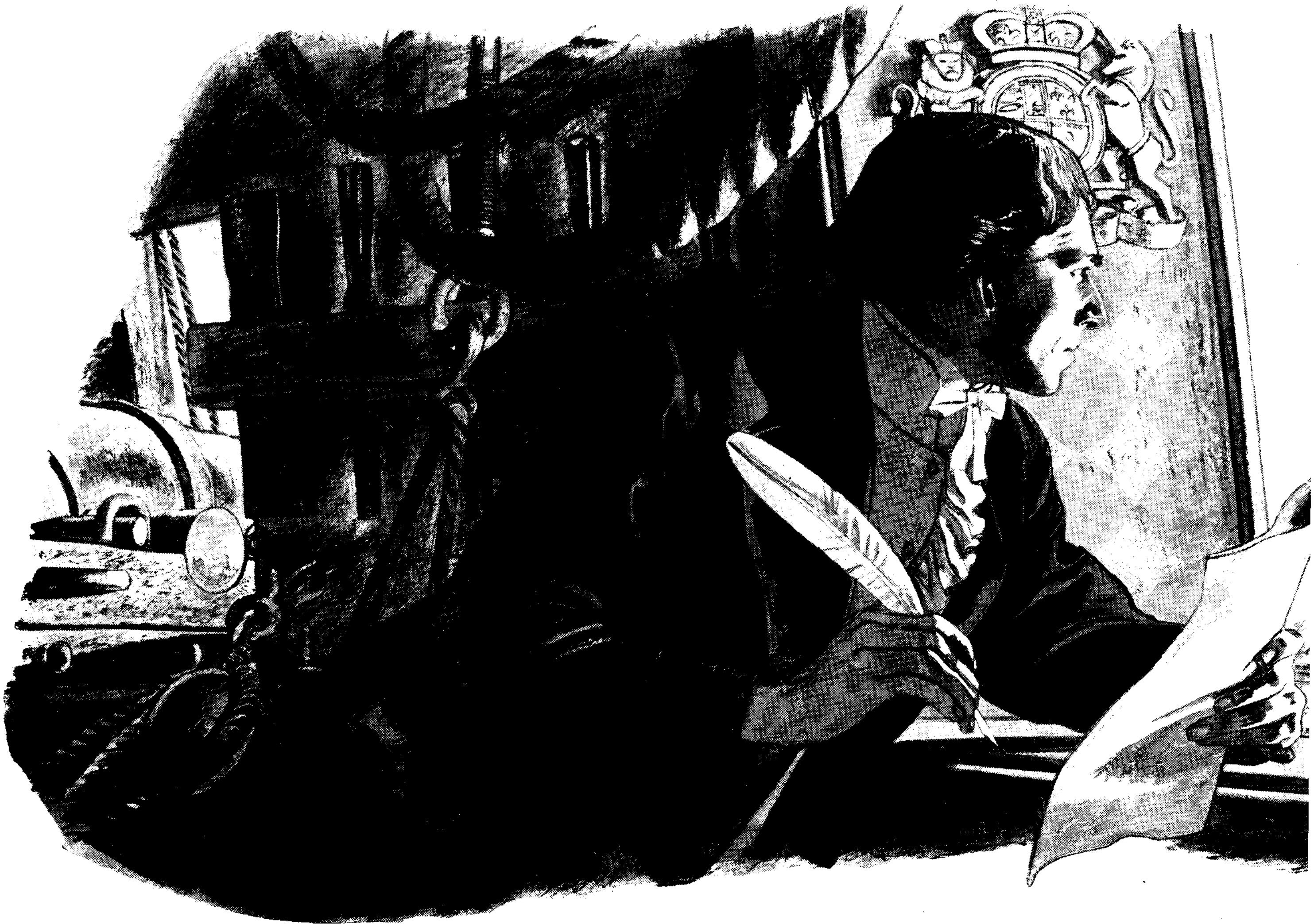
Whenever men are deeply stirred, whenever they are moved by grandeur or awed by mightiness of spirit, there is a God-given instinct to write down what they feel and see. And these become words to live by, whether they are commandments engraved on a tablet of stone, or verses written on the back of a letter in the dawn's early light.

The lines scrawled by Francis Scott Key in the dim gray hours of September 14, 1814, 140 years ago, formed a message written out of commingled pride, courage . . . and faith. That same week, with the stunning victory against mighty Britain thrilling every American heart, Key's words were published. Matching exactly the cadences of an old song, they were sung, joyously, boisterously, by the men of embattled Baltimore. And this message of pride and courage found its way to other printing presses, and to other lips to make "The Star-Spangled Banner," finally, the soaring anthem of this great nation.

Yes, the written message is the one that lives . . . the sights and the sounds fade away. The voices are stilled and forgotten. The parade appears and is gone. But the written word, and chiefly the printed word, endures.

This Week Magazine, one of America's most widely read publications, asks you to weigh and remember the value of the printed word in the shaping of ideas, in the molding of influence.

It is a far, far step from our national anthem to an advertisement. And This Week makes the comparison with humility, fully conscious of the boundaries of taste.



is the one that LIVES

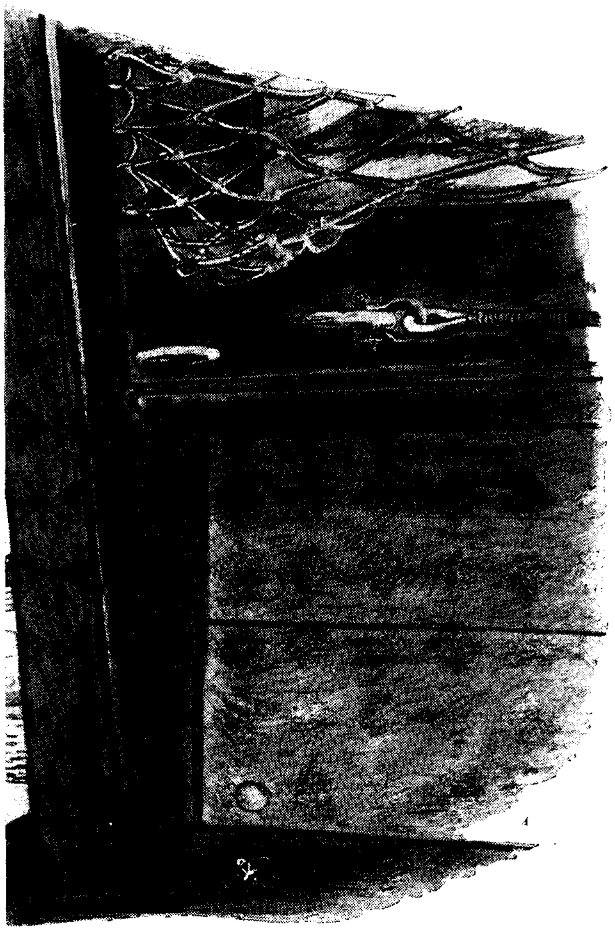
That is why This Week asks only that you re-evaluate in your own mind the importance of the written word. As man progresses, he finds marvelous new ways to communicate sights and sounds, but it is the written word that lives.

Whenever you have something important to say, put it in print. For the printed message can and does last. It can be referred to again and again. It can be studied. It can be used as a basis of comparison. It can be clipped out and consulted. But most important of all, it can be absorbed freely and willingly for as long as the reader wishes.

The printed page, rich in detail, exact in its message, continues to be a primary force in the field of communications. Therefore, This Week wishes to remind you of the basic wisdom of building your advertising campaigns around visual, printed media. In other words, if you want your message to work and to *last*, put it in print *first*.

★ ★ ★

A written advertisement that lived—brought forth this fine comment from Carl D. McWade, Advertising Manager of Skil Corporation, Chicago, Illinois: "Our field salesmen and dealers have always been impressed with the responsiveness of leads secured from our advertising in THIS WEEK Magazine. Cutting across all classes and buying types, our 2/5 page insertion of December 8, 1952, produced many thousands of inquiries the first week. One year later, returns from potential tool buyers were still being received from this one insertion—proof of the significance of the printed word when conveyed by a publication such as THIS WEEK, reaching deeply into the interest of Americans everywhere."



This Week
MAGAZINE

Your messages in This Week will LIVE in 10,900,000 homes throughout America!

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shares the power and prestige of these
34 great newspapers which distribute it.

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The Birmingham News
Boston Sunday Herald
The Charlotte Observer
Chicago Daily News
The Cincinnati Enquirer
Cleveland Plain Dealer
The Dallas Morning News
Des Moines Sunday Register
The Detroit News
The Houston Post
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The Jacksonville Florida Times-Union
Los Angeles Times
The Memphis Commercial Appeal
Miami Daily News
The Milwaukee Journal
Minneapolis Sunday Tribune
The New Orleans-Times-Picayune States
New York Herald Tribune
Norfolk Virginian-Pilot
The Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin
The Phoenix Arizona Republic
The Pittsburgh Press
Portland Oregon Sunday Journal
Providence Sunday Journal
Richmond Times-Dispatch
Rochester Democrat and Chronicle
St. Louis Globe-Democrat
The Salt Lake Tribune
San Antonio Express and Sunday News
San Francisco Chronicle
The Spokane Spokesman-Review
The Washington Sunday Star

"SHIRLEY BOOTH IS THE CHAMP!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD TRIBUNE
"'BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA' IS 'AN ELEGANT SPREE!'"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N.Y. TIMES
SHIRLEY BOOTH
"BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA"
NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL
with WILBUR EVANS
Evgs. $6.90 to 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05 to 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60 to 1.75. Tax Incl. Mail Orders Now.
IMPERIAL THEA., W. 45th St., N. Y. 36

"A SMASH HIT!"
—Coleman, Mirror
"SOCKO SUCCESS!"
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—Atkinson, Times
COLE PORTER'S
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Evgs. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.90, 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Tax Incl.
Air-Cond. SAM S. SHUBERT 44th W. of B'way. CI 6-5990

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."
—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—Atkinson, N. Y Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT
present
ELLIOTT NUGENT in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • George Keane • Rita Morley
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.; $4.60 to 1.73. Sat. Evg.; $5.75 to 1.73. Mats. Wed. & Sat.; $3.45 to 1.15 (Tax Incl.).
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. FULTON Theatre, 210 W. 46th St.

"Restores our theatre to an art again"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
The Playwrights' Company
in association with
Mary K. Frank present
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN's production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
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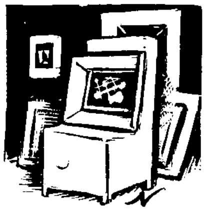
THE ART GALLERIES

Fast Start



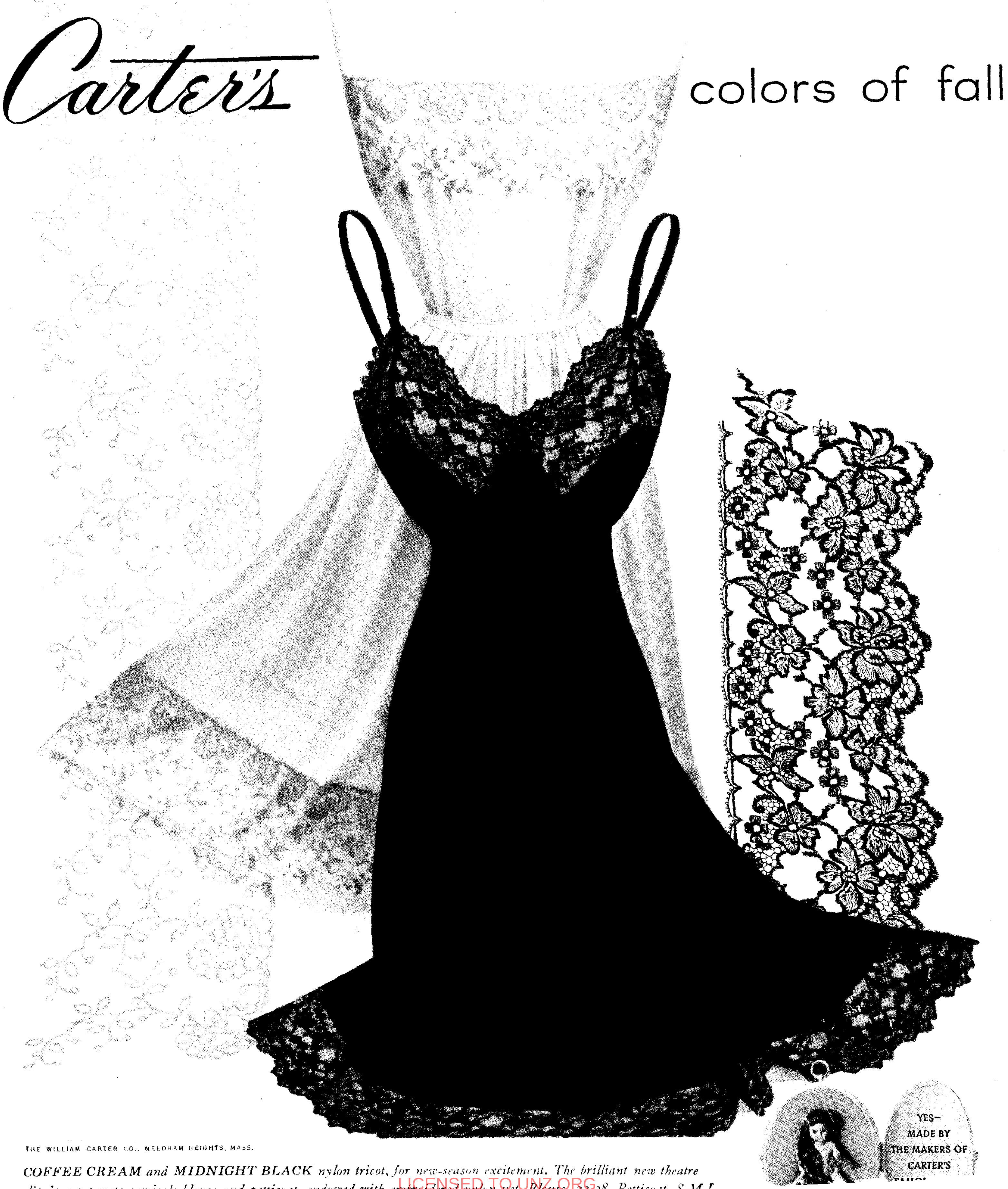
THE season was remarkably late this year, but it has suddenly got under way with a rush, and the galleries now are fairly bursting with exhibitions. Group shows and first solos predominate, and while there are no really big affairs to concentrate on, there are plenty of interesting smaller ones—by far the most unusual being the collection of new works by Frederick Kiesler at the Janis Gallery.

Kiesler, an architect by profession, and the creator of a huge and rambling piece of constructivist sculpture that caused a good deal of talk when it was shown at the Museum of Modern Art's "Fifteen Americans" exhibition two years ago, has also gone in for painting, and his approach, if not startlingly successful, is at least original. The paintings are offered in "galaxies," each consisting of from two to a half dozen or more separate pictures evolving from a central theme and grouped in an arbitrarily planned relationship; and the idea, as I understand it, is that by thus, in a sense, introducing space *into* his concepts, instead of around them, the artist can give some of that lightness to his work that certain sculptors (Henry Moore is perhaps the most famous example) achieve, or strive for, by constructing their figures to include open areas—impaling them, so to speak, on space instead of presenting them against it. Conceivably, the artistic effect of a "galaxy" can be altered by altering its arrangement, and in this respect Kiesler's work has a relation to that "interchangeable" mural Orozco did some years ago, called "Dive Bomber and Tank," in which, supposedly, both the mood and the commentary could be subtly changed by a rearrangement of the panels of which it was composed.

The idea is an absorbing one, but I must say that it has slight overtones of preciosity. The main difficulty in Kiesler's application is that he seems to have devoted more care and ingenuity to the geometry of his groupings than to the over-all development of the artistic concepts of which they're composed. To be frank, most of them just don't hold together well enough to justify his dispersed arrangement of them and at the same time give meaning to them as groups. In his big "Horse-Galaxy," one is hard put to it to discover why he cut what amounts to a fairly straightforward bullfight abstraction into five pieces, and one is equally confused by his "Danaë," in which the dismemberment of the central figure is arbitrary to the point of dissection and the styles of the various parts are all a bit dissimilar. This is not to say that his work is completely unsuccessful. Kiesler is a man of taste and discernment, and, considering his brief experience as a painter, his use of color is at once bold and sensitive and his technical dexterity is notable. And when he does succeed, as in his "Blue Hand" galaxy and the flamboyant but attractive "Six Reds," the effect is curiously interesting.

AMONG the first one-man exhibitions, always a feature of the opening weeks of the season, I liked especially those of Herbert Katzman, at the Alan, and John Loftus, at the Artists. Both stem from the Expressionists—Katzman by way, perhaps, of Matisse and the Fauves, and Loftus, more immediately, from the new abstract branch of the school. Both, therefore, are primarily interested in color. Katzman, who has been seen before in a number of group shows, is the more finished artist and, I should judge, basically the more inventive. To be sure, as I've just hinted, certain influences are still visible in his work. But if one sees traces (in "Woman Drying Her Hair" and "Nude in Cerulean Chair," for example) of not only Matisse but Modigliani, and (in "Plucked Chicken with Iron Pot") a suggestion of Picasso as well, their effect seems mostly to be superficial. They serve only as a starting point for Katzman's inspiration, and once off on his own he shows a compositional power and a strength of imagery that are truly remarkable. I particularly admired "Brooklyn Bridge, II," by far the largest picture in the show and also the most fully developed, in addition to the deftly handled, red-on-red "Apples and Iron Pot" and the handsome "The Single Scull."

Loftus belongs to the Abstract Expressionist group, and at first glance his work is likely to appear vague and formless. He tends, moreover, to have that failing, common to the school, of letting his pictures get too big for their content, and a number of his canvases, among them "Lunar Fantasy" and "Beef," are sprawling and diffuse as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a result. One doesn't have to look much further, however, to perceive that underneath his occasional extravagances he has a sound feeling for composition, and there's a formal justness about many of his paintings that gives them great strength and solidity. I'd cite in particular his "Rubble," with its firmly pyramidal construction supporting the upsurge of reds; the green "Morning;" and the untitled study of a figure in a room, dim and shadowy as a Vuillard, that is numbered 7 in the catalogue.

THE newly opened Forum Gallery, at 822 Madison Avenue, is beginning with a series of exhibitions of works by college art students that ought to be just about continuously interesting. On the face of it, it should give us a sort of cross-sectional view of regional art on a level not hitherto undertaken, and at the same time it should give the students the exhilaration and incitement of competitive showing.

In the opening affair, the University of Colorado is featured. As in all youthful work, one keeps stumbling over influences everywhere; if anyone is interested in what the younger generation, Colorado Division, finds admirable, I'd name Gorky, Kandinsky, Noguchi, David Smith, David Hare, and Feininger as the most prominent. The show is overcrowded—to the extent, almost, of making one's stumbling quite literal—for the sponsors, in their enthusiasm, have swamped the gallery's facilities, jamming some forty oils, sculptures, and other works into a space that should accommodate half as many. Yet the exhibit overrides all handicaps with a vitality and freshness that are encouraging, and in such pieces as Marion Chase's spiderily ascending "Airborne," Jack Olson's tightly patterned "Red and Black," Val Welman's skeletonized bomb burst (in welded wire) called "Hiroshima," and, among the graphics, Jerry Deibler's fine "Torso," one sees a healthy promise for the future.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

PUZZLED

Editor of The Bee—Sir: If Adam and Eve were the only human beings created, how is it there are so many different races?

If God is just, loving and kind, why then impose misery on all peoples because Adam and Eve disobeyed? It does not seem just to me.

Creation seems puzzling and not very kind in its results. Can anyone answer these questions? M. G.

—*Modesto* (*Calif.*) *Bee.*

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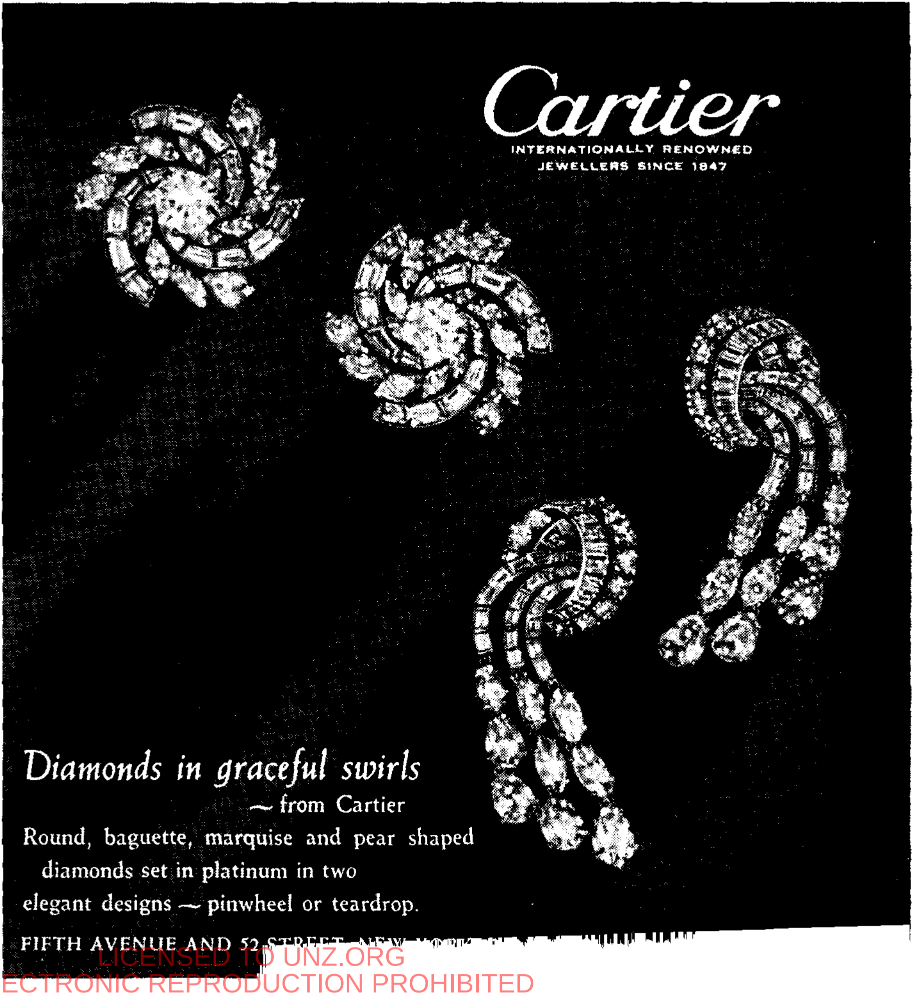

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BYRON'S SHOES

MISSOLONGHI, says the 1935 edition of the Guide Bleu, "*est une ville misérable, triste et malsaine.*" And so it is. Hot, flat, and with nothing that could be called a view in any direction—an incongruous appendix, tied to the western coast of Greece by a narrow stretch of lowland—it might be a piece of Saudi Arabia, stolen and transplanted from the Persian Gulf. A pox of jeering urchins, some abnormally bastard dogs, a brace of gypsy women lying in the dust of noon attracting flies, and half a dozen palm trees nourished by the central gutters in the unpaved streets are all that greet the hopeful traveller instead of that Olympian hospitality for which the Greeks are rightly famed. Nor is there much for travellers to look at, with the exception of the spot where Byron's house no longer stands and the breach in the city walls through which, two years after Byron's death, some eighteen hundred Greeks, in the course of their revolt against Turkish rule, escaped to freedom, creating the saga of the Exodus from Missolonghi. Depictions of this heroic event—in which, as a standard tactic of Balkan warfare, the besieged Greeks set fire to their own powder magazines, destroying three thousand of themselves (mostly women, children, and old men) and enough of Reshid Pasha's besieging Turks to force a break in the enemy lines and enable them to reach safety in the mountains—are now treasured in the modern City Hall, along with various portraits of Lord Byron and a segment of the elm at Harrow under which the young George Gordon was wont to sit and muse, and by their presence just save the town from complete stagnation (historically, if in no other sense) in the vast and malodorous lagoon that stretches out around it to the horizon and from which, by some etymological subtlety, it derives its name.

But we had to go there, much to my wife's distress, leaving behind us the ochre-violet mountains and cobalt skies and seas of Acarnanian Greece, on what turned out to be a rather curious mission. At the time we sailed from Brindisi to Corfu, and thence to the other Ionian islands, taking with us our battered wartime jeep, our itinerary was conditional on finding locations for a documentary film that would retrace Odysseus' wanderings (in his mythical, or real, homeland) as set forth in Victor Bérard's six carefully annotated and fascinating volumes "Les Navigations d'Ulysse"—an itinerary that, though sadly amended by the ghastly earthquakes that just then ravaged the Ionian Islands, had happily excluded Missolonghi. Nor would Missolonghi normally have been an objective of our English friends and companions—Joan Eyres-Monsell (with her professional Rolleiflex) and Patrick Leigh Fermor (his specially built pockets bulging with notebooks), who had originally planned our joint expedition to Greece because of Leigh Fermor's forthcoming book on that country for the publishing house of John Murray, a book that was being delayed by the loss of two chapters (from a standard-size pocket the year before) dealing with the wilder parts of Epirus and other places in Rumelia, and such esoteric subjects as the Kraverite school for professional beggars, a sort of mountain Cour des Miracles, complete with a secret language, whose graduates in the art of self-induced psychosomatic affliction have spread throughout the civilized world (indeed, they say, as far as Vladivostok).

What actually brought us to Missolonghi, in the fetid heat of noon, was a search for Byron's shoes.

There, in the fall of 1945, an Australian sergeant had been befriended by an elderly Greek, who, in the course of conversation, produced the information that he possessed a pair of Byron's shoes. Would the sergeant, when in London, look up Lord Byron's heirs and inform them of the fact? Several years passed before the Army provided the orders necessary for the sergeant to carry out his mission, but, once in London, with the aid of *Burke's Peerage* and a telephone directory, he managed to locate the Baroness Wentworth, only daughter of the late Lady Anne Isabella Noel (famed among the Bedouins of Egypt for her horsemanship), granddaughter of Augusta Ada, Byron's only legitimate child, and thus great-granddaugh-

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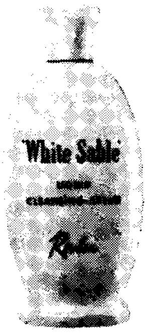

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ter of the sixth Baron Byron, the poet, at her rambling feudal manor, Crabbet Park, in Sussex. There, though in her eighties, the Baroness Wentworth devotes herself, when not playing squash, to breeding Arab thoroughbreds from the Crabbet Arabian Stud—a passion inherited from her father, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the venturous pro-Arab, anti-imperialist traveller, politician, and poet, who, until his death in 1922, spent his winters on the outskirts of Cairo, on the site of an Egyptian tomb, patriarchally dressed as an Arab, arbitrating tribal disputes in an excellent Bedouin dialect.

Delighted at the prospect of acquiring a long-lost pair of her great-grandfather's shoes, Lady Wentworth entrusted to her philhellene friend Leigh Fermor the job, when next in the vicinity of Missolonghi, of tracking down the heirloom and bringing it back to England—a job that should not have been too arduous for him, to judge by his impeccable knowledge of the language, which enabled him during the war to organize and carry out the now legendary kidnapping of the German general commanding the garrison of Crete, whom he spirited away, through some twenty-two German control posts and road-blocks, to imprisonment in the Middle East. Unfortunately, however, since absent-mindedness appears to be the occupational disease of scholarly adventurers, and despite the specially built pockets, by the time we arrived in Missolonghi the name, address, age, and description of the Greek who owned the shoes had all been lost. The town boasts no local paper, the mayor was elsewhere, on business of his own, and no one had heard of Byron's shoes. An unshaven man in a blue denim shirt, who was put forward as a well-informed historian, familiar with the lore of the town but who turned out to be nothing more than a wealthy local politician, scoffed at the tale as apocryphal, the invention of some fraudulent megalomaniac in search of publicity and fame.

Sweating slightly in the shady courtyard of Missolonghi's leading restaurant, and downing another beer, we asked the politician if he knew, by any chance, where the maniac lived. With a nod and a raise of the eyebrows—the Greek equivalent of "No" or "I don't know"—he stood up and withdrew, leaving us with no alternative but to wander around the town addressing its inhabitants with "Excuse us, but do you happen to know the man who owns a pair of Byron's shoes?" The third person we asked turned out to be a member of the owner's family, who would take us to the man himself immediately and fill in the details for us on the way.

Lord Byron, it seems, had a guide named Ghazis, who used to take His Lordship shooting for duck in the surrounding, endless lagoon. Ghazis was the father of three daughters, two of whom eventually married, while the third, and youngest, set sail for Jerusalem to become a nun. Returning to Missolonghi in 1920, well over eighty and having nowhere to live, the old nun was given hospice by a well-to-do shipping merchant named Baigorhas Charalambos, who owned several houses in the southeast corner of the town, some of them built of limestone quarried near Savona, on the Ligurian coast of Italy, and brought to Missolonghi—a thousand nautical miles—in the family fleet of caïques. In recognition of her landlord's hospitality, when the old nun died she left him a studded casket containing her worldly possessions—some religious books, and a copy of the black-bordered edict printed by the Provisional Government of Western Greece in Missolonghi on the occasion of Byron's death there, in 1824, calling for thirty-seven cannon peals, one for each of the poet's years, and proclaiming a three-day period of mourning in which all business was to cease and all the inhabitants were to dress in black, for such was the feeling of the Greeks for their hero and supporter. Also in the casket was a pair of Byron's shoes, which the old nun claimed had been given to her father by His Lordship but which her father had put aside and never worn.

OVER a dish of preserved cherries, behind closed shutters in the coolish parlor of Mr. Charalambos' house, with its antimacassared Empire furniture, on which sat two unmarried daughters and a soldier fiancé of one of them, Mr. Charalambos nearsightedly broke the seal of a parcel not much bigger than a Gideon Bible and produced the object of our quest—a pair not of shoes but of slippers, along with the conundrum, for us, of whether they were really Byron's. Upon careful inspection, and to everyone's relief, it was noted that one of the slippers—they were leather-soled, pointed in the Turkish manner, with tops of polychromed silk on whipcord, and a fringe of tasselled silk—was much more worn than the other. It was the right one, but this left us with the question of

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Lower prices this fall are the result of much more plentiful supply—which is the result of a chain of events that started over a year ago.

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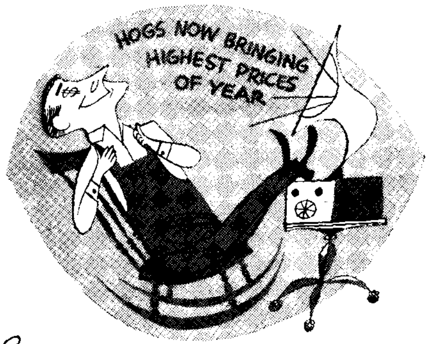
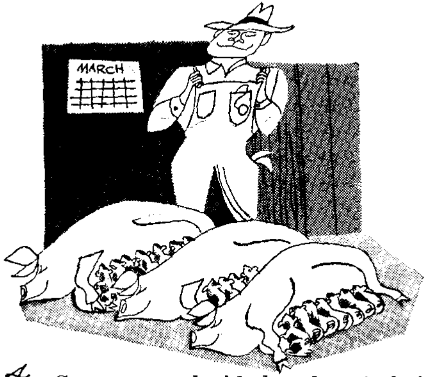
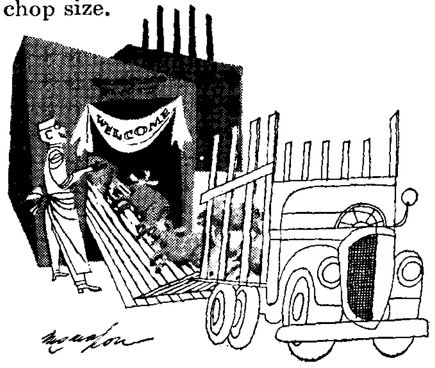

HOGS NOW BRINGING HIGHEST PRICES OF YEAR

2. Then last winter, when pork supplies were low (we'd eaten ourselves nearly out of it), demand stayed high. So prices started going up—up—up!

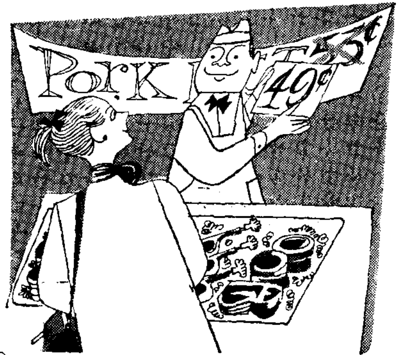
3. But the higher prices showed, though, that people wanted—and were able to buy—a lot more pork than they'd been getting.



4. So growers decided to boost their hog production. Last spring they started 56 million pigs eating their way to market. (6½ million more than the year before.) Meanwhile, pork got even more scarce because it takes about 6 months for a piglet to grow to pork-chop size.



5. These spring-crop porkers started coming to market early this fall. They'll keep coming, in plentiful numbers, for the next few months. By the time they're all brought to market, another pig crop, *started* this fall, will be ready to sell.



6. When we start getting more of any kind of meat than there has been, and demand remains about the same, prices just naturally come down. That's happening now on pork. And when consumers help themselves to the values that go with these larger seasonal supplies, we help to give livestock men the assurances *they need* to grow meat *we'll need* later on.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Byron's feet was deformed, and in what way. The problem was clearly for the experts, most of whom appeared to be in England. At this point, a new element entered the situation, in the person of the soldier, who, balancing a cup of Turkish coffee on one knee and casting alternate glances at Byron's onetime slippers and at the youngest daughter of the house, made it evident, even without the explanations of our host, that the treasured heirloom, instead of travelling to England and to Crabbet Park, would shortly be moving to a house not far away in Missolonghi, as a valued, if not valuable, wedding present for the bride. So there was nothing for it but to produce a camera, tracing paper, pencils, and measuring tape, and proceed to record as many details concerning the slippers as possible, for transmission to such Byronic experts as Harold Nicolson, Peter Quennell, and Leigh Fermor's publisher, John Murray, who, if they cared to, could then make the journey to Missolonghi and ponder the problem of authenticity for themselves. Those of us present could no longer be counted as dispassionate observers. To us, the relic was, until proved otherwise, authentic. We were handling very nearly what we had come in search of—not quite Byron's shoes, but certainly Byron's slippers.

Outside, with the arrival of the evening breeze, the heat drained off from the stagnant city, making way for pretty young girls to stroll arm in arm in their light summer dresses. Sullen, downcast glances seemed to vanish with the heat, giving place to twinkling eyes and white-toothed smiles as the anise smell of *ouzo* drifted from a thousand glasses and the Eastern wail of a *manghico* song began to hover, djinnilike, over the intensely native rhythm of an inspired *bouzouki* player. To add to the general gaiety (which lasted well into the night, stimulated by many more *okas* of resined wine), a certain confusion regarding our identities was gradually resolved. By chance, a rival mission, with which we had been misassociated, had arrived in town that morning, made up of unhappy Italian officials intent upon locating and removing the bones of some Italian soldiers who had died in Missolonghi during Mussolini's vain attempt to subjugate the Greeks. As word of our English and American identities was passed about the town (along with the fact that Leigh Fermor and I had been on the Albanian front in 1940, not with the Italians

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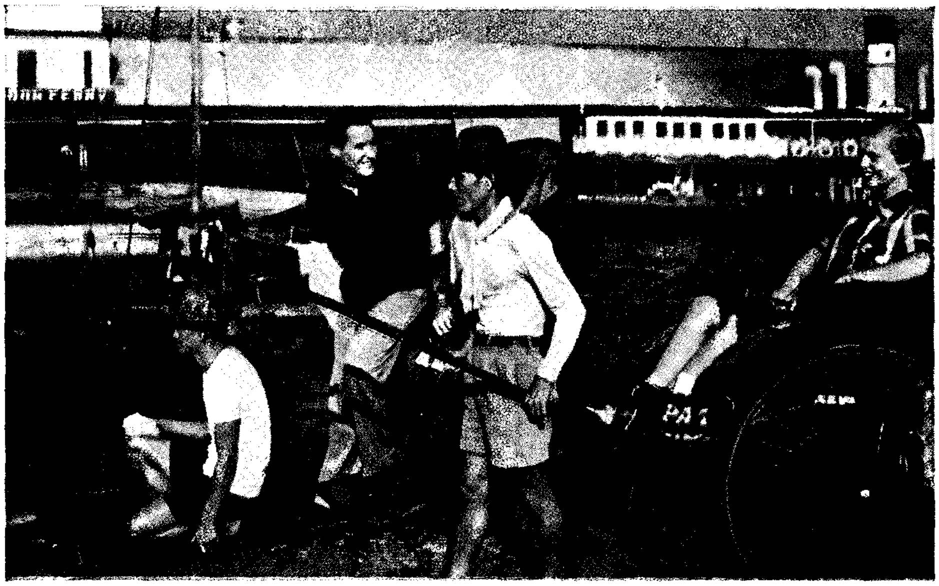

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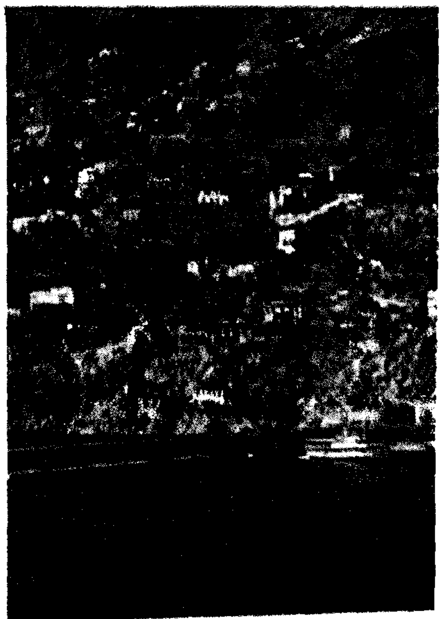

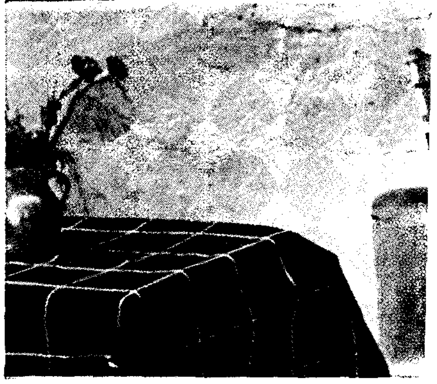

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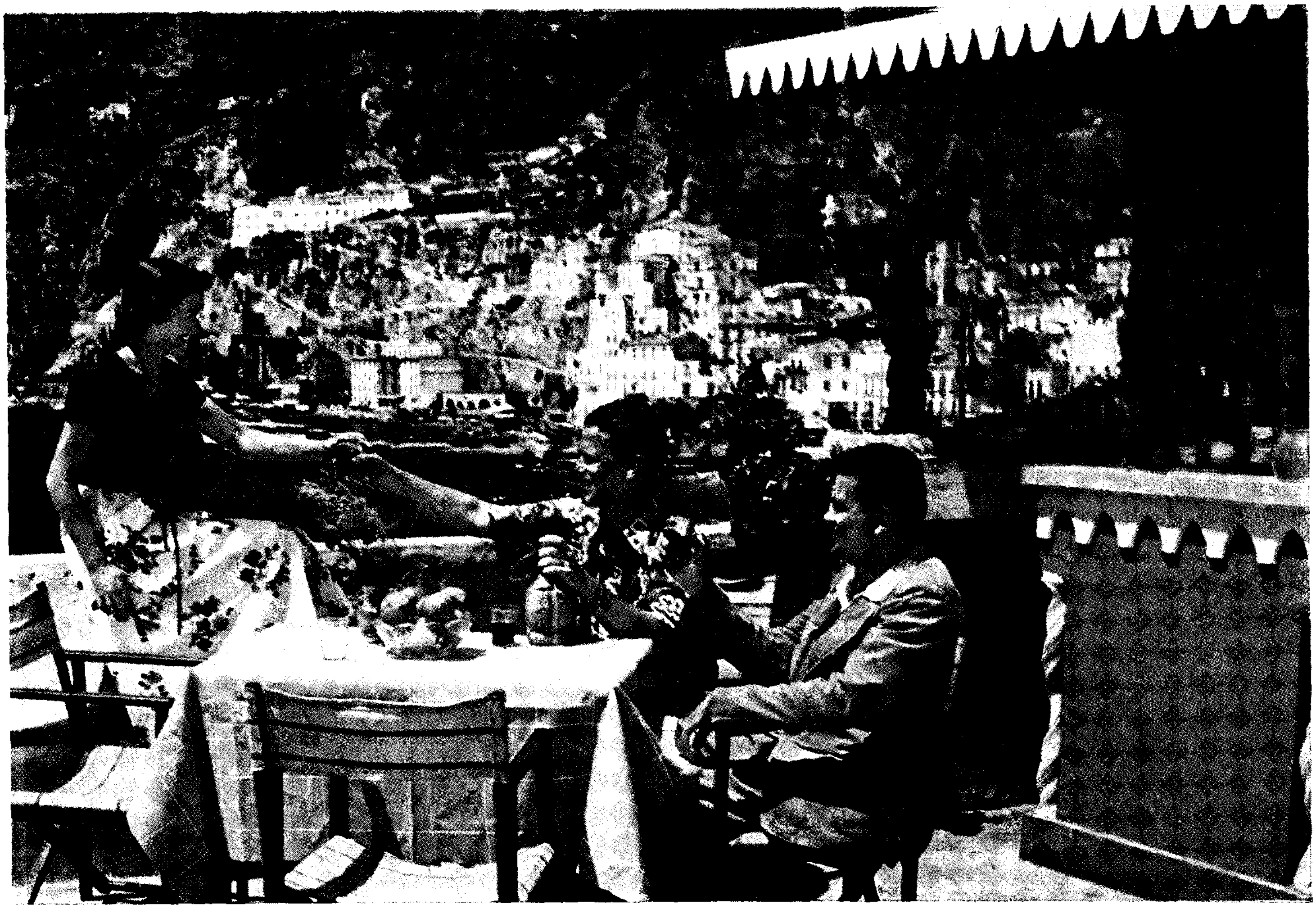

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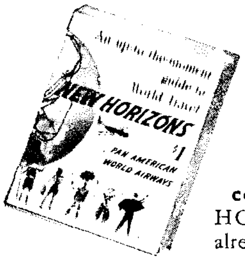
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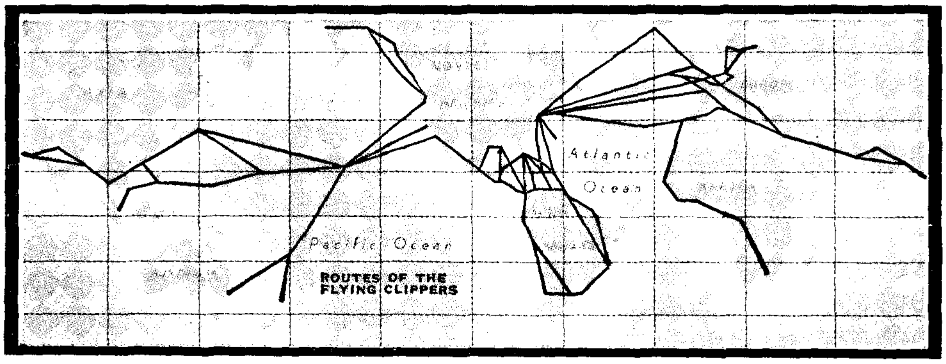
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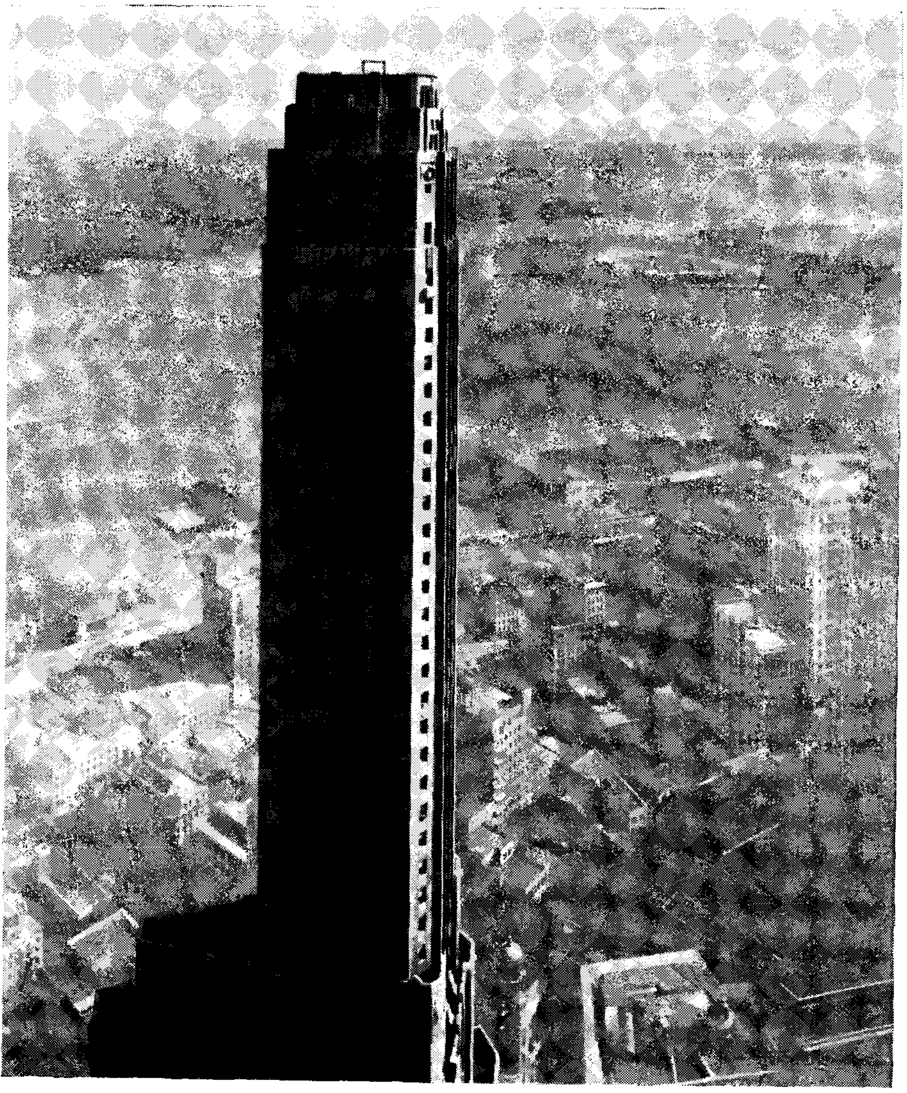
for N.B.C.), our status changed like magic, and our objective, humble as it was, was treated with respect, for the memory of the philhellene milord and hero of the War of Independence is still beloved and honored in the town of Missolonghi.

It was not until I reached England, however, that I realized how much interest Byron's footgear could still arouse, and found that his lameness, a subject of such fascination and mystery to his contemporaries, has remained so through succeeding generations.

DURING Byron's lifetime, even his closest friends were not sure which of his feet was deformed. His biographers Thomas Moore and John Galt were both uncertain, as were his companions Lady Blessington and the Countess Albrizzi. His boxing master, Gentleman Jackson, and the Countess Guiccioli, his last and perhaps fondest love, thought it was the left foot; so did Mrs. Leigh Hunt, who lived in the same house with him in Italy for several months. Stendhal and John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's lifelong friend, thought it was the right one, to which can be added the rather weighty evidence of Byron's mother, who confirmed their opinion.

Byron himself swore that "as long as I live I will not allow anyone to see my lame foot." And such was the mystery that after Byron's death Edward John Trelawny, the adventurer-journalist of those days, rushed to Missolonghi, where the poet's embalmed body was being watched over by his valet, Fletcher, to have a look for himself. Describing the scene in his "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron," Trelawny says that he pretended thirst in order to get Fletcher to leave the room in search of a glass of water, then quickly drew back the black pall and white shroud. In his own words: "I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr." Unfortunately (bearing out Byron's own statement that Trelawny could not tell the truth to save his life), this seems simply to have been what Trelawny thought the public would wish to hear, for some twenty years later, in his eighty-sixth year, he published a revised version of the book, in which he altered the passage to "I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—it was caused by the contraction of th



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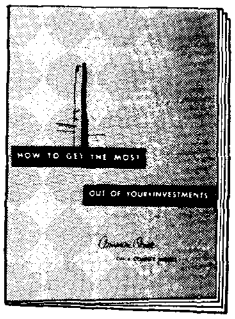

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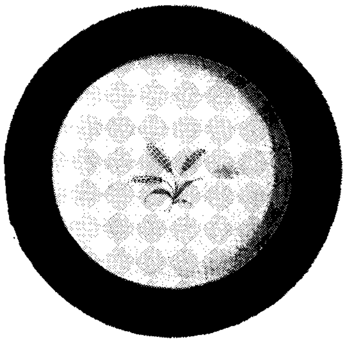

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back sinews, which the doctors call 'Tendon Achilles,' that prevented his heels resting on the ground, and compelled him to walk on the fore part of his feet; except this defect, his feet were perfect." The mystery, in fact, was still a mystery.

A later theory, propounded by Dr. H. C. Cameron, in the *Lancet* of March 31, 1923, attributed Byron's lameness to Little's disease—an injury of the brain, occurring at birth, that results in a stiffness and awkwardness (usually confined to the lower limbs) so that at rest or during sleep nothing seems amiss, but when walking or running is attempted the limbs are gripped with a sort of spasm. According to Dr. Cameron's theory, which he elaborated in several hundred words, the ailment leaves the feet and legs of the victim well and normally formed.

Of the way Byron walked, Trelawny has left us the following description: "During his brief and brilliant career in London it was noticed by his friends that to hide his lameness, he always entered a room quickly, running rather than walking. . . . On the rare occasions when he was seen walking in the streets, it was observed that he moved with a peculiar sliding gait rather than the easy lounge of the fashionable saunterer—in fact with the gait of a person walking on the balls and toes of his feet and doing his best to hide the singular mode of progress"—a mode of progress more poetically described in Italian by the Countess Albrizzi as "*un certo leggero e lento dondolare della persona.*"

Certain it is that Byron's lameness was relatively slight, for it did not prevent him from indulging in feats of strength and endurance, and it is even recorded that he played cricket for Harrow against Eton on August 12, 1805, one of the earliest records of public-school matches in England. Nor were his shoes in any way misshapen, for some years after his death two nine-inch lasts made by Mr. William Swift, a bootmaker of Southwell, near Byron's home, were discovered from which a pair of shoes had been made on May 7, 1807, and delivered on May 9th. After gathering dust in the Nottingham Museum, the lasts, which are perfectly symmetrical and normally formed, were removed to Newstead Abbey in 1937.

But the most conclusive evidence of the nature of Byron's lameness rests, as luck would have it, in an embossed green leather case in the possession of Mr. Murray, whose great-grandfather,

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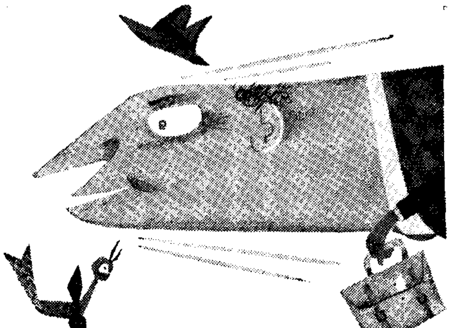

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also John Murray, was the poet's publisher. The evidence consists of two light-tan leather orthopedic boots that were found by Byron's executor, Hobhouse, who gave them to his daughter Lady Dorchester, who, in turn, gave them to the present John Murray. Both are for the right foot, and one of them is considerably smaller than the other, indicating that it was worn by the poet at an earlier age. Both are made of soft, lined leather, reaching to just below the knee, and are well padded, as if to conceal atrophy of the calf. Open at the toes, and laced down the inner side, with soles wedged in such a way that the outside of the foot stands three-eighths of an inch higher than the inside, they were clearly to be worn over a sock inside a normal pair of shoes, slippers, or boots. The soles are unscratched, and there are unmistakable marks of laces' having been drawn tight over the instep. The larger one is a perfect match to the lasts in Newstead Abbey. Here, then, was a chance to test the authenticity of the slippers found in Missolonghi. Nor did the Byronic experts—Messrs. Nicolson, Quennell, and Murray—lose time in doing so.

IN an atmosphere barely differing from that of a century ago, in the same maroon-faced building—at 50 Albemarle Street, right off Piccadilly—where the poet had spent so many evenings with the first John Murray going over manuscripts, in the very same dining room where five of Byron's closest friends (including Murray) had torn into five parts and then burned (for fear the contents would harm the poet's reputation) the only copy of his memoirs, and surrounded by manuscripts and mementos of the poet, such as a silver case in which were several dozen envelopes, carefully labelled in Byron's hand, containing variously colored locks of his lady friends' hair, the experts met one warm evening just before Michaelmas and, with a certain amount of trepidation, proceeded to make the test of comparing the larger orthopedic boot with the drawings and tracings of the Missolonghi slippers. It was a great moment, and a satisfactory one, for they coincided perfectly, and with undisguised delight the experts declared the slippers to be, in their opinion, quite authentic.

SO whether the slippers remain as a wedding present for Mr. Charalambos' daughter or return to England as an heirloom, our trip to Missolonghi was not without effect. But as I non-

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dered their disposal, it struck me that in the course of our quest no one had mentioned what had become of the poet's body since Trelawny indiscreetly peeped beneath the shroud. And, searching further, I acquired one more bit of evidence to add to the debate on Byron's lameness. To present it requires a slight historical résumé.

On May 2, 1824, to a salute from the guns of the fortress at Missolonghi and after many honors had been paid to it by the Greeks, Byron's body was embarked on the brig Florida, which then sailed for Britain, where it arrived two months later. On July 9th and 10th, the poet's body lay in state at 20 Great George Street, Westminster, and, according to one historian, "those who had known him well bore testimony to his not being much altered in appearance by death—his face was unchanged, it bore no mark of suffering, and he appeared as if he were in a deep sleep." That the body was well preserved may be due to a report that after it had been dissected and embalmed by four physicians in Missolonghi, it was placed in a tin-lined, oblong packing case with several holes bored in its sides, and this in turn was deposited in a large barrel containing a hundred and eighty gallons of spirit, in which the body presumably soaked until it was transferred to a proper lead coffin by the Messrs. Woodeson, a British undertaking firm, when the Florida docked at London.

In any case, when it became clear that the authorities had refused to allow his burial in Westminster Abbey, Byron's daughter Augusta Ada made arrangements for the body to be borne to the family vault at Hucknall Torkard Church, in Nottinghamshire, near his home—a vault built by Sir John Byron during the reign of Charles I. Descriptions of the cortege, which took five days to reach its destination, indicate that it was no mean affair. The hearse, one account noted, was "adorned with twelve large sable plumes, drawn by six beautiful black horses, each having a plume of feathers on its head." In a quarter-mile procession of official mourners who followed it, along with another coach-and-six, bearing an urn that held Byron's heart and brains, were special representatives from Missolonghi, and, bringing up the rear, "forty gentlemen on horseback, two and two." So Byron was laid to rest in the family vault, with eighteen of his ancestors.

But here the plot begins to thicken, for some time in the spring of 1938 the Reverend Thomas Gerrard Barber,

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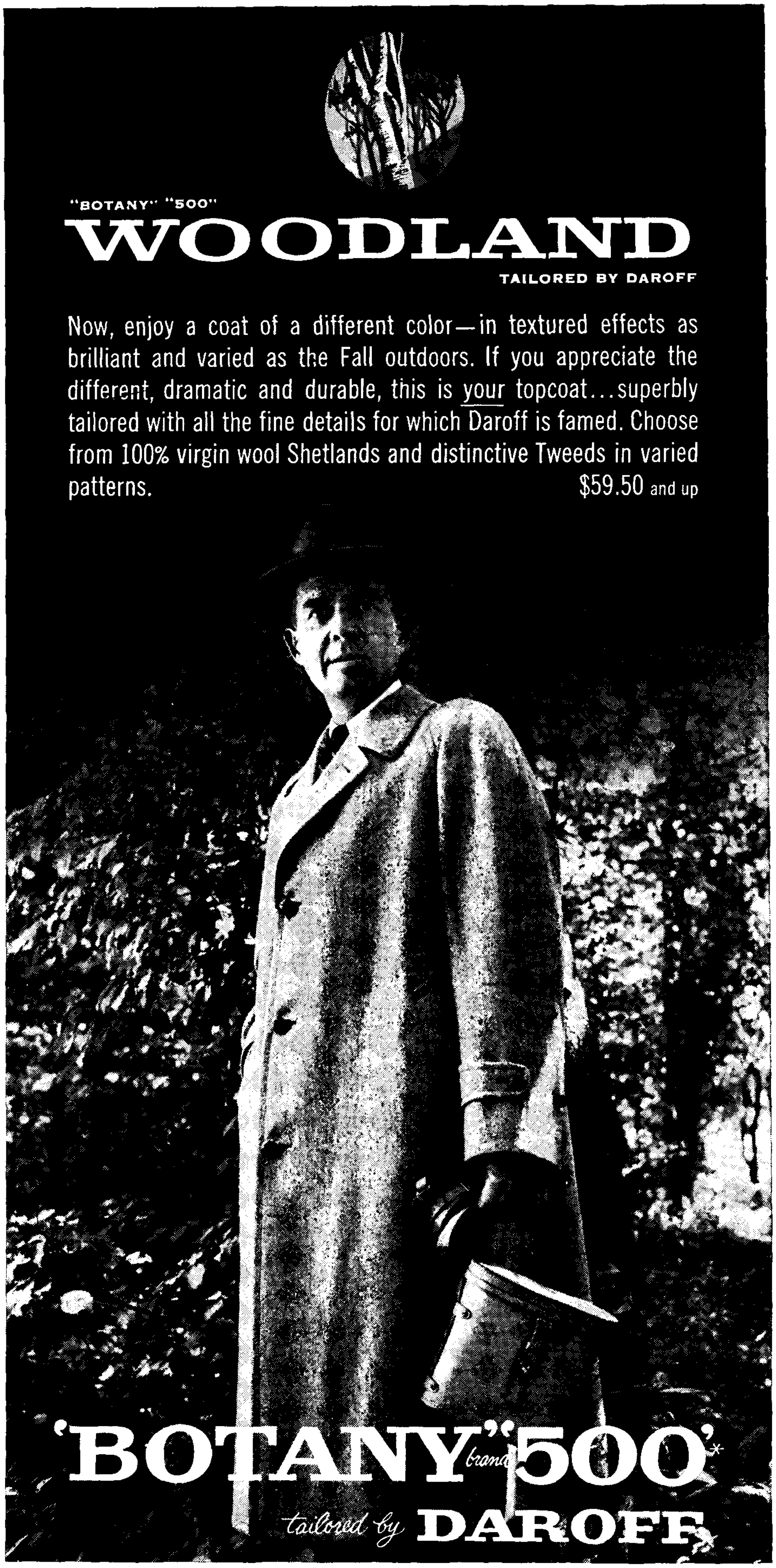
vicar of Hucknall Torkard, found it necessary to open Byron's vault in the course of some archeological explorations in the foundations of the church. Early in the afternoon of Wednesday, June 15th, a lorry brought the necessary equipment to the church. Later that day, and separately, so as to appear to be mere churchgoers and not to arouse suspicion that might precipitate a rush of curious pilgrims, came an antiquary, a local doctor, and the surveyor to the Diocese of Southwell; and, later still, a mason and three workmen. It took more than two hours of toiling into the night to rip up the floor of the church and uncover the steps that led down to the vault, and from here on the story is in the words of the Reverend Mr. Barber himself, as he set them down in an obscure book entitled "Byron, and Where He Is Buried":

> As I stood at the bottom of the staircase, I saw that the coffins, which were intact, or partially intact, were arranged in three piles, lying east and west, and were stacked one on the top of another. My first task was to examine the coffins of the first pile, which were about one foot from the north wall of the Vault.
>
> The uppermost coffin was of striking appearance. It was made of oak, and in a very good state of preservation. Originally it must have been covered with purple velvet, for fragments of this still remained under the brass-headed nails with which it had been secured. The sides of the coffin were beautifully decorated with numerous funerary ornaments. I was eager to identify this coffin, but alas! the plate on the lid was missing, although the marks where it had been affixed were quite distinct.
>
> There was little doubt in my mind that this was the poet's coffin, but with the plate missing I had to seek other evidence.
>
> On the top of the coffin and near the head, there was a coronet. I examined it carefully and was able to identify it as the ordinary coronet of a Baron. It had consisted of a rim with six pearls set directly upon it, and a cap of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and surmounted by a gold tassel. The rim, with four of the six short spikes to which the pearls were attached, was still intact, but the velvet cap, the tassel and the six pearls had disappeared. The velvet cap and tassel may have succumbed to the ravages of time, but souvenir-hunters must have been responsible for the disappearance of the pearls, when the Vault was opened for the burial of Lady Lovelace. [Byron's daughter Augusta Ada, who married the Earl of Lovelace, died in 1852.]
>
> If this coronet were in its original position—and it had every appearance of being so—it confirmed my belief that the uppermost coffin on the north pile was that of the poet.
>
> Upon a closer examination of the coffin I made the discovery that the lid was loose, and not in any part attached to the sides and ends, to which originally it had been



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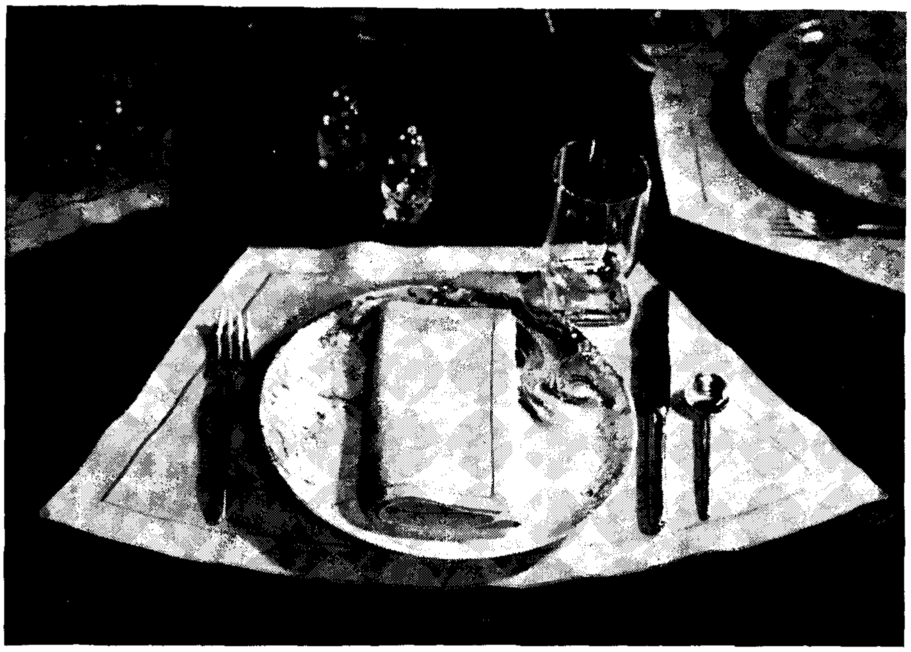

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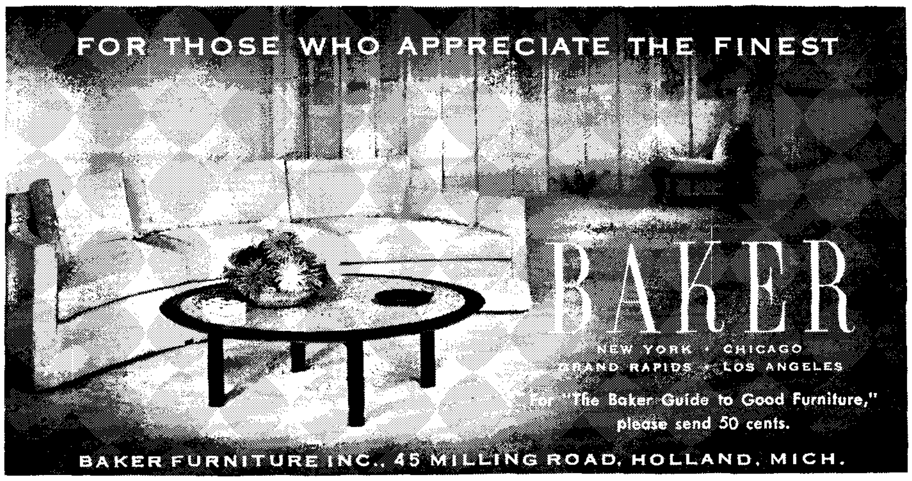

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nailed. Could the Antiquary have been right in his opinion that the coffin had been opened? I tried to put the thought away from me, but when on raising the lid slightly I saw that the leaden case within had been cut open, I could come to no other conclusion.

Someone had deliberately opened the coffin. A horrible fear came over me that souvenirs might have been taken from within the coffin. The idea was revolting, but I could not dismiss it. Had the body itself been removed? Terrible thought! From time to time, visitors to the Church had asserted in my hearing that the body of the Poet was not in the Vault. I wondered now on what ground this assertion could have been made. Had they known of the opening of the coffin, and received some secret information that the body had been removed? The more I thought about it, the more fearful I became of the possibility of the coffin being empty. There was the coffin before me—the lid was loose and easily raised—the leaden case within torn open. Within the case was another coffin of wood—the lid had never been fastened. What was beneath it? If I raised it, what should I discover? Dare I look within? Yes, the world should know the truth—that the body of the great poet was there—or that the coffin was empty. Reverently, very reverently, I raised the lid, and before my eyes there lay the embalmed body of Byron in as perfect a condition as when it was placed in the coffin one hundred and fourteen years ago. His features and hair easily recognisable from the portraits with which I was so familiar. The serene, almost happy expression on his face made a profound impression upon me. The feet and ankles were uncovered, and I was able to establish the fact that his lameness had been that of his right foot. But enough—I gently lowered the lid of the coffin—and as I did so, breathed a prayer for the peace of his soul.

And so endeth—for me, at least—in a rather dramatic fashion, the debate on Byron's lameness, rekindled by our discovery in Missolonghi of what appears to be the one remaining pair of slippers belonging to the poet.

—PETER TOMPKINS

•

I have been pretty rough with Terry Moore in the past, accusing her of going all out for publicity. So now I want to compliment her.

Not a word lately about Terry standing on her head in the middle of the street; wearing an ermine bathing suit, or getting almost killed in a freak accident. Terry, who is a very good actress (I've always said that) has been playing stock in the East. She opens next at the Massachusetts Somerset Playhouse and she's taking her acting very seriously. More power to her!—*Louella O. Parsons in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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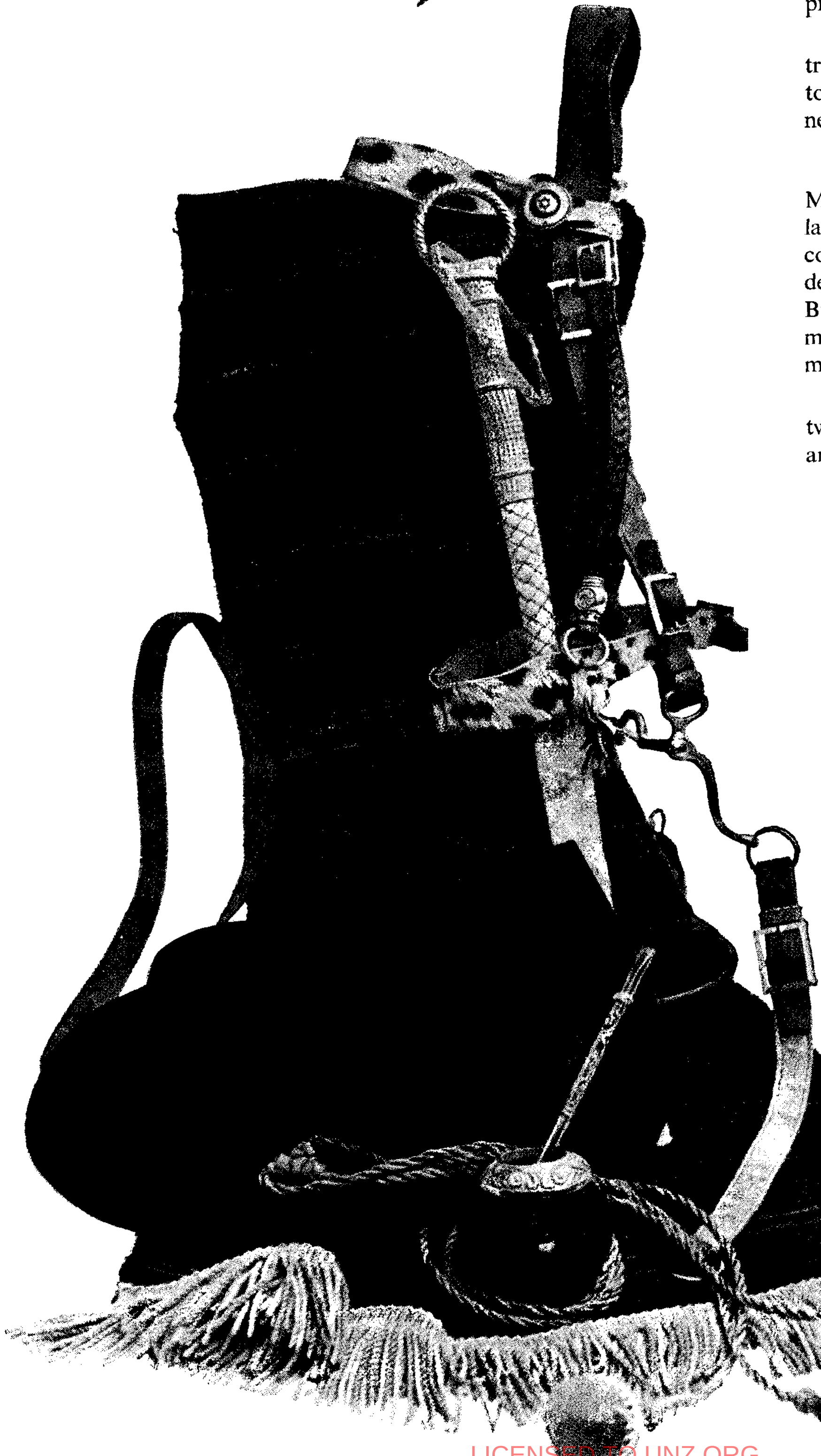

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rueful Roué

THE English film called "Lovers, Happy Lovers!" introduces us to a French lad who is, in the fine old Mencken phrase, catnip to the ladies. However, the boy's success with his widely assorted inamoratas is in no way enviable; his conquests invariably give him more pain than pleasure, and when all is said and done, "Lovers, Happy Lovers!" adds up to a rather grating lesson in the futility of spreading love around casually. Even so, there has been talk of censoring the film, because, as I get it, the thing represents some kind of endorsement of promiscuity. Without going into the devious workings of censorial minds, I should like to point out that this picture deserves a reprimand on the very good ground that it can't decide whether its subject matter is funny or sad. Directed by René Clément, a first-rate French movie man, and enacted in large part by that excellent performer Gérard Philipe, it is an awkward, unjelled combination of cold realism and warmed-over farce. M. Philipe, as a Frenchman on the loose in London, is supposed to be a Lothario who has only to muss his hair to entrance any woman who happens along, and those who do happen along range all the way from an office manager whose cooking depresses him to a prostitute with a heart as big as all outdoors. It's too bad that M. Philipe, whose gift for comedy was refreshingly demonstrated in "Fanfan the Tulip," should be found here playing a foolish knave with a relentless solemnity that would be appropriate to "Crime and Punishment." Occasionally, it is true, he cocks a Gallic eyebrow at the proceedings, but in the circumstances it seems a *gaffe* comparable to a chuckle at a funeral.

Being in no position to pass judgment on the plausibility of M. Philipe's speedy successes with the ladies of London, all I can say is that the ladies in question are an appetizing lot. They include Margaret Johnston, Joan Greenwood, Valerie Hobson, and Natasha Parry, any one of whom might well represent a strong argument for monogamy. It is a pity that in his first venture into a film done in English, M. Philipe should come a cropper, but the fault, I guess, lies more with the direction than with him.

FRANK SINATRA, who proved in "From Here to Eternity" that he can act as well as he can sing, is cast as a killer in "Suddenly," and he doesn't do at all badly in the role. He's supposed to be a gunman who has been hired to shoot the President of the United States. This is, admittedly, a pretty big order, and maybe you'll find the project a little unlikely. But granted a modicum of credulity, you might have a reasonably diverting time watching Mr. Sinatra and some other plug-uglies plotting to eliminate the No. 1 man, and in the meanwhile holding an entire family captive. The President, by the way, escapes Mr. Sinatra.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

"DEAR MISS WOODWARD—I've just come back from a very discouraging trip to buy the evening paper. You see, every night I go to the same newsstand because of the fellow who sells the papers. I like him very much. But the thing that's discouraging is that I don't know how to start a conversation with him, at least to find out his name. He doesn't help matters any either by making cracks like 'O, here you are again.' I'm really disgusted that I don't have the nerve to talk to him—or to any other fellow for that matter. I'm fed up with being tongue-tied. Can you help me out?"

Of course, you're tongue-tied. You have yourself in knots because you're quivering with crush over a guy you know nothing about. He looks nice, but you've only seen him in his working clothes—his working manners—dealing out his working chatter. He probably considers you just one more customer—or he'd make some effort to get out from behind the cash register to start you talking. So far he's made nothing but gentle, teasing cracks.

I can think of a dozen comebacks for you like, "Yes, here I am again—I like your papers better than anybody else's!" Which would draw forth more words from him. Or how 'bout breezing in gaily with a "I'd like one of your high-type, fresh-off-the-press evening papers—and would you mind wrapping it as a gift?" Or another attention getter: romp cheerfully into the place, call out "Hey, Mr. Grinkelfutch, catch," then execute your best nickel toss. The next night amble in slowly and absentmindedly, pick up the paper, open it to a back page, stand there reading it, then walk out without paying for it. Give him time to realize said fact then gallop back noisily apologetic—"Gee, I forgot to pay for my paper; your records would be all out of whack, wouldn't they: why you'd go broke if everybody did what I just did—I'm so sorry."

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What does "Management's Washington Letter" read like? Here's a sample from October: "Banks hustle to finance consumer installment credit. That's back of continuing dip in interest rates. But—if you're looking for a loan—it may pay you to shop around. Washington businessman did, talked to three banks. They quoted five and one-half, five and four percent on same loan. Note: Of total $21,246,000,000 installment credit outstanding, commercial banks hold more than a third. But their loans are down $440,000,000 from year ago."

That's just about it. No super-swami stuff. No second guessing. Just nice straight talk from the editors of . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Word on Wagner

THE New York Philharmonic-Symphony sounded quite brilliant in its opening concert of the season last Thursday night in Carnegie Hall. Its usual complement of instruments had been augmented for the performance of some very grandiose music—a Bach transcription from Dimitri Mitropoulos's own pen and the entire first act of Wagner's "Die Walküre"—and Mr. Mitropoulos conducted both with considerable eloquence. The evening opened with the old familiar overture to Weber's "Der Freischütz," which I thought he conducted rather roughly in parts but nevertheless with commendable vigor. The Bach transcription, based on the Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor for organ, was hugely effective, as Bach transcriptions nearly always are, mainly because Bach's music itself is invariably effective to the point of indestructibility. To the cumulative power of Bach's contrapuntal writing, which is already overwhelming, Mr. Mitropoulos simply added the cumulative power of the Philharmonic's regiments of strings, woodwinds, brass, and percussion. The result was an awful lot of cumulative power, and it raised the roof, apparently to everybody's enormous satisfaction.

The performance of the first act of "Die Walküre" was, from the orchestral point of view, greatly superior to the performances one customarily hears at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the vocal soloists—Astrid Varnay, Ramon Vinay, and Luben Vichey—sang its three roles with authority and sometimes with real inspiration. As I listened to the vital and complicated web of sound, with its occasional moments of lovely poetry, such as the love duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde, and its generally ponderous and splendid musical pageantry, my mind drifted to a subject that has been bothering me a good deal of late; namely, the curious position that Wagner's music and Wagner's cosmos are assuming in relation to the thought and musical tastes of the present day.

I shall leave out of this discussion Wagner's notoriously egotistical personality and the fact that two World Wars with Germany have somewhat soured many people's reactions to the unabashed nationalism that characterizes much of his work, for these matters are certainly no more than indirectly relevant to the subject. The fact is, however, that in the minds of many present-day listeners Wagner stands as the epitome of everything that was wrong with nineteenth-century romanticism in music, and that this reaction on the part of sophisticated concert- and opera-goers probably has something to do with the neglect his works have recently fallen into at the Metropolitan.

As far as Wagner's music itself is concerned, it is difficult to quibble honestly. It has all the earmarks of extraordinary genius and, despite what a good many contemporary anti-romantics have to say about it, it constitutes an astonishing display of technical virtuosity, poetic feeling, and emotional force. It is also—or has been in its time—a phenomenon of tremendous influence. Nearly all the music of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries owes it a debt. Composers as disparate as César Franck, Gounod, Puccini, and Schoenberg, and the late Verdi of "Otello" as well, wrote in idioms that would have been unthinkable but for Wagner's pioneering, and even musicians like Tchaikovsky and Debussy, who professed to hate him, unwittingly fell to a definable extent under his technical sway. Why is it, then, that his work as a whole seems to stir up antipathy in many minds, and to have a suspect quality even in the view of some detached and tolerant listeners, among whom I should like, if I may, to count myself? The answer, I believe, is to be found not in the music but in the literary thinking it clothes, and in the philosophical attitude that lies behind this thinking.

The first flaw that strikes one in considering Wagner as a dramatist is that he has nowhere created a really sympathy-rousing or otherwise interesting character. He is more at home in depicting the rather elementary psychological structure of gods than in delineating the complexities of human behavior, and nearly all his narratives move on a naïve, fairy-tale plane, which might be exemplified in the words "Once upon a time there was a handsome prince who was in love with a beautiful princess." This, in itself, would not be objectionable, but Wagner has gone on to surround such simple material with an atmosphere of solemn pomposity that would be far better suited to themes of

Biblical awesomeness. His heroes, who rarely rise to a degree of mental subtlety greater than that of Hopalong Cassidy, are predominantly men of fortitude and muscle, and Wagner gives them no redeeming human weaknesses whatever. Such thinkers as his operas present are usually the villains—Mime, Klingsor, and so on—and their mental conniving is invariably brought to naught by the superior talent and virtue of his more imbecile heroes. Several of the latter—notably Tannhäuser and Walther—are musicians, and their musical doings tend to take the place ordinarily occupied in drama by moral issues, with the result that their action revolves, in a rather ingrown way, around aesthetics rather than life. Wagner has virtually no sense of humor. The sadistic humiliation meted out to Beckmesser, the villain of his one comedy, has always seemed to me in thoroughly bad taste, since Beckmesser's only crimes were loving the same woman as the hero, and not being as talented. Throughout the Wagnerian dramatic world, youth, vigor, talent, force, and a vague sort of mystical virtue continually triumph over human weakness, and while this simple outcome might conceivably impress adolescent minds, it rings false to most thoughtful persons. It is not difficult to detect behind it all the figure of Friedrich Nietzsche's superman, and all the associated heroic claptrap that marred much of the thinking of nineteenth-century Germany.

Thus Wagner, for all his genius, was essentially a somewhat provincial thinker, and the provinciality of his thought will always stand as a blight on the quality of his art. Does this mean that the Wagnerian music drama, with all its splendid confusion, has become obsolete and will shortly disappear from the operatic repertory? I doubt it. Opera is

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—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

The Devil to Pay

NOW and then, while listening to outpourings like "The Damnation of Faust," Hector Berlioz's ebullient adaptation of Goethe's poem, which has just been issued on records by Victor, I recall the section of Plato's "Republic" in which Socrates and his friends deal with the question of music and its place in the perfect state. They conclude that music reflecting "sorrow," "drunkenness," "softness," and "indolence," and, as a matter of fact, any music without a direct "military use," has no place at all there, that to use a "multiplicity of notes" and a "panharmonic scale" is obviously to carry things too far, and that all but three instruments should be outlawed—the lyre and the harp, to be played in the city, and the pipe, for the exclusive use of shepherds. If music is indulged in too freely, they agree, it merely irritates strong men and makes weak sisters weaker.

Thoughts of this sort may well have been bubbling in the brain of a friend of Goethe's, a musician named Zelter, when, at the poet's request, he scanned an early version of the score of "The Damnation of Faust," which Berlioz had sent along for an opinion. At any rate, Zelter advised Goethe that Berlioz was one of those fellows who "cannot indicate their presence or show their participation in anything except by noisy expectorations, sneezings, croakings, and vomitings," and added, with an air of rich anticipation, that "there will be an opportunity someday or other of using as an object lesson this fragment of an abortion resulting from a hideous incest." Zelter was a churl, of course, but when he further reported that Berlioz had botched the poem and robbed the Faust legend of a good deal of its power, he was undoubtedly right. Indeed, about the only things to be said for Berlioz's work, which he called a "dramatic legend," is that it is tighter dramatically than Gounod's long-winded opera, and that its windup is more exhilarating. But the widespread notion

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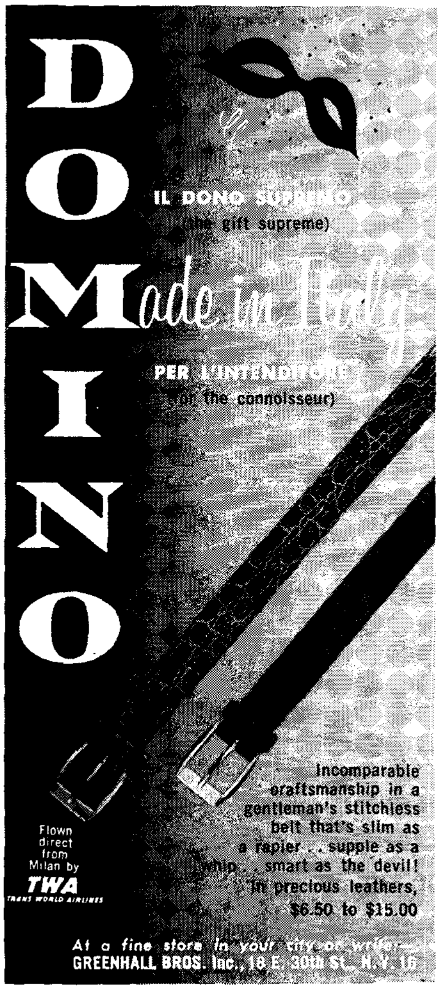
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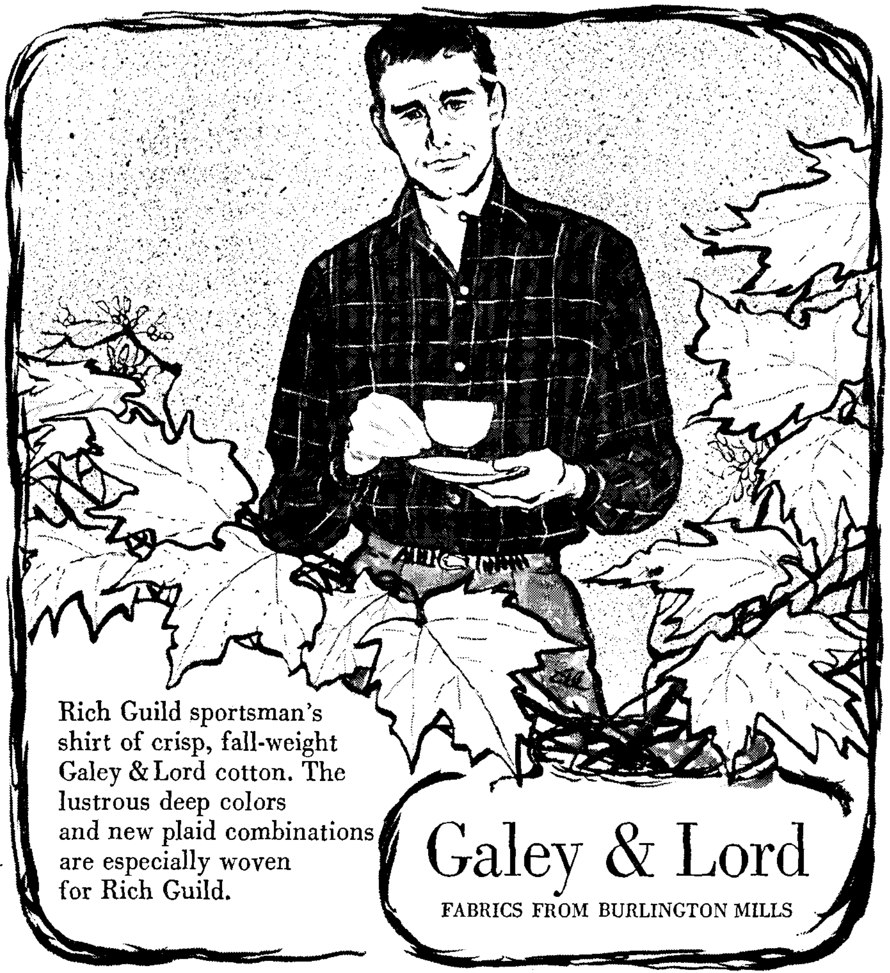
that Berlioz made Mephistopheles a more awesome figure than Gounod did doesn't hold up. As in the Gounod "Faust," a tiresome old man, longing for his lost youth, falls in with the Devil, and shortly thereafter, in a dead giveaway of his character, takes up with the insufferably dull Marguerite, and he remains entangled with her until Mephistopheles, probably out of sheer boredom, whisks him off to Hell. Berlioz does, however, heighten the drama somewhat by having Faust enviously watch some frolicking peasants *before* he meets the Devil, and having him scribble his name on the pact only at the last moment, when he has been alarmed by Mephistopheles' lurid description of Marguerite's fate and is anxious to rush to her side. The music, though ingenious for its time (it was first performed in 1846) and cumulative in effect, is frequently as slack as Gounod's, without being as tuneful. Incidentally, "The Damnation of Faust" employs passages reflecting drunkenness, sorrow, softness, and indolence, to say nothing of a multiplicity of notes and a panharmonic scale. As for music of a military nature, there is only the toy-band "Hungarian March," at the close of the first scene.

The Victor performance, which was conducted by Charles Münch, offers a superior Mephistopheles in Martial Singher, an adequate Faust and Marguerite in David Poleri and Suzanne Danco, acceptable choral work by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, and some polished playing by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The recording was, for the most part, made with a single microphone (a booster mike is used here and there) suspended above the conductor's stand, and that seems to have been a mistake. As you may recall, this technique, which is designed to give the listener the feeling of being in a concert hall, was used to advantage by London Records in a number of symphonic performances shortly after the war, and while it is an admirable way of recording symphonic works, it is less suitable for works involving solo parts, especially if these require intimacy of expression. In the present performance, the three principal voices, which carry the story, are all off mike, and the effect, to translate it into visual terms, is like seeing a play through a scrim.

A SMOOTH performance of "La Vida Breve," Manuel de Falla's only opera, recorded last year in Spain, with Victoria de los Angeles in the main



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role, has just been put out by Victor. A short, simple bit of operatic realism of the sort with which the Italian school had pretty well cornered the market by the time de Falla wrote it, in 1905, "La Vida Breve" deals with a gypsy girl from Granada who is jilted by a young man of higher station and dies of anguish when he marries a girl in his own social set. Although the opera is deftly put together and has an ingratiating score, there is little, aside from its Spanish text and its occasionally piquant use of Spanish musical effects, to distinguish it from a minor Italian product of the period. All in all, it's no more than a pleasant trifle, but the singing of Miss de los Angeles as the gypsy—the role that dominates the work completely—is so lovely that whenever her voice is raised, it seems to be a small masterpiece of poignancy and charm. The other members of the all-Spanish cast handle their parts competently. On one of the four sides that make up this set, Miss de los Angeles, with piano accompaniment, sings a group of Spanish songs. At this, in my opinion, she has no living equal.

SOME of the last performances of Ginette Neveu, the gifted young French violinist who was killed in an airplane accident five years ago, can be heard on two new Angel records. Miss Neveu produced a unique and exquisite tone, and here she offers incandescent renditions of Sibelius's Violin Concerto in D Major and Chausson's "Poème," both with the Philharmonia Orchestra, and Debussy's Sonata for Violin and Piano, Ravel's "Tzigane," and Suk's "Four Pieces for Violin and Piano," with her brother Jean accompanying. The French pieces are on one record, and the Sibelius and the Suk on the other. —D. W.

•

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28 (AP)—The 57-nation international Monetary Fund today provisionally expelled Czechoslovakia, its only Soviet bloc member, because the Czechs refuse to give the free world a peak behind the Iron Curtain.—*Boston Herald.*

One of those crummy little Urals?

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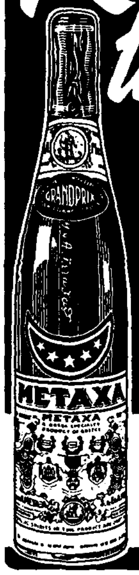

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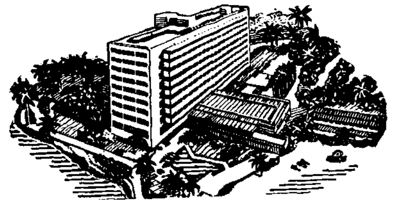

LETTER FROM KYOTO

FOR a thousand years, the Japanese have had the unshakable conviction that Kyoto, the cultural capital of their country and its oldest large city, is protected by a special providence. A friend of mine here, an elderly Japanese scholar, has given me the traditional explanation of the magical quality that, in the minds of his fellow-countrymen, sets Kyoto apart from all other cities. My friend is in his seventies, and he is bald except for some wisps of gray hair that are matted together with pomade on his shiny head. He came here when he was a young man to study the works of art and the monuments, and has been studying them ever since. Nowadays, he lives in secluded retirement, and in minimum comfort, pottering around among his little collection of antiquarian treasures and poring over the musty, blurred records of Kyoto's ancient history. Eleven hundred years ago, according to him, the Emperor of Japan commissioned his Japanese astrologers and his Chinese necromancers to find the perfect site for a capital city. To determine this ideal location, they resorted to the mystic doctrine of yang and yin, which, along with Buddhism, had been imported not long before from China, and which, like Buddhism, was at the height of its vogue. The point of yang and yin, to put it crassly and perhaps even profanely, lies in the recognition of the coexistence of eternal opposites—male and female, light and dark, good and evil, earth and sky, mountains and water, and odd numbers and even ones. The acceptance of these opposites is supposed to endow a man or a town with all kinds of felicity. So the court Merlins, after an exhaustive search throughout Japan, decided on a site where two rivers and three mountains provided a flawless conjunction of symbols. Two, the basic, irreducible even number, represented the feminine element, and three, by their reckoning the basic odd number, stood for the masculine element. The layout of the city that was to become Kyoto was intricately planned to meet the requirements of yang and yin. Nine main streets (three times three, for the masculine side of things) were made to intersect eight other streets (four times two, for the feminine), and Kyoto is to this day the only Japanese city in which a foreigner can easily find his way about. Its naming was less mystical; *kyo* means "capital" and *to* means "city." The magnificent flowering of Japanese civilization that Kyoto represents is generally attributed in Japan to the painstaking efforts of its founders to comply with yang and yin and thus cast a protective aura over the city.

This magic seems to have worked, for Kyoto is wonderfully preserved. Indeed, in the eyes of many Japanese, the magic is still working—or was as recently as the war. To a lot of people here, the most spectacular proof of Kyoto's power is that it, alone among the major Japanese cities, was never hit by American bombs. This circumstance has had a beneficial effect on Japanese feelings toward the United States; the bitterness that the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki aroused in the Japanese has been somewhat assuaged by the sight of Kyoto, continuing and intact. Probably very few Americans, other than those interested in Oriental art, have ever thought much about the sparing of Kyoto, or even realize that it was spared, but I have never met a Japanese who has not been ready to give me his version of how and why the city came through unscathed. Whether any of the stories jibe with the official records in Washington, I don't know, but as far as most of the Japanese are concerned, an American named Langdon Warner accomplished the miracle singlehanded. Langdon Warner is not a mythical person. He lived and studied here for a long time before the war, and his studies resulted in several books, a Doctor's degree, recognition as an American authority on Japan, and a post at Harvard, from which he recently retired. The most prosaic Japanese account of his part in saving Kyoto holds that, as an Army adviser, he simply pointed out that the city was of little military significance and consequently not worth bombing. A more highly colored version has it that when the Americans bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki they were just practicing to perfect their aim before hitting Kyoto, and that upon hearing that Kyoto was next in line, Warner rushed to the White House in the nick of time and

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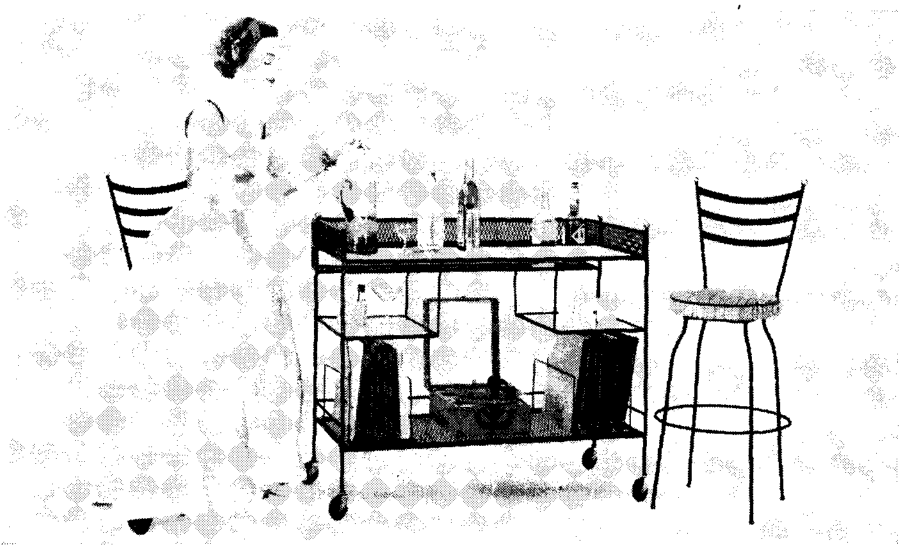

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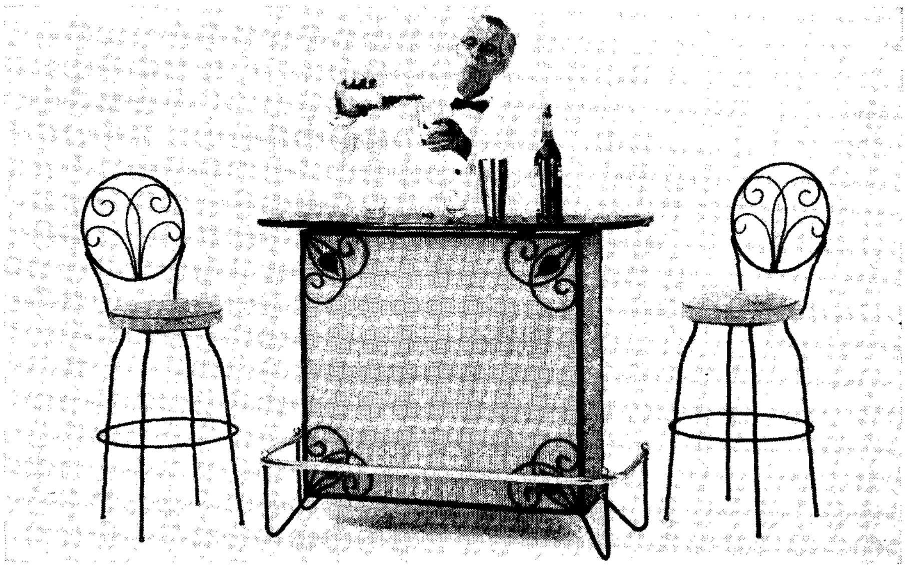

THE OLD TIMER even makes Blue Blazers, now almost extinct—and he does it from memory! He prefers his trim Gallo Bar to the huge old wooden bars. He likes its 15 x 48" burn and stain-resistant plastic top,* its sleek 38" height and the two full-size shelves in the rear. Bar, about $90. Barchairs, about $18 ea. *In black marble, black oak, coral or chartreuse beeswing.

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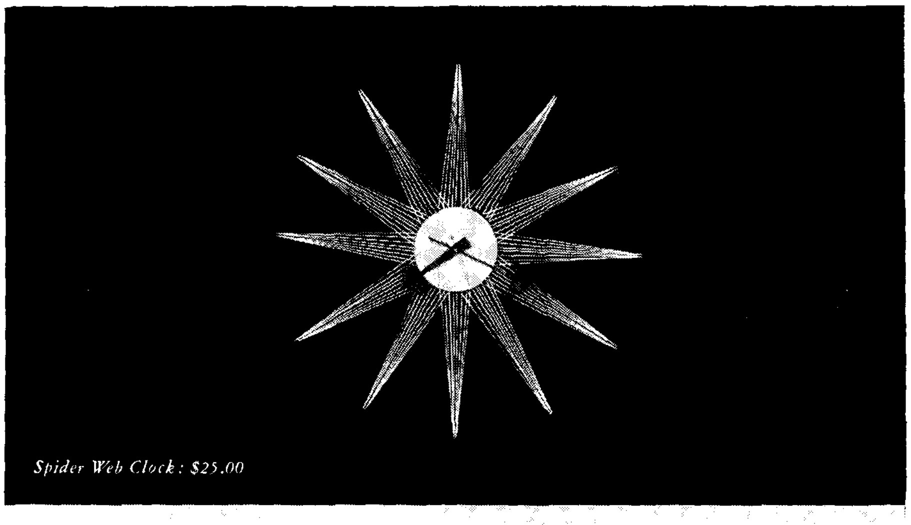
persuaded President Truman to cancel the raid, because of the city's culture and beauty. Whatever the truth, the Japanese look upon Warner as a superlative example of a wise and cultivated American, and because of him they feel a little warmer toward his country. And the reason Kyoto had this guardian angel is, of course, yang and yin.

TO even the most casual of visitors, Kyoto appears to be a city well worth saving. It remained the capital of Japan for a thousand and seventy-five years, and during that time a succession of imperial palaces was built here, as well as castles from which the shoguns terrorized each other, the people, and even the emperors. Temples, teahouses, and pavilions were built, too. Many of these buildings are still standing, and Kyoto is one immense architectural museum. Nearly every part of the town has its historical associations. It was here that Lady Murasaki wrote her great novel of eleventh-century court life, "The Tale of Genji," and it was here, over the centuries, that the No plays developed their attenuated, fragile beauty. *Kabuki, the popular theatre of* Japan, originated here, in a dry river bed, which served as a stage for a troupe of male and female prostitutes. In the minds of the Japanese, Kyoto conjures up heroes with whom they have been familiar since childhood. No Japanese, for instance, can pass a certain pond near the Imperial Palace without recalling the story of Ono-no-Tofu, a lowly carpenter who, in the ninth century, rose to be the Emperor's closest adviser. One day, while taking a walk, Ono-no-Tofu noticed a frog trying to jump onto a branch of a willow tree that was hanging just over the water. Ono-no-Tofu watched the frog try again and again, and finally make it, whereupon Ono-no-Tofu rushed to the palace to warn the Emperor to be on guard against conspirators. The moral he had drawn from the incident—a terrifying one in contrast to those that Westerners draw from the phenomenon of hard effort rewarded—was that the wicked would succeed if they were perseverant. One of Kyoto's bridges will be forever identified in the Japanese imagination with two famous characters in the nation's literature—Yoshitsune and Benkei. The story is that one night on this bridge Yoshitsune, a very young man whose career in later life bore a vague resemblance to that of Robin Hood, challenged Benkei, the strongest man in the country, to a sword fight. Yoshitsune won. Amazed at being defeated by so callow a youth, the strong man swore fealty to Yoshitsune, and thereafter followed him about the country, redressing wrongs.

Perhaps Kyoto's most distinctive contribution to culture is the impetus it has given to the refinement of those all-but-intangible Japanese pleasures—tea drinking, for example, and moon- and flower-viewing, and incense-smelling, and the cultivation of manners and decorum as ends in themselves—to the point where they have profound aesthetic meaning. (Bushido, the way of the samurai, a chivalrous code of behavior that, in its most extreme form, regards a breach of etiquette as no less calamitous than death, also reached its peak here.) These pursuits are still followed in Kyoto much as they were when the city was in its full glory. Descendants of the medieval masters of the art of tea drinking carry on today, and you can have tea with one of them, sitting in a tea hut built five hundred years ago and sipping from a three-hundred-year-old tea bowl. Or you can walk through an ancient garden, along paths that are daintily marked out by tiny stones with a bit of straw rope tied in a bowknot around them. There you may see a thousand-year-old ginkgo tree, so venerated because of its age that it is decorated with the sacred necklace of straw rope and the paper streamers that usually are hung only outside shrines. In Kyoto, your Japanese friends may invite you, without affectation, to a *haiku-kai*, or poem-writing party, or may send you a letter not to convey a message but to display the prettiness of the paper, which is often inscribed, in the best Kyoto tradition, "Carelessly but elegantly folded."

For a long time, many Japanese have regarded Kyoto as a quiet, if not a moribund, city, and it is true that its prestige has fallen since 1869, when Tokyo became the capital, largely because the opening up of Japan to the Western world had given Tokyo, a big port, many obvious advantages over Kyoto, a city in the interior. After the Emperor and his retinue moved away, the city lapsed into a state of somnolence. To be sure, it showed an occasional sign of enterprise; in 1895, it acquired the first trolley-car system in all Japan, and, not long afterward, it became the first city in the nation to install a modern system of water supply. (Those two magic rivers had begun to dry up.) Kyoto had the first public incinerator in Japan, too, but, on the whole, moon-viewing and incense-smelling triumphed over twentieth-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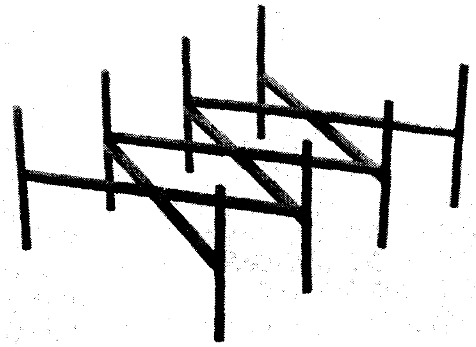
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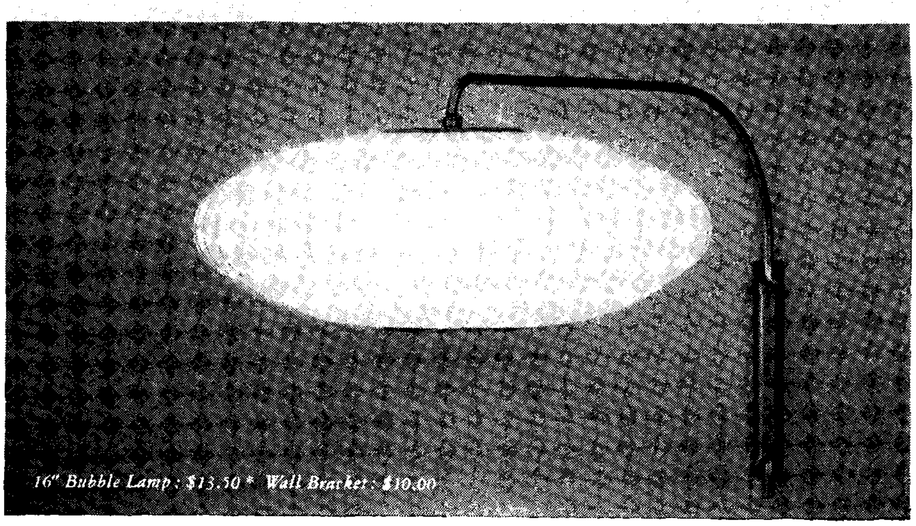
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century ways, and when all the other major cities of the country began industrializing strenuously, Kyoto, grandly ignoring the trend of the times, did not. Instead, it concentrated on yet greater elaborations of the skill that is the closest thing to an industry it has ever had—the spinning and weaving of fine gold and silver threads into exquisite brocades of complex patterns. One sometimes sees a priest wearing a splendid brocaded obi, consisting of hundreds of little square gold-and-silver patches (they are supposed to represent tatters, symbolic of the poverty that the priests are sworn to) sewn on a large rectangular piece of cloth. Most of the dazzling costumes of Kabuki come from Kyoto—for a costumer to use a brocade from a lesser source would be an insult to an actor—and some of the Pope's Holy Year vestments were woven here. But the demand for Kyoto brocades is dwindling. In the opulent past, nearly all of Kyoto's commercial life centered on brocades; now, only a little more than half of the city's working people are engaged in their manufacture—spinning the thread, beating the gold and silver leaf that encircles it, and weaving and dyeing. What is worse in the eyes of some traditionalists is that the workers are beginning to question the feudal conditions under which they toil. Recently, the weaving industry of Japan, including that of Kyoto, was brought to a standstill by a strike—not for higher wages or shorter hours but for the right to choose one's husband or wife without the boss's approval and the right to skip the Buddhist services held in the mills.

The American occupation of Japan accelerated the decay of Kyoto's ancient way of life. Under the land-reform program, the aristocrats' estates in and around Kyoto were broken up, and although, of course, this happened in other parts of Japan, Kyoto was affected most of all, because the concentration of wellborn, idle rich had been greatest here. This reform left the gentry with only their houses and the immediate grounds, and without the substantial incomes, derived from the land, that had enabled them to maintain these establishments. As a result, an uncared-for look has begun to pervade the residential areas of the city. What were once flawlessly kept houses now have broken tiles on their roofs, and many gardens are running down. Some of the gentlefolk have started to take in recommended paying guests, and among their favorite tenants are Fulbright scholars,

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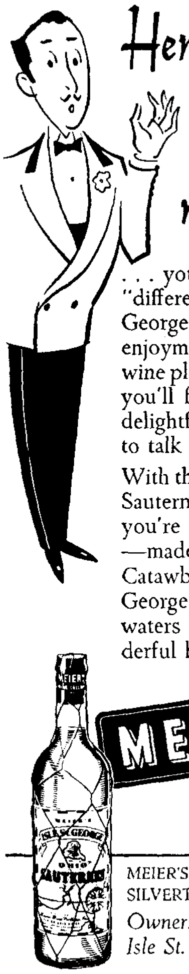

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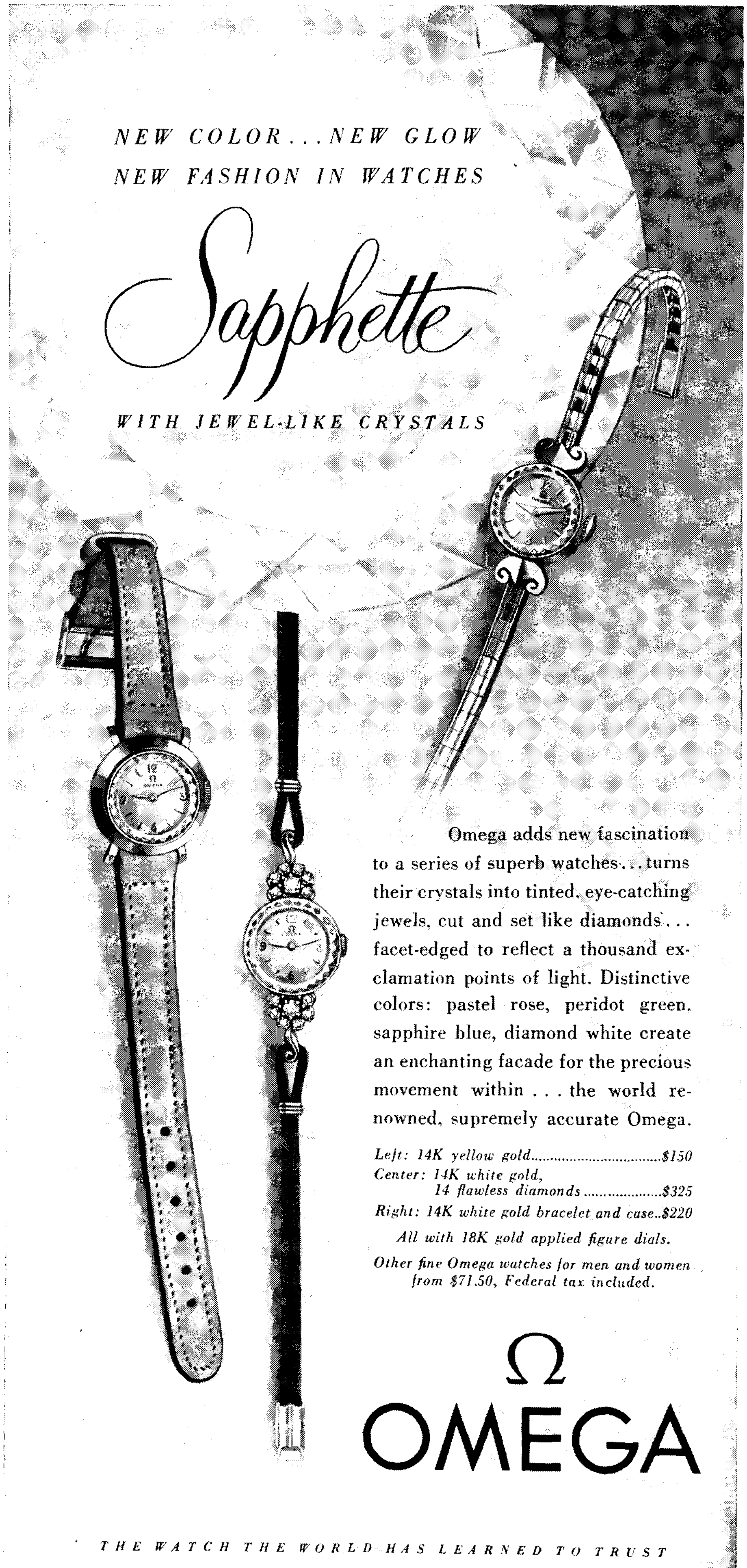
"Kyoto has one boast and one regret," a native of the city told me. "The boast is that it once had three thousand temples, and the regret is that it now has only eight hundred and ninety-nine." Although the chief abbot of the Nishi Honganji temple, which is the largest and most powerful in Japan, is married to the Empress's sister, and although the city is regarded as the religious capital of the country, the temples have fallen upon hard times. Many of them have also been compelled to take in paying guests, and for a slight extra fee the hospitality can be extended to include religious instruction. It is not unusual to find a foreigner at one of the temples, surrounded by a bevy of interpreters, pondering such standard questions of Buddhist philosophy as "Which hand makes the sound when two hands clap?," "What does nothing look like?," and "How do you feel when you are not feeling?" Turning temples into hostels has by no means restored ecclesiastical prosperity, however, and a while ago, the chief abbot went on a fund-raising tour that took him as far afield as the United States. He struck it richest in Hawaii, where he collected a hundred thousand dollars in a single day from Japanese immigrants who have remained faithful Buddhists. In return, the abbot went through the ritual of touching a razor to the hair of those who had contributed, symbolizing the shaving of the heads of the devout in preparation for Paradise.

Except for Kyoto University, which is one of the best in the country (it produced Japan's only Nobel Prize winner, the physicist Hideki Yukawa, and, more recently, the long-sought delicacy that Americans have taken to with enthusiasm, the seedless watermelon), Kyoto's cultural attractions are of the type that appeal most to sightseers. As such, they are eminently successful, however, for the Japanese as a nation are addicted to sightseeing. While Kyoto, with a population of a little over a million, is only Japan's third city, it is, from the Japanese point of view, the nation's foremost place of interest. In the summer and fall, tourists from all parts of the country, most of them *dantai ryokosha*, or group travellers, turn up here in vast swarms. Hosts of sober-faced little boys and girls, chaperoned by their teachers, pile into the Nijo Castle, with its interminable anterooms, waiting halls, audience chambers, corridors, and living quarters, all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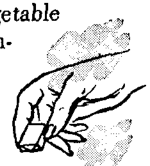
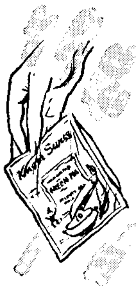
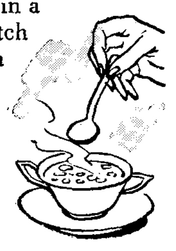


The soup course she did last, since it was so very easy . . . Cresca's Knorr-Swiss Velouté aux Pois Verts . . . a divine green pea soup mix flavored so lightly with ham and beef. It actually comes in a flat foil package and, again, all you do is add boiling water. Of course, putting in a few of Cresca's tiny Dutch Cocktail Frankfurts was a stroke of sheer genius . . . a grand beginning to a delightful dinner, and another Cresca treat.





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showily painted and decorated in the splendid style of three hundred years ago. Bands of sturdy old ladies dressed in black-and-brown kimonos with white smocks over them trudge through the ornate buildings of the enormous Honganji temple, with their wide, sweeping, upturned roofs, many-tiered pagodas, angry-looking guardian monsters, and hordes of pigeons. University students with badges telling where they come from, employees of this company or that, who receive a trip to Kyoto as their annual bonus, and members of patriotic associations and flower-arrangement societies dutifully make the rounds of the famous moss garden of Saihoji. Only the priests who come here from out of town appear to travel as individuals. A few are usually wandering around the courtyards of the temples—solitary figures dressed in the simple monk's habit of white underclothing (the bottoms of which are meant to show), black knee-length jackets, and straw hats, and carrying cloth pouches containing beggar's bowls.

Away from the main streets, with their trolley lines, and a small section near the railroad station, where American soldiers on leave from Korea and Okinawa jam a new rash of bars and soda fountains and explore bathhouses advertising "Romance Baths," Kyoto holds, and sometimes hides, its thousand-year accumulation of temples, castles, teahouses, and gardens. Of the abundance of things to see, probably the most beautiful and most Japanese are the Katsura Detached Palace and the gardens, especially the Stone Garden of the Ryoanji, one of the smaller temples. To the Japanese, the Katsura Detached Palace, an imperial villa built in the sixteenth century, is a masterpiece of tranquillity and dignity and elegance; to the foreigner, it may seem altogether too simple to be a palace. The Japanese value it for a number of subtleties that the foreigner might easily miss—its special platform for moon-viewing; its windows, which were placed to frame the scenery in a perfect picture; its tiny door handles, which vary in shape from room to room; the fragmentary paintings by Japan's great artist Kano Tan-yu on its sliding doors; its rooms, no two of which are on the same level; its corridors, which diminish in width to give a curious perspective as one walks along them; and its general asymmetrical imbalance, which in Japanese eyes is the most gratifying artistic accomplishment of all.

From the day of Kyoto's founding, architecture and gardening have been

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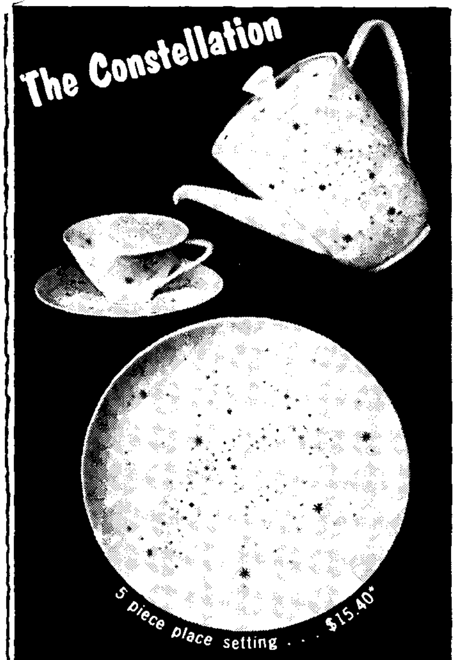

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inseparable here, and every house has its garden. As a matter of fact, gardens being less easily destroyed by fire, flood, and earthquake than houses, Kyoto has more gardens than buildings. Foreigners rank the gardens along with the geisha, Fujiyama, and the cherry blossoms in their memories of Japan. I know dozens of people who cannot abide Japanese food, who find the language insurmountable, who think that Kabuki is caterwauling and that the Japanese people are maddeningly oblique, but who gasp with pleasure at these gardens. Gardening here has little in common with gardening in the Western world. The owner never potters around in his garden with shears and a trowel, and there is no Japanese equivalent for "green thumb." Gardening is a profession, to be conducted by professional gardeners. There is not much an owner can do in his garden except look at it. He usually can't pick any flowers, for few of the gardens have any flowers. He wouldn't think of giving a garden party in it; the Japanese phrase "*gaden pati*" refers only to the stiff, formal functions that the Emperor holds on the grounds of the Imperial Palace for the diplomatic corps. The idea of having a grill or a picnic table in a garden, or even of sitting in one, is hard to convey to a Japanese.

The underlying object of Japanese gardening is to make things look like what they are not—to make the unnatural look natural—and the more difficult it is to do this the better. The gardener transplants, prunes, and dwarfs trees. He puts up artificial mounds and removes real ones. He hangs stone lanterns that have been carved to look like wood or metal. He uses plants that are the most troublesome to grow in the local soil and climate. In fact, rocks, not plants, are the indispensable item. Red rocks are considered best; blue ones rank second; and common, mud-colored rocks are esteemed if they're big or if they're curiously formed. Each rock is chosen for its shape and character—its ruggedness,

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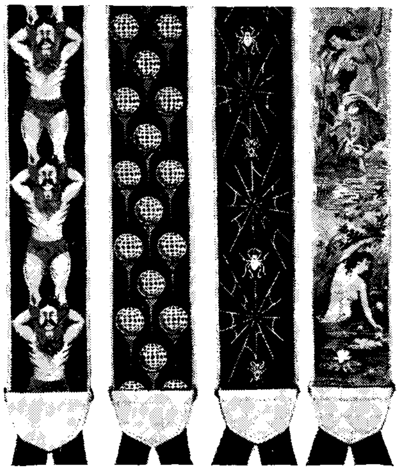

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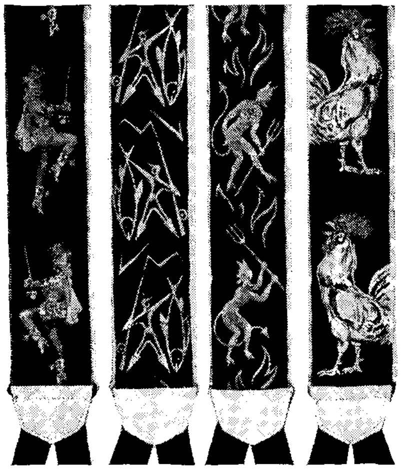

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or its subtlety, or its grotesqueness. Rocks arouse in the Japanese connoisseur something of the appreciation of nature's accidents that sea shells arouse in American collectors. To a Japanese who stares long enough, the cracks in the rocks grow into vast crevasses and abysses. The rocks in the great gardens of Kyoto are called Tigress Crossing the River with Her Cubs, Turtle Getting Out of the Water, Crane in Flight, Dragon Fountain, Tiger Bridge, and so on, but most of these names, to the Westerner, anyway, have no connection with the shape of the rocks. In many gardens, a small pool represents the sea, a patch of pebbles a beach, a mound a mountain, a tree a jungle. Sometimes, a garden in which there is no water is designed to resemble the ocean, with wavy carpets of moss or stones or earth—turbulent or placid, as the gardener wishes. The idea is to suggest as much of the world as possible in a limited space and with limited materials. The laying out of a garden requires almost as much mystical calculation as the yang-and-yin laying out of Kyoto. A gardener never puts a single tree near the center of a garden, for a tree in a square is the Japanese ideogram for "to be in difficulties;" even an association as distant as the one between calligraphy and gardening could make the atmosphere of a garden unpleasant. After a garden is laid out, the gardener's daily job consists of tenderly washing the plants leaf by leaf, dusting the fronds of ferns, feather-brushing the ground to remove the dust without injuring the moss, whose roots go hardly a fifth of an inch into the earth, and, if for some un-Japanese reason there are flowers, wrapping the buds in tissue paper to prevent them from unfolding before an honored guest arrives.

Of the several truly celebrated gardens of Kyoto, the smallest is the Stone Garden of the Ryoanji, laid out by an artist-monk named Soami in the fifteenth century. It contains no plants at all—just fifteen jagged, brownish rocks, none very big, with clumps of lichen and moss growing on them. When you arrive at the temple, a drab wooden affair of undistinguished proportions, you take off your shoes and go into a side courtyard; there, in an area of about fifteen by thirty feet, hemmed in by the temple veranda on two sides and by plain white plaster walls on the two others, you find the garden at your feet. The rocks jut up in an irregular pattern, and fine lines of smoothly raked gravel swirl around

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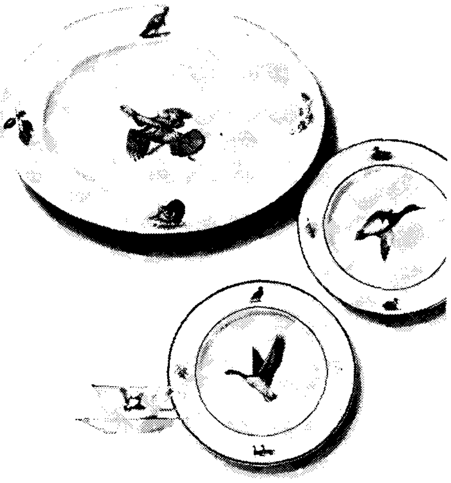

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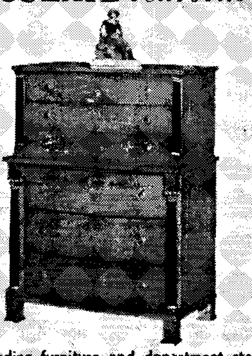

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them. If you stop and meditate for a few minutes, a transformation is supposed to take place before your eyes; the gravel becomes the ocean, the rocks become gigantic islands, and the moss becomes forests of pine trees. Only if you are hopelessly literal will you insist that the sound you hear is just a gust and not the roar of the sea.

ONE part of Kyoto in which the old life definitely continues unchanged is Gion, the geisha district. There is probably no other place in Japan quite so celebrated in love songs and historical romances. Gion is the largest district in Kyoto, and it consists, for the most part, of rows of perfectly matched little two-story houses. The streets, built for a traffic of jinrikishas and palanquins, are so narrow that only the widest can accommodate even a miniature English car. In many of the side streets, people have to walk single file. Lining the streets are rows of latticed doors of dark-brown mahogany or pale pine, with frosted-glass panes; above these are second-story balconies, with paper-paned windows, and above them are the rippling peaks of gray tiled roofs. In front of the houses runs a knee-high row of bamboo poles to keep passersby from being jammed against and banging the walls. Many of the houses in Gion are *ochaya*, or teahouses, in which—"The Teahouse of the August Moon" notwithstanding—tea is only occasionally drunk, and then usually as a means of sobering up. Over each doorway hangs a milky-white bulbous lamp inscribed with the name of the establishment—Pleasure Dome, Turtle and Crane, Happiness Hall, Tender Leaf, and so on. One of the best-known is Lucky House, which is run by an old woman who has for forty years been so enamored of Kichiemon, the last of the great Kabuki actors, that all the house's bath towels are stencilled with poems written by him. On festival nights—and the summer and autumn seem to be one long festival in Gion—a candlelit lantern glows outside each house, beside a sprig of flowers; a little disc is attached to the top of the lantern to serve as an umbrella when it rains. As you walk along at night, you can hear the music of three-stringed samisens inside, sometimes playing rowdy folk songs, in which everyone joins, and sometimes producing the sombre twangs of a slow geisha dance.

Kyoto is noted for its geisha, who are reputed to be the most beautiful in Japan, and for its geisha-in-training, who range in age from twelve to eight-

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een, and are called *maiko*. The *maiko* are a special attraction, and their duties are light. They dance if they can and they sing if they can, but their main task is to look pretty and be admired by the sightseers, who pay as much as ten dollars an hour for this passive pleasure. If the *maiko* are feeling good, or if they have been told that a customer is very important, they will proffer their tiny name cards, water-colored to resemble a rainbow and delicately lettered in gold with their professional names—Clever Girl, Golden One, Songstress, or whatever. Sometimes the *maiko* entertain with a routine of fan tricks and a repertoire of jokes—none of them ever off-color and most of them involving little puns. When the *maiko* reach eighteen or so, they become full-fledged geisha, and their conversation becomes a little more interesting. While talking, the *maiko* balance their tiny fans on their fingers and spin them around. A *maiko's* face is powdered chalk-white; her lips are very red and very small; her hair is done in an enormous bun on the crown of her head; and she dresses as gaudily as possible, for the Japanese feel that gaudiness goes with youth. A Kyoto *maiko* wears ornaments in her hair—tinsel strands, little clanking mirrors, gilt combs. Her kimono, under which she wears several layers of bright gowns, is a brilliant red or green or orange or purple. She has a special sort of obi—brocaded and streaming behind her in two long tails. (The most famous of all Japanese geisha songs is a tribute to the girls of Kyoto; it is called "Gion Love Song," and its refrain consists solely of "*Darari obi yo*," which means this kind of brocaded sash.) Outdoors, the *maiko* wear special wooden clogs with bright-colored thongs and, because the girls are so small, three-inch platform soles.

It is possible that the *maiko* and geisha system grew out of the old custom of selling girl children in order to get rid of them, but today's *maiko* and geisha are an exclusive society. In Kyoto, the rules require that to qualify as a *maiko* a girl must have been born and reared in Gion. An outsider would not be allowed to enter the ranks, even if she offered to pay for the privilege. The Kyoto teahouse owners, who control Gion, take their business seriously. "People come a long way to see our *maiko*," one of them told me. "We must give them the real thing." The teahouses in which the *maiko* and the geisha officiate are the centers of luxurious living in Kyoto. They serve the choicest food—a meal with turtle meat

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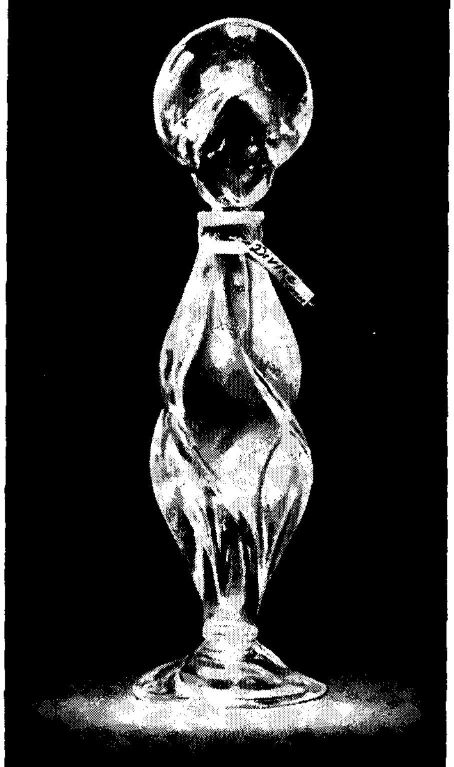

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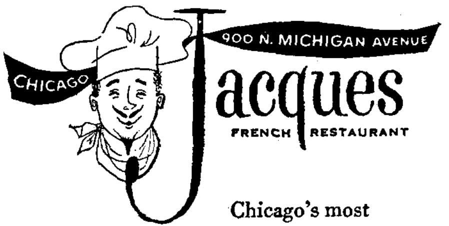

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in every dish, if one wants to be extravagant, or skewered, grilled river fish so small and so tender that they can be eaten, head, bones, and all, in one bite—and the meals arrive in dishes so exquisitely decorated and arranged that one hesitates to touch them. The teahouses also have their special vocabulary; soy sauce is called "the purple," chopsticks are called "near the hand," fruit is called "water cake," soup is called "dew," and the fee paid to the mistress of the girls is a "flower gift." For a Japanese, to sit on the bright-yellow straw mats of a Gion house—eating, drinking, listening to the music, and inspecting the country's most beautiful women—is a pleasure almost without equal. More than one Japanese has told me that the way to ruin a man is to introduce him to Gion.

CENTURIES of providing the rarefied, artificial atmosphere required of an imperial capital have left an unmistakable imprint on the people of Kyoto; throughout Japan, they are noted for being extremely gentle and polite. Their speech is so dulcet that Kyoto men who go elsewhere are considered effeminate. The hostess of a sightseeing bus in Kyoto says to each passenger, with soft sincerity, at the end of a tour, "I shall never forget this trip with you." An American friend of mine who lives here boarded a city bus during the rush hour and discovered that he had only a thousand-yen note to pay a ten-yen fare. The bus driver smilingly accepted it, stopped the bus, and went across the street to a shop to get it changed; then, still smiling, he returned and gave my friend his nine hundred and ninety yen. Kyoto manners make it impossible to contradict anyone to his face, so the visitor finds himself in a delicious state of euphoria, convinced that he is wise and charming. Kyoto people automatically say yes to any request, but whether they will comply with it depends on how they feel. It is this superficial agreeableness, and the inscrutability behind it, that make Tokyo people, in discussing Kyoto people, use the same despairing cliché that Occidentals so often apply to Asians—"You never can tell what they're thinking." A Japanese acquaintance in Tokyo once said to me, "The Kyoto people are too polite. You can't trust any of them."

Because of this tradition of an old, gentle, and elegant civilization, the Japanese have found some recent events in Kyoto astonishing. Three incidents in particular that have occurred within the

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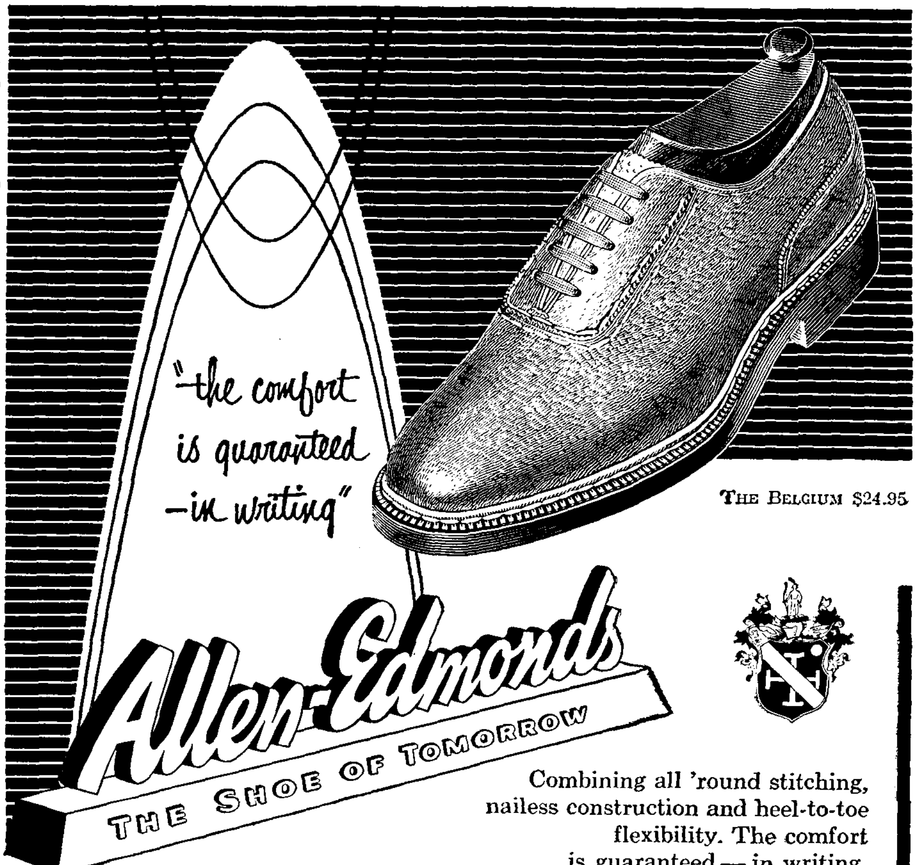
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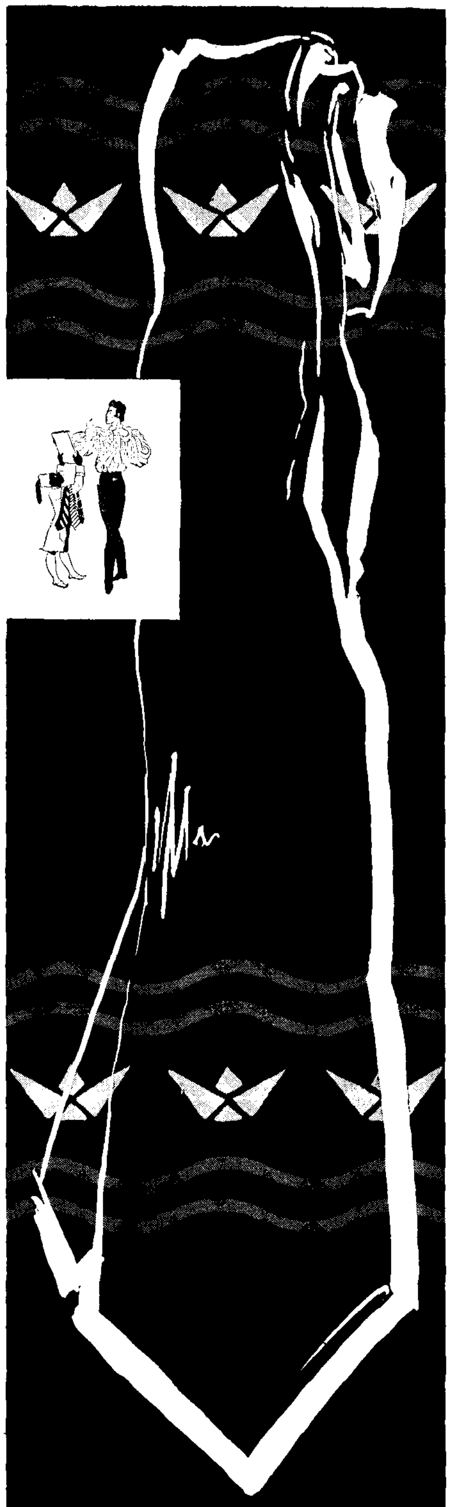

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past few years show a new side to Kyoto—a contentious, even explosive, side. The first of these concerned the Emperor.

Kyoto, in its day, was the residence of seventy-two emperors, compared to Tokyo's three. On paper, at least, it is still the Emperor's official residence, and no accession is technically legal until the Emperor has been ceremonially crowned in the old Imperial Palace here, which is still kept in order and is open to the public. A couple of years ago, for the first time in Japan's obedient and respectful history, an emperor was publicly harassed and insulted, and it happened in, of all places, Kyoto. Emperor Hirohito, who was on one of his annual good-will tours of the country, was being driven slowly down one of the main streets, past an applauding public cordoned off by the police, when a group of citizens broke through and encircled his limousine. They waved red flags in its windows and sang a chorus of the "Internationale" before the police recovered from their surprise sufficiently to restore order. The offenders were whisked off to the police station, but no action was taken against them—possibly because the offense was unprecedented and no one had any idea what sort of action to take.

The second incident was, if anything, even more shocking. The Golden Pavilion, one of Kyoto's most treasured buildings, was set on fire. A three-story, pagodalike structure, crowned with a bronze phoenix and surrounded by a famous garden, it was built in the fourteenth century by a shogun who was more powerful than the Emperor and who used it as a retreat in which to meditate and practice his Buddhist austerities. In his time, the interior of the pavilion was covered with squares of gold leaf, which gave the building its name, and the exterior was beautifully lacquered, but as the years passed, the gold flaked away and the lacquer chipped, and presently the bare frame was all that was left. It was still, however, considered one of the simplest and most graceful architectural triumphs in Japan. The pavilion was thrown open to the public, and as many as a thousand people a day paid the equivalent of a dime to wander through its elegant, trembling rooms. One night in 1950, a twenty-year-old pavilion guard bundled up some rags, poured kerosene over them, shoved them into a corner, and set fire to them. Within two hours, nothing was left of the Golden Pavilion except the phoenix; this was saved by a priest,

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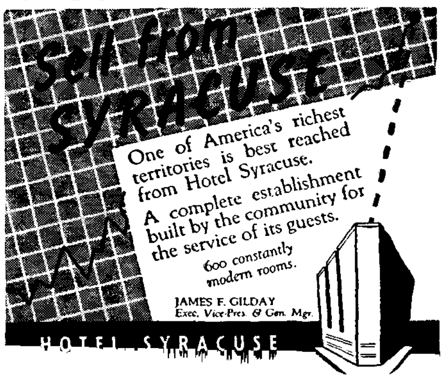

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it. The building, like all really old buildings in Japan, had been put together with wooden pegs, so not even a nail or a rivet remained for souvenir hunters. The police soon apprehended the villain and extracted a confession, and the highest penalty—life imprisonment—was demanded. But then, just before the verdict was to be handed down, the youth's mother committed suicide to atone for her son's crime. This pathetic and (in Japan) extenuating circumstance obliged the judge to reduce the sentence to eight years, and the police decided that the fire was the deranged act of a psychopath. The priests in Kyoto—especially those who were commissioned to watch over the Golden Pavilion—say that the guard was a university student who went crazy from too much study, but the students say that he was a priest who thought his pay was too low. Both sides are partly right; the guard was an apprentice priest, who alternately wore the acolyte's cassock and the student's uniform. His motive, if he had any, is obscure. Few crimes in the history of Japan have so astounded the nation. It was the first vicious act ever directed against one of the government's carefully protected "national monuments and cultural properties."

The scene of the third incident was the Asahi-ga-oka (Hill of the Rising Sun) Junior High School, a run-down institution, with forty-one teachers and seventeen hundred students, in a poor neighborhood on the edge of Kyoto. Last spring, the parents of fifteen pupils complained to the Kyoto Board of Education that three teachers were using *Akahata*, the Japanese *Daily Worker*, as classroom material. At the time, the Diet, in Tokyo, was debating a highly controversial bill requiring teachers to be politically neutral, and people all over the country became interested in the dispute in Kyoto. The Board of Edu-

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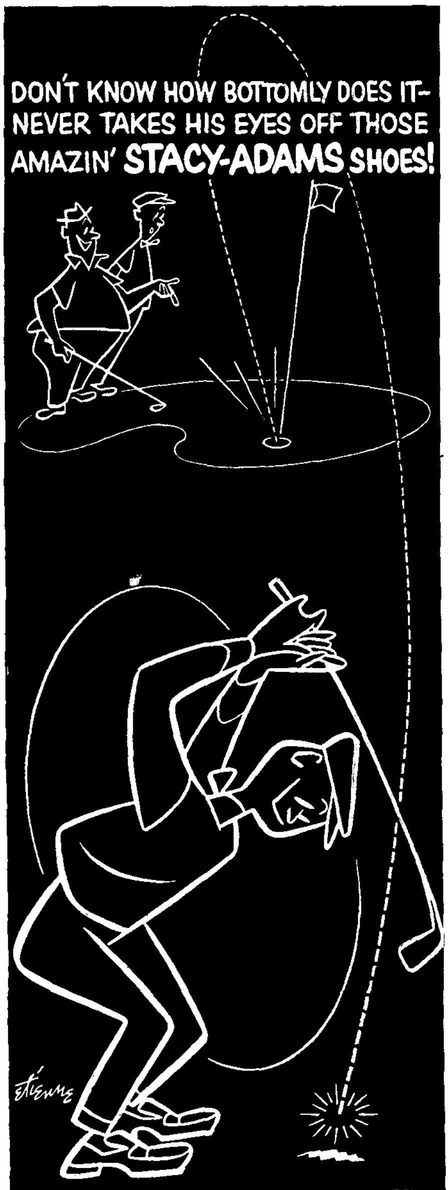

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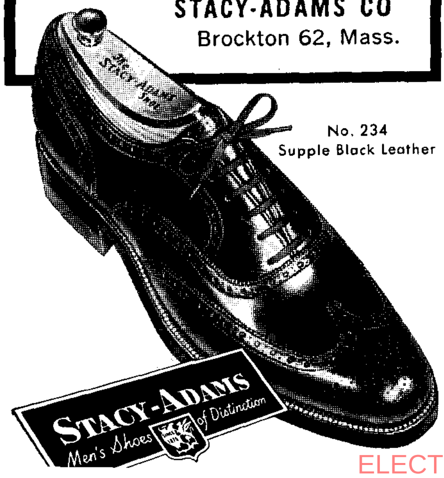


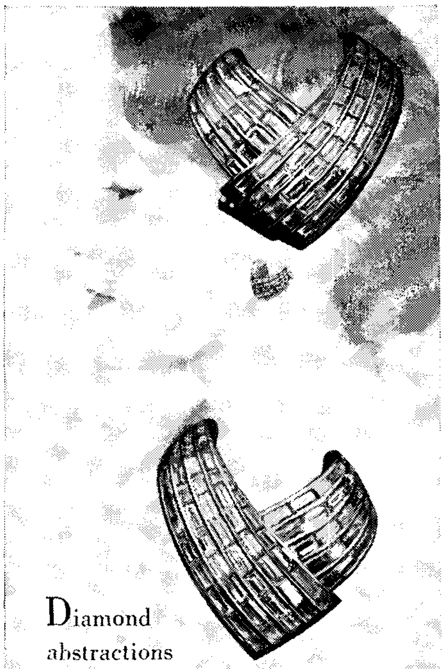
cation decided, by a vote of three to two, to sack the teachers, but they refused to leave the school, on the ground that if they did, they would appear to be admitting they were Communists. The Board set up a rival school in a vacant building in another part of town, and chartered buses to take the children to it. But the children were bitterly divided. Most of them went to the new school, but some continued going to the old one, where the three rebellious teachers held forth. At seven-thirty every morning and after school in the afternoon, these students would station themselves at the bus stops and, tears in their eyes, plead with the others to return and "protect our three good and kind teachers." The children soon began fighting in the streets, and it was quickly agreed to close both schools, so that they could spend the whole day playing and, as one newspaper put it, "regain their peace of mind." Then adults on both sides of the controversy began negotiating. Finally, a proposal that was equally disagreeable to all concerned was accepted—to scatter the entire teaching staff among schools in other parts of the country, and recruit a new one. There was a grand reopening ceremony, at which the new principal introduced himself, and the student body sang him the school song, which had been composed by one of the three problem teachers. Meanwhile, the Diet passed the education bill by a thumping majority, and it is now law.

KYOTO'S three recalcitrant teachers are not the only people who have caused the conservatives in the national government to look anxiously at this city. Both the mayor of Kyoto and the governor of Kyoto Province are Socialists, and many Japanese elsewhere regard Kyoto as a hotbed of Left Wing sentiment. The other day, I went to see the friend who had introduced me to yang and yin, and in the course of our conversation I suggested to him that perhaps Kyoto's magic was at last failing. Possibly, I said, the ancient treasure house was turning into a powder keg.

The old man smiled faintly, and explained to me that all this was only to be expected. "The underlying yang and yin of Kyoto's streets and bridges, her mountains and rivers, which have always protected her, also make her perplexing," he said. "For good there is evil. For the past there is the present. For the gentle there is the violent."

"And for the Conservative there is the Communist?" I said.

"Why, no," he replied. "Kyoto is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a nest of extremes, of passionately conflicting moods, of irrational coexistences—a symbiosis of opposites.

"Look, here is what I mean," he went on, seeing that I was missing his point. "Kyoto will always have the unexpected." He opened that morning's newspaper and read me an item in which Kyoto was credited with being the only city in Japan on which a fragment of hydrogen-bomb ash has fallen as a result of the Eniwetok-Bikini experiments. For some days following each explosion, the radiation count in the rain that fell on Japan was high. Frightened people all over the country were checking everything from their drinking water to the stones in their gardens with Geiger counters to make sure that the radioactivity in them had not reached the danger point. But the only piece of ash actually to fall on a Japanese city fell on Kyoto. When the old man finished reading, he looked at me with an air of satisfaction. "Now do you understand the principle of yang and yin?" he asked. I bowed to the Kyoto custom of being agreeable, and said I did.

—FAUBION BOWERS

•

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...the masked shrew...dies of old age after only about a year of fast-paced gluttonous life.—*Life.*

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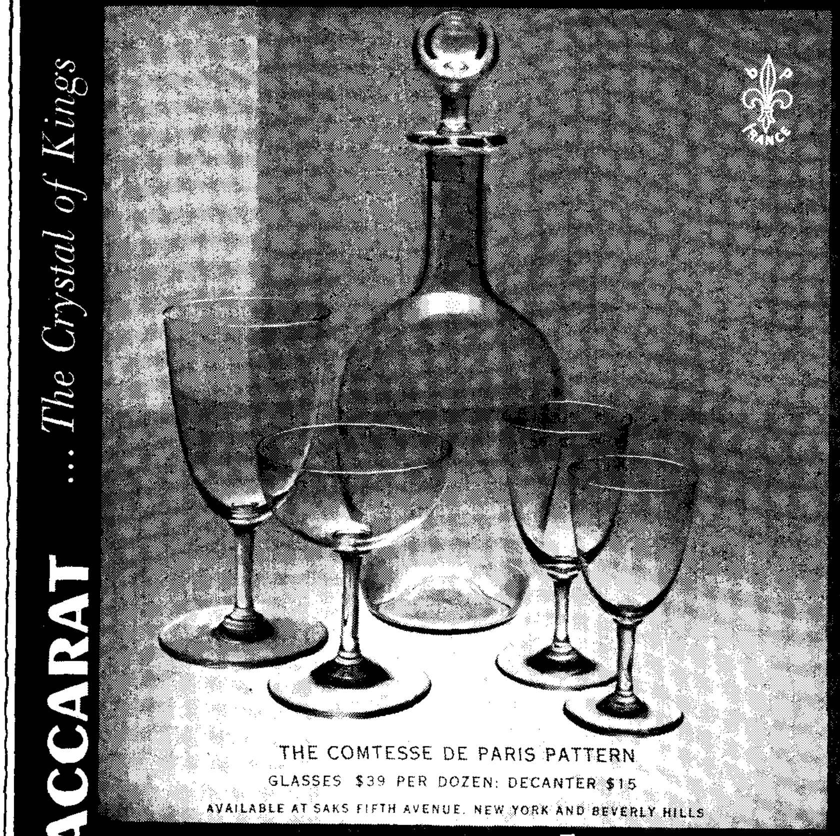
lies down and dies.
No furnace gluttons fiercer than the
 shrew,
devouring daily with relentless appetite
four times her inchling body's weight.
More extravagant than the humming-
 bird's, the shrew's
heart beats per minute twice four hun-
 dred times.
If foodless for six hours, she is dead.
The helpless, hungry, nervous shrew
lives for a year of hurly-burly
and dies intolerably early.

—ISABELLA GARDNER

•

On the other hand we may find, and we will as the discussion proceeds, that criteria *not* selected with man as the point of reference still indicate that man stands high on various scales of evolutionary progress. It would then be foolish to cry "Anthropomorphism!"—*"The Meaning of Evolution," by George Gaylord Simpson.*

It would be fun thoug



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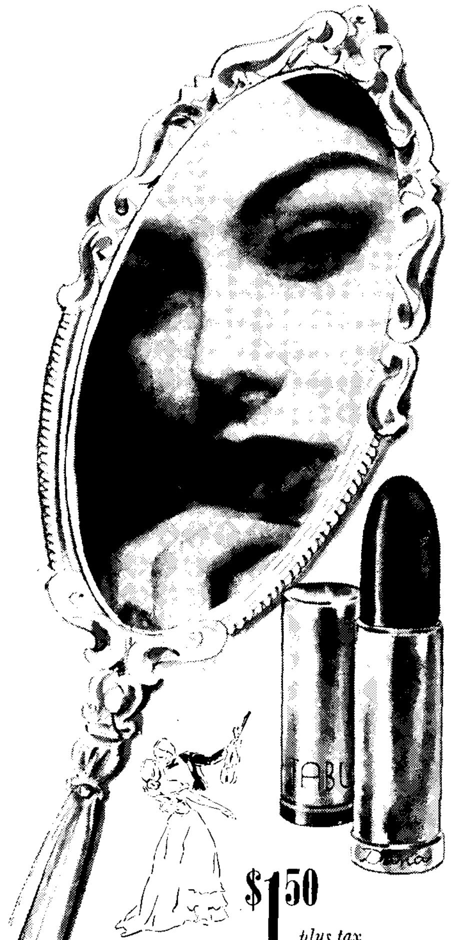

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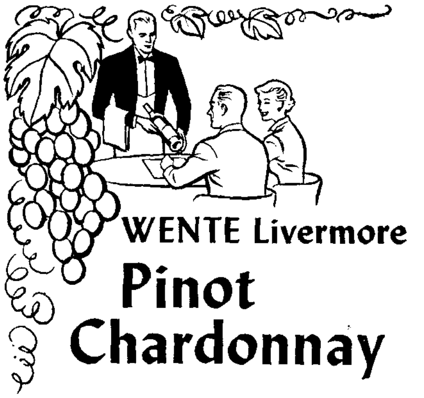
YMA SUMAC, the Peruvian girl who sings as low as Nelson Eddy and as high as almost anyone, is not a close friend of mine, but we are on the best of terms. We met in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a few years ago, and chatted awhile in Quechua, her native language, I saying "*Yeru yauri kocha urkko*" ("Ice needle lake mountain"), a few words I picked up in Peru and the only Quechua I know, and Miss Sumac replying, as nearly as I could tell, "*Rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb.*" Unhappily, our friendship never got past these two sentences, such as they were. We had reached an impasse. Miss Sumac, I sensed, was a bit perplexed, and my own Quechua was exhausted. I went home, a few minutes later, pretty much down in the mouth. That evening, however, I decided to write her, in English, about the whole affair. I wanted to say I was down in the mouth, or dejected, or saddened, but none of these seemed to be right, and, as usual, I reached for my copy of Roget's Thesaurus. My Thesaurus is the one in dictionary form, edited by Dr. C. O. Sylvester Mawson and published in 1931 by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is a sober, workmanlike reference book, but its entry under "dejected," I discovered, was rather strange:

> *dejected*, downcast, dispirited, disheartened, despondent, low-spirited, crestfallen, cowed, discouraged, heavy-hearted, sick, sick at heart, out of heart (*or* spirits), down in the mouth (*colloq.*), down on one's luck (*colloq.*), weary, downhearted (*with memories of Tommy Atkins in the black months of the World War: "Are we downhearted?"—NO!*).

The words in italics surprised me a good deal. Roget's Thesaurus, I felt, was hardly the place for memorials. I esteem Tommy Atkins as much as anyone does, but if Putnam's wished to commemorate him, I thought, it should have done so in one of its other titles—"History of Europe 1815-1923," for example, or "How to Like an Englishman," by C. V. R. Thompson.

All this, as I said, happened some time ago, and it didn't come to mind again till last week. Then, while writing to the editor of a local newspaper, I needed a synonym for the word "error," and when I looked into Roget's Thesaurus, I found an entry that was even more surprising:

> *error*, fallacy, misconception, misapprehension, misunderstanding; aberration, ob-



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ciousness . . . clerical error; bull, solecism, Malapropism, Spoonerism (*accidental transposition made famous by the Rev. W. A. Spooner of Oxford: "I am sorry to learn that you have been tasting your worms of late," said he to an undergraduate; "we all have a half-warmed fish in our bosoms;" "I have just received a blushing crow;" "for real enjoyment give me a well-boiled icycle." Asked if he sang, Mr. Spooner said: "I know only two tunes—'God Save the Weasel' and 'Pop Goes the Queen.'" Spooner certainly added to the joy of nations.*)

Now, it seemed to me that one example, if any, would have been enough. And what's this about the "joy of nations"? Dr. Mawson's opinion of the Reverend Dr. Spooner, I thought, scarcely belonged in a book of synonyms. (Besides, I cannot see how Spooner added joy to any nations but England, Australia, the United States, and a very few others, since blushing crows and half-warmed fish are surely lost in translation.)

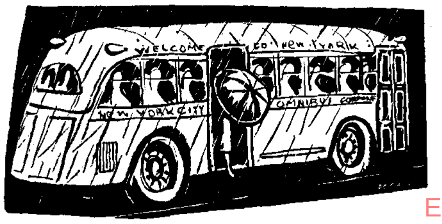
BY now I was curious about these ad libs and asides in Roget's Thesaurus, and I went through the book, page by page, to see if there were more. I discovered only two or three. One of them, under "oracle," was in the form of a question:

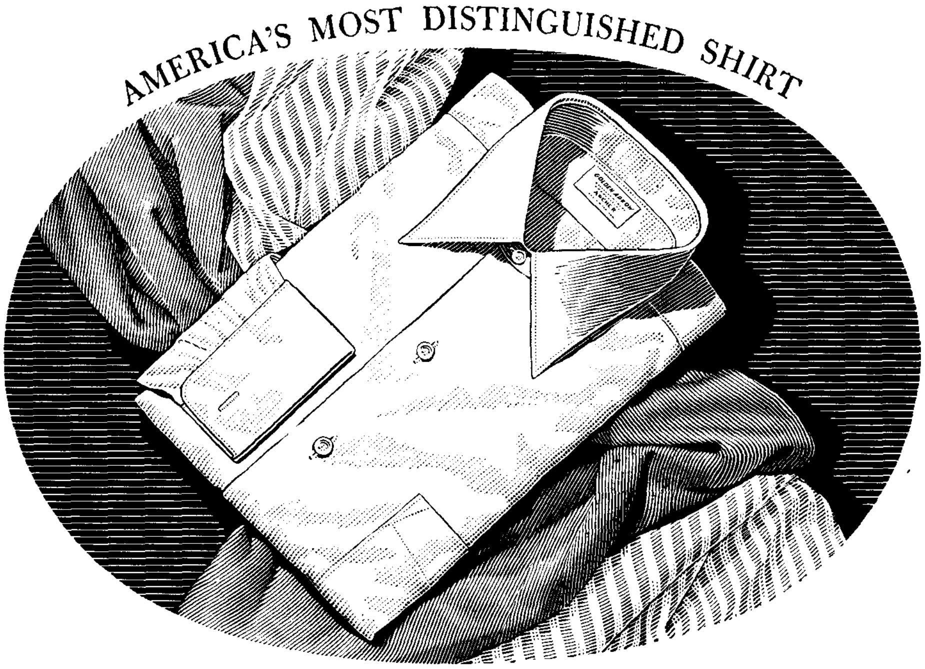
> *oracle*, prophet, prophetess (*fem.*), seer, seeress (*fem.*), sibyl, soothsayer, augur, diviner, haruspex . . . weather forecaster, meteorologist (*dare we include him among the prophets?*)

Another ad lib came under the general heading of "instrument":

> *lever*, crow, crowbar, jimmy or jemmy (*usually in sections for the burglar's convenience*)

Why did Dr. Mawson choose to give us this bit of information? I, for one, had no idea. I found a hint, however, in the preface, where Dr. Mawson, speaking of the Thesaurus, said, "Simplicity is the keynote, the convenience of the consulter being always kept in mind." Dr. Mawson, in listing the synonyms for "lever," seems to have kept in mind the convenience of burglars. It is possible, I suppose, that the consulters of Roget's Thesaurus include a small but loyal group of burglars, who will be convenienced to know that a jimmy, or jemmy, is built in sections. In the same way, an after-dinner speaker would be





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convenienced by the handy list of Spoonerisms, and a phrase like "Are we downhearted? NO!" could prove very convenient, at times, to a captain of infantry. What puzzles me, then, is why Dr. Mawson paid mind to the convenience of infantry captains, burglars, and after-dinner speakers while neglecting that of, say, ordinary businessmen. Why didn't he include, for them, a listing like this:

guaranty, guarantee, assurance, insurance, warranty, engagement, undertaking, agreement, contract, covenant; pledge, vadium, collateral, earnest, stake, deposit, pawn, bail, gage, tie; debenture, bond, stock (*Consolidated Edison is now selling at 45¾*)

If Dr. Mawson wants his Thesaurus to be as convenient to most people as it presumably is to burglars, he will have to do a great deal of revision. According to the preface, Thesaurus readers include the "leisured writer, the scholar, and the stylist." The leisured writer would, I think, be very convenienced by an entry such as this:

writing tool, stylus, style; pencil, lead pencil, mechanical pencil, crayon, chalk; pen (*pen points, when new, will work better if moistened with saliva*)

The next two listings would be convenient for the stylist—specifically, the hair stylist and the song stylist:

hair, filament, down, pubescence, fimbria, fringe, villus, wool, fur, coat, mat, thatch, mop, shock, tangle, shag, mane, pompadour (*with memories of Mme. Pompadour in the black months of the old regime*)

vocalist, singer, melodist, warbler, songbird; songster, songstress, chantress, soprano, mezzo-soprano, contralto; tenor, baritone, bass (*Yma Sumac sings as low as Nelson Eddy and as high as almost anyone*)

As for the scholar, there is no doubt what *that* entry would be, if the Thesaurus were revised along Dr. Mawson's lines:

scholar, learned man . . . classicist, Latinist, Hellenist, Graecist, Hebraist, Sanskritist; Sinologist, Sinologue; linguist, glossolalist; philosopher, philomath, scientist; etymologist, philologist, lexicographer (*dare we include him among the scholars?*)

—JOHN SACK

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Winston-Salem Journal & Sentinel*]

CHARLOTTE, N.C., Sept. 4 (UP)—Judge Jackson Ezekiel David James Nathaniel Sylvesta Willis Edward Demosthenes Henderson celebrated his 75th birthday yesterday and explained the rea-

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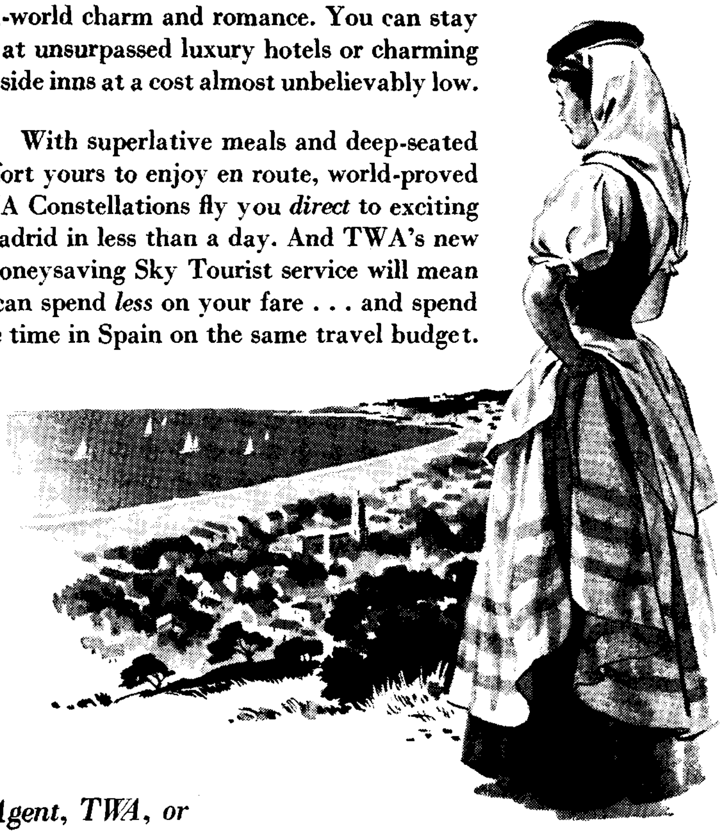

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A SOUTH AFRICAN CHILDHOOD

ALLUSIONS IN A LANDSCAPE

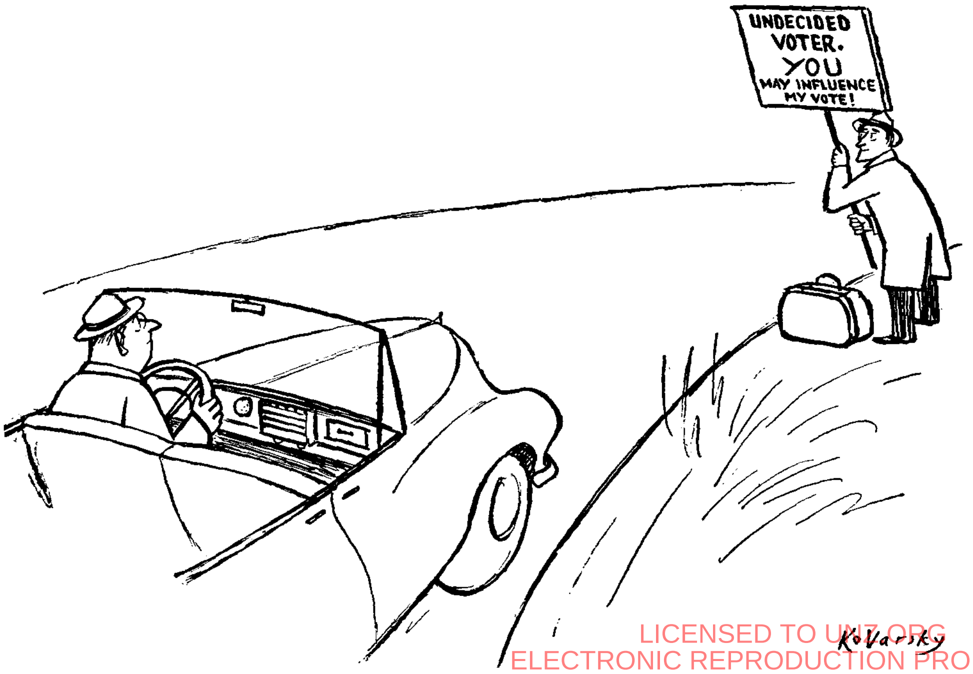
GROWING up in one part of a vast young country can be very different from growing up in another, and in South Africa this difference is not only a matter of geography. The division of the people into two great races—black and white—and the subdivision of the white into Afrikaans- and English-speaking groups provide a diversity of cultural heritage that can make two South African children seem almost as strange to each other as if they had come from different countries. The fact that their parents, if they are English-speaking, frequently have come from different countries complicates their backgrounds still further. My father came to South Africa from a village in Russia; my mother was born and grew up in London. I remember, when I was about eight years old, going with my sister and mother and father to spend a long weekend with a cousin of my father's who lived in the Orange Free State. After miles and miles of sienna-red plowed earth, after miles and miles of silk-fringed mealies standing as high as your eyes on either side of the road and ugly farmhouses where women in bunchy cotton dresses and sunbonnets stared after the car as we passed (years later, when I saw "Oklahoma!" in a Johannesburg theatre, I recalled that scene), we reached the dorp where the cousin lived, in a small white house with sides that were dust-stained in a wavering wash, like rust, for more than a foot above the ground. There we two little girls slept on beds of a smothering softness we had never felt before—feather beds brought from Eastern Europe—and drank tea drawn from a charming contraption, a samovar. There—to our and our mother's horror—we were given smoked duck, flavored with garlic, at breakfast. The two children of the house spoke only Afrikaans, like the Boer children who played in the yards of the mean little houses on either side, and my sister and I, queasy from the strange food and able to speak only English, watched their games with a mixture of hostility and wistfulness.

How different it all was from our visit to our mother's sister, in Natal! There, with the "English" side of the family, in the green, softly contoured hills and the gentle meadows of sweet grass near Balgowan, we might almost have been in England itself. There our cousins Roy and Humphrey rode like young lords about their father's beautiful farm, and spoke the high, polite, "pure" English learned in expensive Natal private schools that were staffed with masters imported from English universities. And how different were both visits from our life in one of the gold-mining towns of the Witwatersrand, near Johannesburg, in the Transvaal.

THERE are nine of these towns, spread over a distance of roughly a hundred and forty miles east and west of Johannesburg. The one in which we lived was on the east side—the East Rand, it is called—and it had many distinctions, as distinctions are measured in that part of the world. First of all, it was one of the oldest towns, having got itself a gold strike, a general store, a few tents, and a name before 1890. In the pioneer days, my father had set himself up in a small, one-man business as a watchmaker and jeweller, and during the twenties and thirties, when the town became the most rapidly expanding on the Witwatersrand, he continued to live there with his family. In the richest gold-mining area in the world, it became the richest square mile or so. All around us, the shafts went down and the gold came up; our horizon was an Egyptian-looking frieze of man-made hills of cyanide sand, called "dumps," because that is what they are—great mounds of waste matter dumped on the surface of the earth after the gold-bearing ore has been blasted below, hauled up, and pounded and washed into yielding its treasure. In the dusty month before spring—in August, that is—the sand from the dumps blew under the tightly shut doors of every house in the town and enveloped the heads of the dumps themselves in a swirling haze, lending them some of the dignity of cloud-capped mountains. It is characteristic of the Witwatersrand that any feature of the landscape that strikes the eye always does so because it is a reminder of something else; considered on its own merits, the landscape is utterly without interest—flat, dry, and barren.

In our part of the East Rand, the yellowish-white pattern of the cyanide dumps was broken here and there by the head of a black hill rising out of the veld. These hills were man-made, too, but they did not have the geometrical, pyramidal rigidity of the cyanide dumps, and they were so old that enough real earth had blown on to them to hold a growth of sparse grass and perhaps even a sinewy peppercorn or peach tree, sprung up, no doubt, out of garden refuse abandoned there by somebody from the nearby town. These hills were also dumps, but through their scanty natural covering a blackness clearly showed—even a little blueness, the way black hair shines—for they were coal dumps, made of coal dust.

The coal dumps assumed, both because of their appearance and because of the stories and warnings we heard about them, something of a diabolical nature. In our sedate little colonial tribe,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be our Evil Mountain; I use the singular here because when I think of these dumps, I think of one in particular—the biggest one, the one that stood fifty yards beyond the last row of houses in the town where we lived. I remember it especially well because on the other side of it, hidden by it, was the local nursing home, where, when my sister and I were young and the town was small, all the mothers went to have their babies and all the children went to have their tonsillectomies—where, in fact, almost everyone was born, endured an illness, or died. Our mother had several long stays in the place, over a period of two or three years, and during these stays our grandmother took us on a daily visit across the veld to see her. Immediately lunch was over, she would spend an hour dressing us, and then, brushed and beribboned and curled, we would set off. We took a path that skirted the coal dump, and there it was at our side most of the way—a dirty, scarred old mountain, collapsing into the fold of a small ravine here, supporting a twisted peach tree there, and showing bald and black through patchy grass. A fence consisting of two threads of barbed wire looped at intervals through low rusted-iron poles, which once had surrounded it completely, now remained only in places, conveying the idea of a taboo rather than providing an effectual means of isolation. The whole coal dump looked dead, forsaken, and harmless enough, but my sister and I walked softly and looked at it out of the corners of our eyes, half fascinated, half afraid, because we knew it was something else—inert. Not dead by any means, but inert. For we had *seen*. Coming back from the nursing home in the early-winter dusk, we had seen the strange glow in the bald patches the grass did not cover, and in the runnels made by the erosion of summer wind and rain we had seen the hot blue waver of flame. The coal dump was alive. Like a beast of prey, it woke to life in the dark.

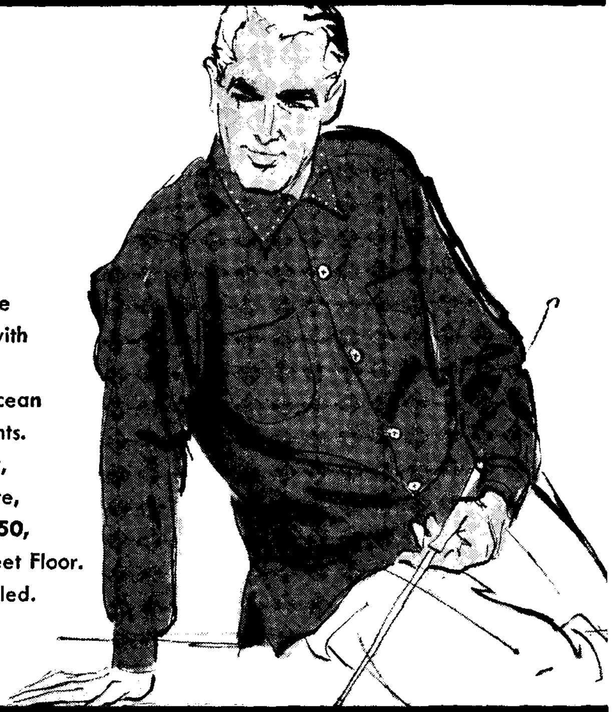
The matter-of-fact truth was that these coal dumps, relics of the pre-gold-strike era when collieries operated in the district, were burning. Along with the abandoned mine workings underground, they had caught fire at some time or other in their years of disuse, and had continued to burn, night and day, ever since. Neither rain nor time could put the fires out, and in some places, even on the coldest winter days, we would be surprised to feel the veld warm through the soles of our shoes and if we cut out a clod, faintly steaming. That dump on the outskirts of the town where we lived is still burning today. I have asked people who have studied such things how long it may be expected to go on burning before it consumes itself. Nobody seems to know; it shares with the idea of Hades its heat and vague eternity.

But perhaps its fierce heart is being subdued gradually. Apparently, no one can even remember, these days, the nasty incidents connected with the dump, incidents that were fresh in memory during our childhood. Perhaps there is no need for anyone to remember, for the town now has more vicarious and less dangerous excitements to offer children than the thrill of running quickly across a pile of black dust that may at any moment cave in and plunge the adventurer into a bed of incandescent coals. In our time, we knew a girl to whom this had happened, and our mother remembered a small boy who had disappeared entirely under a sudden landslide of terrible glowing heat. Not even his bones had been recovered, but the girl we knew survived to become a kind of curiosity about the town. She had been playing on the dump with her friends, and all at once had found herself sunk thigh-deep in living coals and hot ashes. Her friends had managed to pull her out of this fiery quicksand, but she was horribly burned. When we saw her in the street, we used to be unable to keep our eyes from the tight-puckered skin of her calves, and the still tighter skin of her hands, which drew up her fingers like claws. Despite, or because of, these awful warnings, my sister and I longed to run quickly across the lower slopes of the dump for ourselves, and several times managed to elude surveillance long enough to do so. And once, in the unbearable terror and bliss of excitement, we clutched each other on the veld below while, legs pumping wildly, our cousin Roy, come from Natal to spend the holidays with us, rode a bicycle right to the top of the dump and down the other side, triumphant and unharmed.

In the part of South Africa where we lived, we had not only fire under our feet; we had, too, a complication of tunnels as intricate as one of those delicate chunks of worm cast you find on the seashore. All the towns along the Witwatersrand, and the older parts of Johannesburg itself, are undermined. Living there, you think about it as little as you think about the fact that, whatever your work and whatever your life, your reason for performing it where you do and living it where you do is the existence of the gold mines. Yet you are never allowed to forget entirely that the ground is not solid beneath you. In Johannesburg, sitting eight or ten stories up, in the office of your stockbroker or in your dentist's waiting room, you feel the strong shudder of an earth tremor; the vase of flowers skids toward the magazines on the table, the gossip of the ticker-tape machine is drowned. These tremors, never strong enough to do any serious damage, are commonplace. By ascribing them to the fact that the Witwatersrand is extensively undermined, I am inadvertently taking sides in a long, discreet controversy between the seismologists and the Chamber of Mines. The seismologists say that the tremors are not, geologically speaking, earth tremors at all but are caused by rocks falling from the ceilings of either working or abandoned mines. The Chamber of Mines insists that they are natural and not man-caused phenomena. And jerry-builders take advantage of the dispute, greeting the evidence of cracked walls in houses with a shrug of the shoulders that lets the responsibility fall on God or the Chamber of Mines, take your choice.

OUR life in the mining town, in one of the ugliest parts of a generally beautiful continent, was narrow and neighborly—a way of life that, while it commonly produces a violent reaction of rebelliousness in adolescence, suits young children very well. The town had sprung into existence because of the mines, had grown up around the mines. The shopkeepers had come—first with their tents, then with their shanties, and, at last, with their corner sites and neon signs—to fill and profit from the miners' needs. At the start, the miners wanted only the necessities of life—stoves and workmen's clothing and meat. Soon they wanted everything—cinemas and shiny wooden cocktail cabinets and tinned asparagus. My father's little business was a good example of how trade grew into the full feather of provincial luxury from scrawny beginnings in utility. When he arrived in the town, just before the Boer War, he used to tramp from mine to mine carrying a cardboard suitcase full of pocket watches. The watches sold for less than a dollar each. They ticked as loudly as the crocodile who pursues Captain Hook in "Peter Pan," and they were as strong as they sounded. They were a necessity for the mine-workers, who found

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE MEN'S SHOPS



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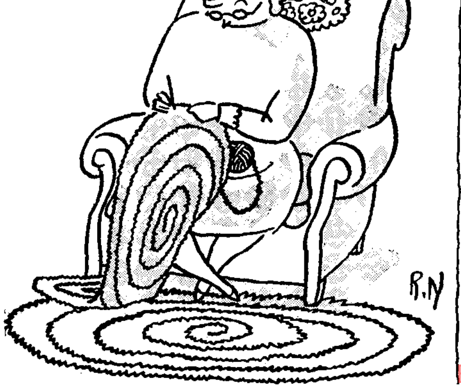
watches became rusted and ruined in no time by the damp and heat underground. So my father, a tiny, dapper, small-featured youth with feet no bigger than a woman's, made his living by selling watches to, and repairing watches for, the great, hefty Afrikaners and the tough Scots and Irishmen who produced gold. He had a little wood-and-iron cottage, where he lived with a black retriever named Springbok, two German roller canaries, and his watchmaker's worktable.

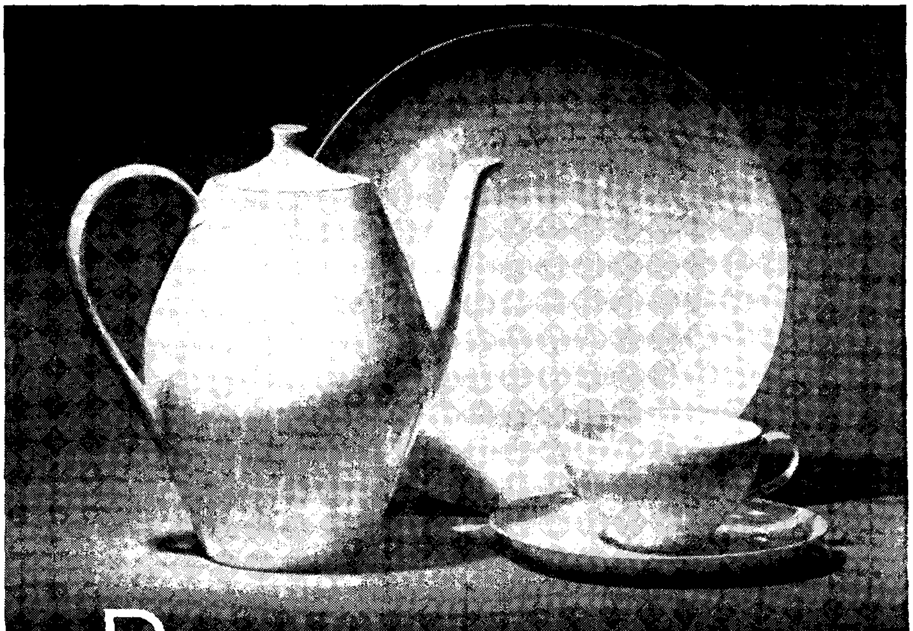
By the time my father married my mother, he was living in the newly built local hotel, owned a horse and trap, and had rented a glass-fronted shop, where he sold diamond engagement rings. By the time my sister and I were old enough to notice such things, his shop had showcases full of silver sports cups, walnut mantel clocks, stainless-steel cutlery, and costume jewelry from America and Czechoslovakia. A stone-deaf relative had been imported from Leningrad to do the watch repairing; he sat behind an engraved glass partition, out of sight of the customers, who were now townspeople—the families of other shopkeepers, municipal officials, civil servants—as well as white workers from the mines. The white miners wore the new Swiss water-and-shock-proof watches. The only potential customers for cheap pocket watches were now the tribal Africans—migrant laborers who were employed to do all the really hard work in the mines—and these bewildered, primitive men, still wearing earrings and dressed in ochre-dyed blankets, mostly made their purchases at government-concession stores on mine property and did not venture into a jeweller's shop in the town.

The mine people and the townspeople did not by any means constitute a homogeneous population; they remained two well-defined groups. Socially, the mine people undoubtedly had the edge on the people of the town. Their social hierarchy had been set up first, and was the more rigid and powerful. There was a general manager before there was a mayor. But even when the town did create civic dignitaries for itself, even when we did get a country club, there were those among us who neither knew nor cared about the social scaffolding that was going up around them, whereas at each mine the G.M. was not only the leader of society but also the boss, and if one did not revere him as the first, one had to respect him as the second. The dignitaries on both sides—the G.M.s and their officials from the mines, and the city fathers, the presidents of clubs in the town, and so on—invited each other to dinners and receptions, and the teams of the sports clubs of mine and town competed with each other, but there was little mixing on the more intimate levels of sociability. The mine officials and their wives and families lived on "the property;" that is, the area of ground, sometimes very large, that belonged to each mine and that included, in addition to the shaft heads and the mine offices and the hospital, a sports ground, a swimming pool, a recreation club, and the houses of the officials—all built by the mine. The G.M. lived in the largest house, usually a spacious and very pleasant one, situated in a garden so big that one might almost have called it a park. The garden was kept in full bloom all year around, right through the sharp, dry Transvaal winter, by African labor diverted from the mines, and the liquor stock indoors was ample and lavishly dispensed. The assistant manager's house was smaller, but decent enough; then came the underground manager's, and then the compound manager's (he was in charge of the four-sided barracks, with all its windows opening on a courtyard and only one gateway, always guarded, to the world without, in which the African laborers were fed and housed in celibacy, having left their families in distant kraals), and then the mine secretary's, and so on down the salary and social scale, the houses getting smaller, the gardens getting less elaborate. Most of the mine families lived only a few miles out from the town, but their self-sufficiency surrounded them like a moat. Their offspring could go from the cradle to the grave without having anything to do with the town other than attending its high school, placing weekly orders with the butcher and the grocer, and paying three visits to church—one for christening, one for marrying, one for burying.

We, of course, were town people. All my childhood, we lived in the little house, in one of the town's earliest suburbs, that my parents had bought before I was born. Other people moved to the newer suburbs of flat-roofed villas, pseudo-Tudor houses, and, later, houses inspired by American magazines, with picture windows looking out on the bare veld. But we stayed. Ours was a bungalow-type house with two bow windows and a corrugated-iron roof, like almost all the other houses that were built in the Witwatersrand gold-mining towns during the twenties and early thirties. It stood in a small garden, one of several similar houses on a street along whose sidewalk grew leathery-leaved trees, which in summer put out bunches of creamy, bell-shaped flowers. When my sister and I were little, we used to fit these flowers over our fingertips, like tiny hats; when we were old enough to own bicycles, we would ride up and down beneath the trees, feeling rather than hearing the swish of their leaves above our heads. The trees were kept clipped in the shape of bullets, in order that they might not interfere with the telephone wires, and so were not beautiful. There was, in fact, no beauty in the whole town. We children simply took it for granted that beauty—hills, trees, buildings of elegance—was not a thing to be expected of ordinary, everyday life.

The town had already grown up and hardened, as it were, into permanent shape before its leaders became sophisticated enough to consider orthodox municipal planning, and so, although it kept expanding in all directions, it remained essentially a one-street affair. As is so often true in such cases, that street was too narrow, and the land on either side of it was too valuable to make widening feasible. The street had the authentic jostle and bustle of a thriving business center, and we children loved to walk "downtown" on Saturday mornings with our mother. This was as much a social as a shopping expedition. During our early years, the only places of refreshment in the town were two or three hotel bars (in South Africa, closed to women anyway) and the Greek "cafés," where black-haired Minos or Mavrodatos sold cigarettes, sweets, polony, and fruit, and where one could sit at a table with a flyblown cloth and be served terribly weak tea or coffee adulterated with chicory. But by the middle thirties there were one or two genteel teashops, where the local women met for midmorning refreshment, and the Greeks had installed

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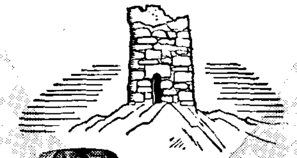

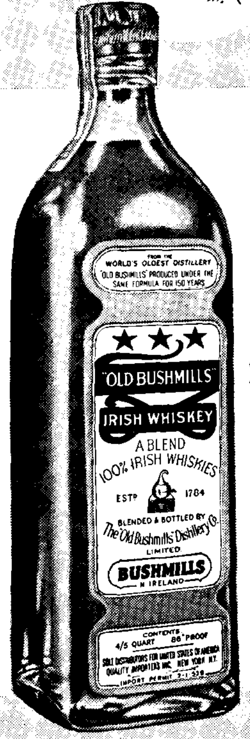

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shiny soda fountains, which we children used to patronize heavily after Saturday matinées at the local cinema.

Most of the shops were family businesses, but with prosperity came Woolworth's—from whose gramophone-record counter dated jazz swung out into the main street—and branches of various big department stores in Johannesburg. The owners of the family businesses became the city fathers, and their families became the "old families" of the town. We were one of these "old families" and were known to everyone in the town and even at the mines—there by sight rather than by association. My father took no part in civic affairs and remained what he had always been, a simple man and a shopkeeper, but my mother, a woman of considerable energy and not much scope, served on endless committees. Some years, she was president of several organizations at once, with a secretaryship or two thrown in as well. She baked cakes and she prepared reports; she was honorary cashier at charity concerts, and she taught first aid to children. Her position was a curious one. Unlike most of the other women, she did not confine herself to the particular section of the community to which she belonged. The fact was that she didn't *seem to belong to any particular section.* Although my father kept up some sort of token allegiance to the Jewish community, contributing to the upkeep of the ugly little synagogue and even going to pray there once a year, on the Day of Atonement, my mother did not fit in very well with the ladies of the congregation. She got on much better with the Scots ladies of the town, and I remember her working (or, rather, baking) like a beaver for the annual cake-and-sweet sale in aid of the Presbyterian Church.

Our life was very much our mother's life, and so our pleasures, into which we plunged with gusto, knowing no others, were charity bazaars, the local eisteddfods that were held in the town hall by members of the Welsh community, and dancing displays by the pupils of local teachers (my sister and I were often performers), along with—staple stimulation for the entire population—the cinema. In summer, we went to the municipal swimming bath. Walks or rambles about the outskirts of the town were unknown to us, except for those furtive excursions in the direction of the burning dump. There was nothing to see beyond the limits of the suburbs but "the location"—an urban slum industrial workers

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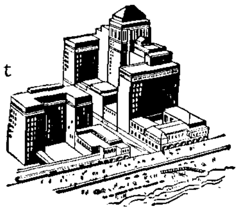

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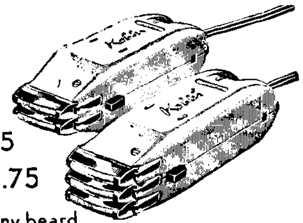

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and servants were huddled in segregation from their white employers—and a dammed-up pond, created by waste water pumped from one of the mines, in which a yellow cyanide dump was reflected, its image broken by bulrushes and the occasional passage of a small wild duck.

There were junior and senior state schools in the town, where education for white children was free, but my sister and I were sent as day scholars to the local convent; the Dominican nuns had come, like everything else, with the town's prosperity. Many of the townspeople, torn between the businessman's natural suspicion of getting something for nothing and the fear that their children would be converted to Catholicism (the town was largely Protestant), resolved the issue by sending their children to neither the state school nor the convent but to boarding school in Johannesburg. My mother, a fearless nomad when it came to social and religious barriers, had no such misgivings. My sister and I spent our school life at the convent, and were taught English by a bun-faced nun with a thick German accent. At school, I showed some of my mother's bland disregard for the sheeplike group consciousness of the town, and struck up a long and close friendship with the daughter of an official at one of the oldest and most important mines. So it was that I came to cross the tacit divide between the mines and the town, and to know the habitat, domestic life, and protocol of "the mine people."

LIKE middle-class children everywhere who live within reasonable reach of an ocean, we were taken to the sea every year. The hot months of December and January are the popular season for family holidays in South Africa, the Indian Ocean is the nearest ocean for Transvaalers, and Durban—four hundred miles from Johannesburg—is the nearest city on the Indian Ocean coast. So almost every summer we spent our three weeks in Durban or in a village on the South Coast, not far from Durban. We could, of course, have gone to Lourenço Marques, the gay little port in Portuguese territory, which is about the same distance from Johannesburg, but we never did, because that was a place to which grown-ups went without their children (and preferably without their wives or husbands) and only in the winter season of July and August. When we were very small, we adored Durban, where we stayed in one of the solid, cool, high-ceilinged hotels along the Marine Pa-

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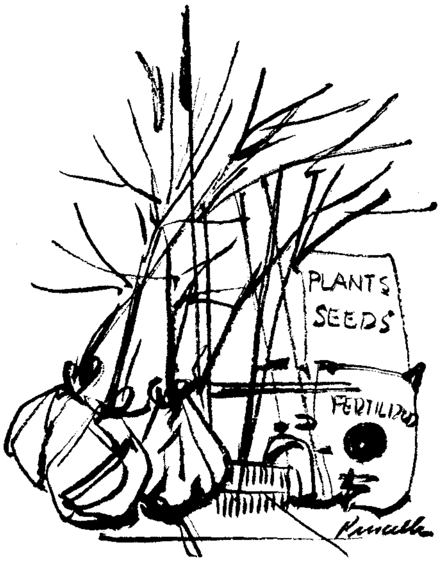
rade and, leaning out of the steamy bathroom in the evening, after we had been sent off to bed, could see the colored lights strung like beads on an abacus from lamppost to lamppost along the sea front while the trams thundered past, and a strange fading and rising cry—a mingling of laughter, squeals, and juke-box and hurdy-gurdy music—rose, between the roaring advance and hissing retreat of the sea, from the amusement park.

When we grew a little older and entered that dreamy, remote, soulful state that comes sometimes in early adolescence, we found the crowded beach, the sand lumpy with popcorn, and the vulgarly lit sea front, where all the wires and cables of an electrically contrived fairyland showed on the lampposts in the light of day, utterly abhorrent. Nothing would have persuaded us to enter the amusement park, from which wonderful Teddy bears and even a felt Mickey Mouse had once come, won by our mother by dint of Heaven knows how many tickets at the sideshows, and placed at the foot of our beds for discovery in the morning. Nothing would have bored us more than the slow, chugging trips around the bay on a pleasure launch named the Sarie Marais, which only a few years back had had all the solemn thrill of departure for a new continent. And most of all we revolted against the nagging of the Indian venders on the beach, with their "Mangoes? Litchis? Banana? Very nice p-ruit? Grandailla parfait? Ice cream?" Gesture one angrily away, and another, sweating, scowling, barefooted on the burning sand but dressed from head to foot in white drill embroidered with some unlikely name—Joe's Place, or the Top Hat—came at you like a persistent bluebottle. You must want *something.* "No, no, no, no!" my sister would shout in rage, and the vender would stare at her, waiting for her to change her mind.

What we wanted at this stage in our lives, and what we usually got, since, like many parents, ours acquired the tastes of their children, being formed rather than forming, was a holiday at a South Coast village beyond the reach of even the little single-track railway. In this village, the hotel was a collection of thatch-roofed rondavels, the water was free of refuse, and the beach—ah, the beach lay gleaming, silent, mile after mile, looping over flower-strewn rocks; there were, indeed, many beaches, and always one where for the whole day there would be no footprints in the sand but my sister's and

suppose, a paradise of sorts. In front of the little hotel was the warm, bright sea, and, curving around behind it, hill after hill covered with the improbable green sheen of sugar cane, which, moving in the breeze, softened every contour like some rich pile, or like that heavy bloom of pollen which makes hazy the inner convolutions of certain flowers. Streams oozed down from the hills and could be discovered by the ear only, since they were completely covered by low, umbrella-shaped trees (these are seen to better advantage on the hills around Durban, where their peculiarly Japanese beauty is unobstructed by undergrowth), latticed and knitted and strung together by a cat's cradle of lianas and creepers. My sister and I would push and slither our way into these dim, secret places, glimpsing, for the instant in which we leaned over, the greenish, startling image of our faces in water that endlessly reflected back to the ferns the Narcissus image of their own fronds.

More cheerfully, in the bush along the road we would sometimes hear that incredibly lighthearted, gossipy chatter which means that monkeys are about. The little Natal coast monkeys are charming creatures, in appearance exactly the sort of monkey toy manufacturers choose; in fact, they are just what one would wish a monkey to be. They bound about in the treetops, nonchalant and excitable at the same time, and unless they are half tame, as they have become around some of the roadhouses on the outskirts of Durban, they move off almost too quickly to be clearly seen; you find yourself left standing and gazing at the branches as they swing back into place and listening to the gaiety as it passes out of hearing, and the whole thing has the feeling of a party to which you have not been in-



vited. If the monkeys, like distant relatives who wish to make it clear that there is *no* connection, ignored us, there were creatures who, because their movements were attuned to some other age of slime or rock, could not escape us. On the trailing plants near the rocks, sleepy chameleons stalked shakily, or clung swaying, their eyes closed and their claws, so like minute, cold human hands, holding on for dear life. If they saw you coming for them, they would go off nervously, high-stepping across the sand, but with a kind of hopelessness, as if they knew that all you had to do was lean over and pick them up. And then, unable to bite, scratch, sting, or even to make any protest other than to hiss faintly and hoarsely, they wrapped their little cold hands around your finger like a tired child and went as pale as they could—a lightly spotted creamy beige that was apparently their idea of approximating the color of human skin. My sister was particularly fond of these resigned and melancholy creatures. Twice we took one home to the Transvaal with us on the train, and twice we watched and wept in anguish when, after two or three happy months on the house plant in my mother's living room, the poor thing lost first his ability to change color, fading instead to a more ghostly pallor each day, and then, literally, his grip, so that he kept falling to the floor. The Transvaal winter, even indoors, was too much for chameleons.

In the heavy green water of the lagoon at the South Coast village where we used to stay, there appeared to be no life at all, though some people said that under the rocks at the bottom there were giant crabs. When the weather was bad for a few days, and the combination of the sea's rising and the lagoon's flooding washed away the sandbanks between the lagoon and the sea, the dark river water in the lagoon poured in a deep channel down into the waves, and the waves mounted the river water, frothing over the swirl. Decaying palm leaves, the rotten ropes of broken lianas, and fallen vegetable-ivory fruit, as hard and round as cricket balls, were washed out of the stagnant bed of the lagoon and brushed you weirdly while you swam in the sea. Once, late one afternoon, my mother and I were lying on the sand watching a solitary swimmer who evidently did not mind the dirty sea. Suddenly we saw the rhythmic flaying of his arms against the water violently interrupted, and then he heaved clear up into the air, gripping or in the grip of a black shape as big a

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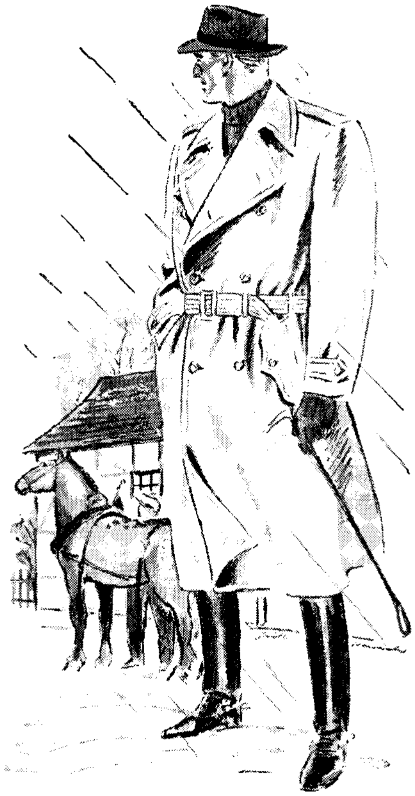
he was. My mother was convinced that he had been attacked by a shark, and went stumbling and flying over the sand to get help from the hotel. I went, with that instinct to seek human solidarity in the face of any sort of danger toward humankind, to stand with some excited children who had been playing with toy boats at the water's edge. I was four or five years older than the eldest of them, and I kept holding them back from the water with the barrier of my outspread arms, like a policeman at a parade. What danger I thought there could be in two or three inches of water I cannot imagine, but the idea that there was a monster in the vicinity seemed to make even the touch of the water's edge a touch of menace.

In minutes, the whole village was on the beach, and out there, but coming nearer with every wave, were the swimmer and the dark shape, now together, now apart, now lost, now discovered again. As the lifesaving rope was unreeled and the volunteer lifesavers plunged into the sea, supposition was shrill, but hastily silenced at the occasional cry of "Look, there he is!" There was a feeling of special horror, oddly, because it was obvious that the creature was not a shark; with a shark, one knew exactly what it was one had to be afraid of. And then the cry went up: "It's a crocodile! It's a crocodile!" Even the lifesavers heard it, and looked back toward the shore, confused. Before they could get to the swimmer, he was in water shallow enough for him to stand, and we could see him very clearly, his face grim and wild with water and effort, his hands locked around the long snout of a big reptile, which seemed to gather up the rest of its body in an attempt to kick him, rather than to thrash at him with its tail, as crocodiles are said to do. "A crocodile!" the cry went up again. "Enormous!" Men rushed into the shallow water with pocketknives and weapons of driftwood. Yet the man staggered up onto the beach with his monster alone. He was a short, stocky man, and it was true that the thing was as big as he was. It seemed stunned, and he kept hitting it across the snout with his fist, as if to say, "That will show you!" Amid the screams and the squeals, and the confusion of lifesavers, rope, brandished driftwood, and Boy Scout knives, he beat it to death himself; it was plain that, exhausted though he was, he wanted the privilege of being the conqueror. Then he sat on the sand, sniffing deeply, his chest heaving, a flask of brandy trembling in his hand. I remember so well how he said, in an incredulous, rasping voice, "Crocodile that size could've torn one of those kids in half."

The man was a great hero for half an hour. Then an old retired major who had lived in the district for many years and was a botanist and naturalist came over the sand, leaning on his little cane, and prodded at the monster lying there disfigured by blows and sand. "Leguan," the major said. "Old leguan. Poor old lizard wouldn't harm a fly. Must've been trying to get back to the lagoon." The major was quite right. The beast was not a crocodile but one of those giant lizards, the leguans, that are still fairly common all over South Africa but are careful to keep out of the way of man—as timid and, indeed, except for their frightening size and resemblance to the crocodile family, as defenseless as the chameleon. He would not have bitten the swimmer, and he was too stupid and clumsy even to use his weight to defend himself. The man had done battle with the most reluctant of dragons. So, with the wiliness of human beings, who hate to admit that they have been taken in and must turn their gullibility to advantage somehow, the people in the village and at the hotel were quick to make a kind of joke of the swimmer; where before his words "Could've torn one of those kids in half" had made him seem the savior of their children, now they saw something absurd in the dramatic way he had struggled to bring the creature in instead of making for the shore and his own safety. He went about the hotel for the rest of his holiday very much alone, and a little sullen perhaps.

BY the time my sister and I were in our middle teens, we had lost our taste for solitude and the gentle wilderness. Our childhood love of Durban returned—for different reasons, of course—and I think that then we came to love the place for what it really is: in many ways a fascinating city, even if rather dull and smug intellectually. One of our chief delights at this time was our discovery of the Indian quarter of the town, and the Indian market. We enjoyed turning away from the pseudo-American and neo-Tudor architecture of the shopping center and wandering down wide Grey Street, where the shops were small and crowded together and the balconies picked out in gaudy curlicues, and here and there a silver minaret or cupola shone. Among the more conventional stores, which sold men's outfittings in fierce competition,



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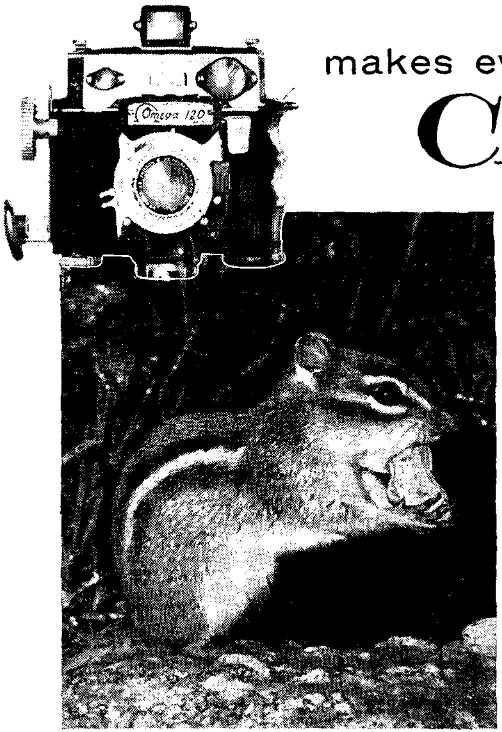
were shops full of gauzy, tinselled lengths for saris, and Indian jewellers whose crammed windows seemed almost to tinkle with rows and rows of long gold earrings, and pendants strung upon thread. Those shops that were especially designed to entice European visitors like ourselves burned incense. Their dry, sweet odor was pleasant after the hot street, where splashes of chewed betel nut looked like blood on the pavement. In the Indian market there were piles of sweetmeats colored violent pink and putrescent yellow, which smelled as revolting as they looked. We would return from these small expeditions with a particular type of sandal, thonged over the big toe, or a pair of earrings that looked as if they had been stamped out of thin gold tinfoil and that hung from the lobe to the shoulder. The sandals were called, if I remember rightly, *chappals*, and I know they were imported from India, but I do not remember ever seeing an Indian woman in Durban wear them. The earrings, without the folds of a sari to back them up, looked cheap and foolish in Western ears.

LIKE most South Africans, once I had been to Cape Town I wondered how I had ever thought Durban beautiful. Before I was quite grown up, I went alone with my father to Cape Town and we took a cable car to the top of Table Mountain. We stood there, on a clear, calm, perfect day, and, truly, for a little girl, that was a god's-eye look at the world. On such a day, you can see the whole Cape Peninsula, from Fishhoek on the one side, right around the ribs of mountain rising out of the sea, to Camps Bay on the other side. Some people even claim that you are looking at two oceans—the Atlantic on one side and the Indian on the other. But that is in dispute, for it is difficult to say where one ocean begins and the other ends. Anyway, the vast waters that lie before you are enough for two oceans. No peacock's tail ever showed such blues and greens as the seas do from that height; all the gradations of depth are miraculously revealed, and, looking far, far down, where the color crinkles and breaks into white near the shore, you see pale translucent areas in which the rocks show as boldly as if you were looking through the glass bottom of a boat directly above them.

It is something splendid, an almost superhuman experience, to see the tip of a continent, alive, at your feet. I know that I stumbled back to the cable station that day smiling constantly at



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my father but with the feeling of tears behind my eyes, in a confused state of exaltation that made it impossible for me to speak, and because I was so young, I immediately lost my exaltation in anger when I saw that many people who had come up with us on the cable car had been spending their half hour before the cable took us all down again writing postcards that would bear the postmark "Table Mountain." These absorbed visitors scarcely glanced out of the windows at what they had come to see.

FOR some reason, our family did not visit the Kruger National Park until I was sixteen and in my last year at high school. Just how unusual this abstinence is is difficult to explain to anyone who is not South African. For whatever else the South African in general, and the Transvaaler in particular, may or may not do for his family, he will manage somehow to get them to Kruger Park, the great wildlife preserve in the Transvaal. If he has no car, he will borrow one, and if he cannot do this, he will persuade a friend that two families can travel as uncomfortably as one, and beg a lift. The Park opens at the beginning of winter, in late April or early May, and by dawn on the opening day, cars and trucks loaded with camping equipment and tinned food are lined up in mile-long queues outside the various camps that serve as points of entry to the preserve.

I had heard so many tales and seen so many home movies about the Kruger Park ("My dear, and then the lioness walked right up to the car and sniffed the tires!") that I almost dreaded going. I regarded listlessly the prospect of overcrowded camps, *boerewors* (a coarse, highly seasoned sausage held in sentimental regard by both Afrikaans- and English-speaking South Africans) cooked over an open fire, and long processions of cars crawling along the dusty roads in the stern rivalry of who would sight the most lions soonest. But when we went, it was very different from that. We went in October, during the last few days before the park closes for the summer rains and the calm that is granted the beasts for their breeding season. We stayed at a camp with a beautiful name—Shingwedsi—and we had the shade of its trees and the red blossoms of the cacti almost to ourselves. The peace of the bushveld was scarcely disturbed by the few cars on the roads.

The rainy season was a month off, but the first night we were at Shing-

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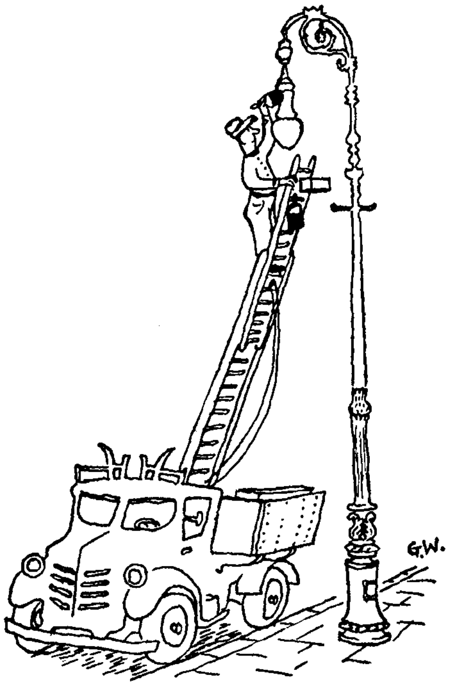
wedsi the fantastic roar of a freak storm woke us at midnight and flooded the camp, marooning us for nearly twenty-four hours. During the next day, while we were shut in by drumming rain, my Uncle Robert, our mother's younger brother, drank beer with and received the confidences of an engineer who lived and worked in the Park all the year round, watching over the boreholes that guarantee the animals' water supply. At that period, I had just begun to read Hemingway, and it seemed to me that for the first time in my life something in fact had measured up to fiction. The engineer was just such a man as poor Francis Macomber might have chosen as an escort on a hunting trip. (And, on reflection, just such a man as Mrs. Macomber might have wished him to choose.) He had a taciturn, world-weary air, and, in the cozy confinement of the rain, over the beer, he made Robert (since he was only ten years older than I, we girls did not call Robert "uncle") feel that he, Robert, was the first person in years to whom he had been able to talk as he was talking, the first man whose sporting sense and sensitivity matched the engineer's own, a man—at last! at last!—who instinctively would understand the boredom and tameness, for a man of spirit, of life in a sanctuary, with no one to talk to but gaping tourists. In fact, the engineer was one of those people who make others feel chosen. At five in the afternoon, when the rain had stopped, he stood up, flexed his tanned, muscular knees, and said, with a kind of stern, sardonic glee, "This is the time for elephant, if you want elephant. This water'll



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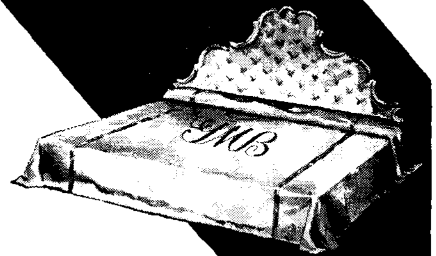

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keep the wardens out of my way for a day or so."

Robert and I were agog, as we were meant to be. While Robert questioned him, unconsciously adopting the engineer's terse manner as he tried to show that he "belonged," I kept close by his side, determined not to be left out of this. The way to see elephants, to get right up close to them and just about feel them breathe on you as you photographed them, said the engineer, was to take a light truck and go after them fast, ignoring the strict twenty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit in force in the preserve, and then, when you sighted them, to get out and stalk them on foot, ignoring the still stricter rule that no visitor may leave his car. Robert and I grinned with excitement. "But you can only do it when those bastards are sitting with their feet in mustard water," said the engineer, referring to the wardens. Well, that was now.

Robert and I slipped away from the rest of the family—I was extremely anxious to have this adventure exclusive of my sister—and in half an hour the engineer had Robert, me, and Robert's movie camera in his truck. While the wild passage of the truck through water and mud shook loose every nerve in our bodies, he told us that what we were going to do was perfectly safe, and then, almost in the same breath, that what we were going to do was terribly dangerous but that we need not worry, for he knew exactly how to do it and get away with it. I wanted to close my eyes with the speed and exhilaration, but the leaps of a herd of impala deer that we had startled into a Nijinsky-like retreat of alarmed grace brought me out of my tense passivity almost as abruptly as the deer had been brought out of theirs. After about twenty minutes, we reached a river bed, and there, with their great columns of legs in the newly flowing water, stood three magnificent elephants.

The shattering life of the truck came to an abrupt halt. The engineer said "There you are!," and sent Robert and me stalking on foot. It seemed as if our hush of intensity had brought home to the engineer his boredom with this sort of adventure; he looked around for a dry boulder where he could sit and smoke his pipe while he waited. The truck was, I suppose, about two hundred yards from the river. When Robert and I were very near indeed to the elephants, and the beetle-wing whir of the camera was sounding, one of the great beasts slowly swung his head erect and [illegible] Then he walked out of the

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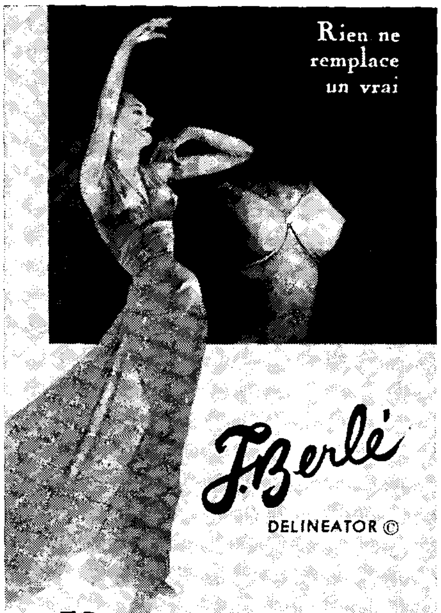

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shallow water, trailing his huge feet like a clumsy child, and advanced to within thirty feet of the camera, Robert, and me. And there the elephant stood, slowly flapping those wide, palmetto-like ears that African elephants have. I don't think he seemed real to us; we thought only of the camera, and saw the elephant as he would loom on the screen rather than as he was, a slack-skinned splendid hulk, standing there before us. Then, all in the same instant, I smelled licorice tobacco and felt myself violently grasped by the arm. The same thing must have happened to Robert, for at once we were jerked furiously around, met the impatient and alarmed face of the engineer, and were running, pushed roughly along by him, for the truck. I suppose it was the beating of my own heart that I thought was the pounding of the elephant coming up behind us.

Driving back to Shingwedsi camp, the engineer grinned fascinatingly—it was difficult to say who was more under the spell of that grin, Robert or I—and remarked, "Those pictures will be quite good enough as it is. You don't want to scare your friends, do you?" And Robert and I laughed, to show that we, too, knew there hadn't really been any danger. It was only next day, when our party had moved on to Pretorius Kop camp to see lions, that I suddenly remembered that the engineer hadn't had to start the truck when we jumped in; he had left the engine running all the time. Some years later, I was told that there is reason to believe that when an elephant flaps his ears, he does it to fan the scent of his enemy more strongly toward his nostrils, in preparation for a charge.

IN a country where people of a color different from your own are neither in the majority nor the ruling class, you may avoid altogether certain complications that might otherwise arise in the formation of your sense of human values. If the Chinese, say, remain a small, exiled community in Chinatown, and the Red Indians are self-contained on their reservation, you can grow up to have a reasonable standard of personal ethics without taking consideration of their presence. The problem of how you would behave toward them if you met them can be almost purely academic; you need not meet them, if you don't wish to. In South Africa, this is not possible. There are people who try it, who arrange their lives for it, but they never succeed, for it cannot be done. Even if you are the most diehard react-

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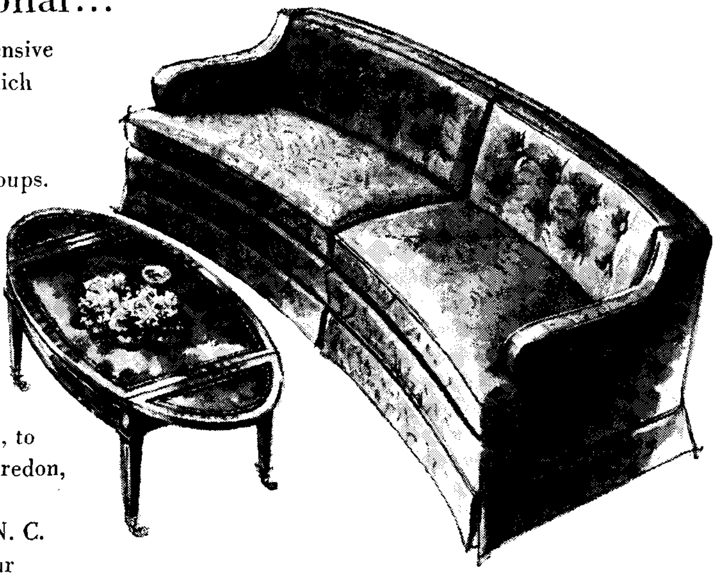

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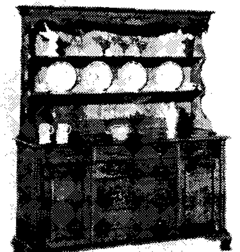

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you cannot get away with it in a country where there are three million white people and nine million black and Colored.

For me, one of the confusing things about growing up in South Africa was the strange shift—every year or two when I was small, and then weekly, daily almost, when I was adolescent—in my consciousness of, and attitude toward, the Africans around me. I became aware of them incredibly slowly, it now seems, as if with some faculty that should naturally, the way the ability to focus and to recognize voices comes to a baby in a matter of weeks after birth, have been part of my human equipment from the beginning. The experience of the warm black bosom of the mammy (in South Africa she would be known as the nanny) has been so sentimentalized that I must say I am glad it is one I missed, though not for the reason that I missed it. The reason was simply that my mother, like many good South African mothers from England and Europe, would not have dreamed of allowing any child of hers to nestle in the bosom of a dirty native girl. (That was exactly the phrase—a phrase of scornful reflection on those mothers who did.) And if, at the age of five or six, it had been suggested to my sister or me that we should go up and give our native servant a hug, we would have shrunk away. We accepted the fact that natives were not as clean as we were in the same way we accepted the fact that our spaniel had fleas. It was not until years later that it occurred to me that if our servants were not so well and frequently bathed as ourselves, the circumstance that no bathroom or shower was provided for them might have had a great deal to do with it. And it was later even than that when the final breaking down of this preconceived notion came about. I was a long time learning, and each stage of enlightenment brought its own impulse of guilt for the ignorance that had gone before.

Our successive attitudes toward the Indians is another example of the disturbing shift in values that is likely to beset any child growing up in South Africa. The Indians are a minority group here, but even before their treatment became an issue at the United Nations, affecting the attitude of the rest of the world toward South Africa, they could not comfortably be ignored, because they belonged to the great mass of the Other Side—the Coloreds. The Indians were imported into the country [illegible] for the Natal sugar-

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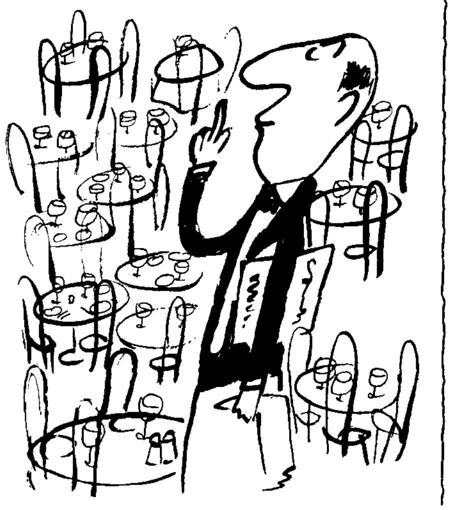
cane fields in the mid-nineteenth century, and now, except for a considerable number of businessmen in Natal, a few traders in nearly every Transvaal town, and the considerable number who are employed in hotels and restaurants, they seem to be occupied chiefly as venders of fruit, vegetables, and flowers. In our East Rand mining town, the Indian traders were concentrated in a huddle of shops in one block, bought by them before the passage of what is known as the Ghetto Act of 1946, which, in effect, bars them from owning or leasing property in any but restricted, non-European areas. These were tailor shops, or they were "bazaars" where cheap goods of all kinds were sold, and they were the object of dislike and enmity on the part of the white shopkeepers. In fact, a woman who was seen coming out of an Indian bazaar with a basket of groceries immediately earned herself a stigma: either she was low-class or, if her husband's position as an official of one of the gold mines put the level of her class beyond question, she must be stingy. "She's so mean she even goes to the Indians' " was the most convincing allegation of miserliness in our town. It was bad enough to be penny-pinching, but to stoop so low as to buy from an Indian trader in order to save!

For some reason I have never understood, it was quite respectable and conventional to buy your fruit and vegetables from the Indians who hawked from door to door with their big red or yellow lorries. Our household, like most others, had its own regular hawker, who called two or three times a week. Whatever a hawker's name (and it was always painted in large, elaborate lettering, a kind of fancy compromise between Indian and English script, on his lorry), he was invariably known as Sammy. He even called himself Sammy, rapping at kitchen doors and announc-



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ing himself by this generic. There was a verse, parodying the hawkers' broken English, that children used to chant around these lorries:

> "Sammy, Sammy, what you got?
> Missus, Missus, apricot."

There were many more verses with the same rhyme scheme, becoming more and more daring in their inclusion of what struck the children as giggle-producing obscenities, such as "chamber pot," and a few genuine old Anglo-Saxon shockers, which they pronounced quite calmly.

If you did not serenade the Indian with rude songs, and your mother was a good buyer and payer, he might hand you down a peach or a bunch of grapes from his lorry, but if you were an urchin without family backing, he would shout and shoo you away, lest your quick hand filch something while his back was turned. It is interesting to me now, too, to remember how yet again the bogy of uncleanliness came up immediately with the gift of the peach from Sammy; my mother, too polite to offend him by saying anything, pronounced such a warning with her eyes that I would not dare put my teeth to that peach until I had taken it inside to be washed. Sammy had "handled" it. Sammy was an Indian. In fact, Sammy was Not White. Heaven knows, I don't suppose the man *was* clean. But why did no one ever explain that the color had nothing to do with cleanliness?

So my sister and I began by thinking of the Indian as dirty, and a pest; the venders whom I have described as annoying us on the beach at Durban were the prototype. Then we thought of him as romantic; our wanderings in the Indian market in Durban were, I suppose, part of a common youthful longing for the exotic. And finally, when we were old enough and clearheaded enough and had read enough to have an abstract, objective notion of man, as well as a lot of jumbled personal emotions about him, the Indian became a person like ourselves.

I suppose it is a pity that as children we did not know what people like to talk of as "the real Africa"—the Africa of proud black warriors and great jungle rivers and enormous silent nights, that anachronism of a country belonging to its own birds and beasts and savages which rouses such nostalgia in the citified, neighbor-jostled heart, and out of which a mystique has been created by writers and film directors. The fact of the matter is that this noble paradise of "the real Africa" is, as far as the Union of South Africa is concerned, an anach-

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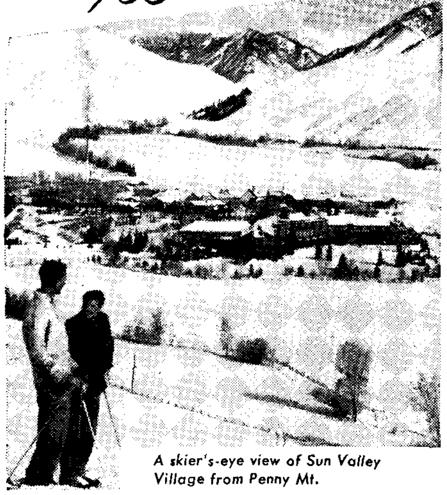

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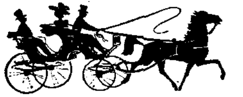

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ronism. Bits of it continue to exist; if you live in Johannesburg, you can still go to the bushveld for solitude or shooting in a few hours. And bits of it have been carefully preserved, with as little of the taint of civilization as is commensurate with the longing of the civilized for comfort, as in the Kruger Park. But the *real* South Africa was then, and is now, to be found in Johannesburg and in the brash, thriving towns of the Witwatersrand. Everything that is happening on the whole emergent continent can be found in microcosm here. Here are the Bantu, in all the stages of an industrial and social revolution—the half-naked primitive, fresh from the kraal, clutching his blanket as he stares gazelle-eyed at the traffic; the detribalized worker, living in a limbo between his discarded tribal mores and the mores of the white man's world; the unhappy black intellectual with no outlet for his talents. And here, too, are the whites, in all the stages of understanding and misunderstanding of this inevitable historical process—some afraid and resentful, some pretending it is not happening, a few trying to help it along less painfully. A sad, confusing part of the world to grow up and live in. And yet exciting.

—NADINE GORDIMER

•

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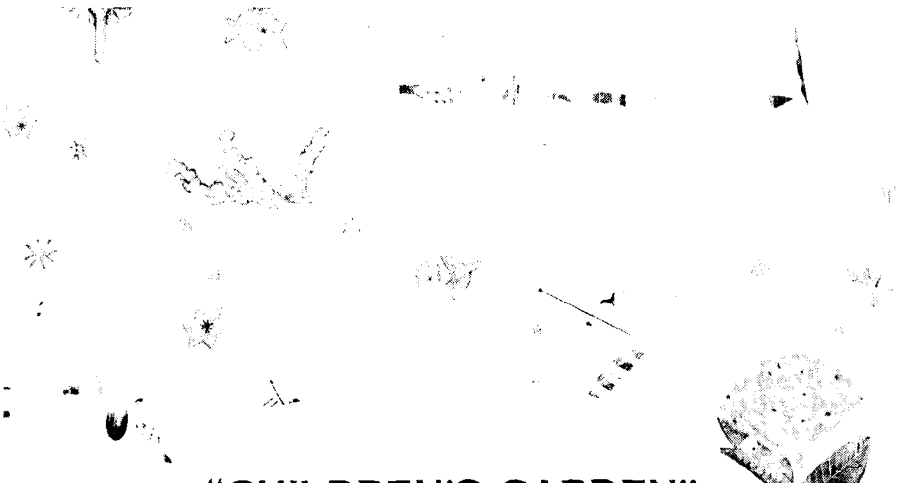
—MAY SARTON



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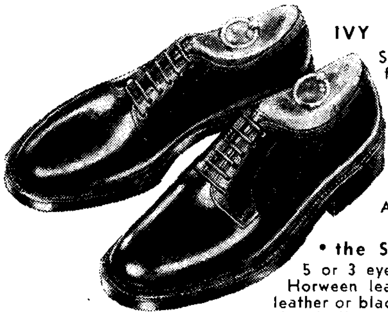

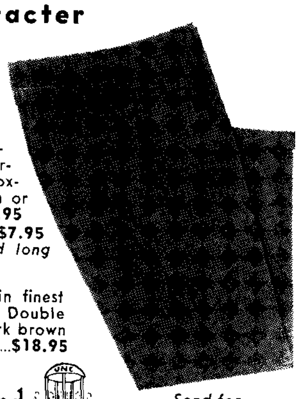

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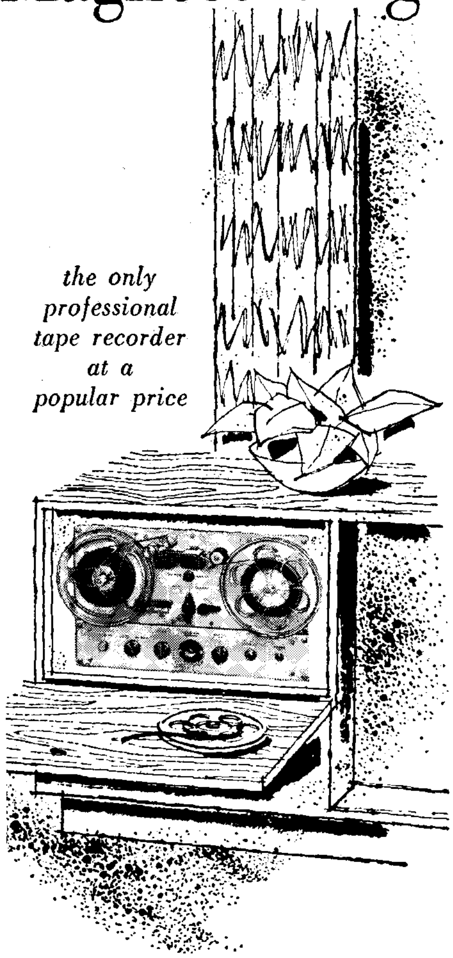

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THE RACE TRACK

Top Colt

IT'S a pleasure to report that Nashua is our best two-year-old, and I'm not saying this just for the fun of tossing off a superlative. Any lingering doubt this old horse coper had about him—and I confess that my faith wavered after his defeat in the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct last month—was dispelled by his performance in the Futurity at Belmont Park last weekend. He won by a head from Summer Tan, with Royal Coinage three-quarters of a length behind and the four other runners, including Georgian, down the course. If you're scrupulous, you'll have to admit that the race broke no records. Native Dancer ran the distance a second and a fifth faster when he won the classic, in 1952; I'm sure that since 1888, when the first Futurity was run, there have been at least a score of closer finishes; the purse, even though its gross value was $112,715, wasn't the largest ever; and the field wasn't the smallest, for in 1939, too, there were only seven starters. Nevertheless, it was as exciting a Futurity as any I remember, and I have the memory of an elephant.

I suppose it was the intensity of the competition that left everybody a little dizzy and breathless after the race. Georgian, who showed such a high turn of early speed in the Futurity trial, again got away the quickest, and led for nearly half a mile down the straight Widener Course. When he cracked, Nashua, Summer Tan, and Royal Coinage, who'd been running almost like a team, took over, and until the last fifty yards or so it looked to be anybody's race. Then Nashua drew away a bit, but in the next few strides Summer Tan made one more gallant effort. Long after Nashua and Summer Tan had passed the winning post, a lot of curmudgeons were still insisting that Summer Tan should have won, and that he would have in two more jumps. (Why do they always say two more jumps?) Frankly, I don't think he'd have won it in two more furlongs, but perhaps I'm prejudiced. I'll give Summer Tan high marks for courage, though; he always makes a good try. By the way, Nashua has beaten Summer Tan three times, and Summer Tan has beaten him once. As for Royal Coinage, he didn't go any better in the Futurity than he did in the trial, and I'm afraid that Georgian is a sprinter. Still, he'll be hard to beat in the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland next week.

In case you haven't seen Nashua in the flesh (you really can't get much of an idea of any horse's conformation from seeing him on television), I'll tell you that he is a strapping big bay, with a bold, almost regal, way of galloping; in my book, he's the handsomest colt of his age. He stands up well under hard training, too. He was so sleek and nonchalant in the paddock at saddling time last Saturday that you'd never have dreamed he had had a gruelling Futurity trial only a week before. I daresay he inherits his commanding presence from his sire, Nasrullah, and his speed from his dam, Segula, whose daddy was Johnstown, as fast a runner as I've ever seen. Anyhow, that's the way the experts on such things figure it. I do know that Nashua has always been the most highly regarded of this season's crop of Belair two-year-olds. In fact, when I looked the lot over at Aqueduct early in March, he was in Stall No. 1 (the star's dressing room, you might call it), which in other years had been occupied by such Belair runners as Gallant Fox, Fighting Fox, Omaha, Johnstown, Granville, and Apache. I'm sorry to say that I forgot about all that until I saw him romping away by lengths from twenty other youngsters at Belmont one afternoon a couple of months later—and he was better than 8–1. Since then he has won five times, finished second twice, and earned $192,865, more prize money than any other two-year-old this season. And, as I think I've said before, if William Woodward, the former chairman of the Jockey Club, hadn't died a year ago, Nashua would have been sent to England, where Mr. Woodward maintained a racing stable. When William Woodward, Jr., took over the establishment, he decided to keep Nashua at home. England's loss was certainly Mr. Fitz's gain.

As I hardly need tell you, Nashua is the first Futurity winner trained by Jim Fitzsimmons—Mr. Fitz to all racetrackers—who, at the age of eighty, is having an extraordinary season. The last time somebody totted it up, the horses in his care had won eighty races this year and collected nearly $800,000. The other afternoon, I ran across Mr. Fitz in the paddock at Belmont and wished him the best of luck in the Futurity. "Nashua's a nice colt," he said, "and I hope I can win with him. At my

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age I'm pretty lucky—any man would *be pretty lucky—to get a colt like that.*" Curiously, Nashua was the only horse he'd ever entered in a Futurity that he didn't saddle personally. (He doesn't actually tighten the girths any more, but he's always on hand to give the riding orders.) It seems that he had a touch of hay fever last weekend, and stayed home and watched the race on television.

I DON'T suppose you'll see a neater example of jockeyship in what remains of the Belmont meeting than Arcaro's on High Gun in the mile-and-a-half Manhattan Handicap last Saturday. Granted that High Gun was the best of the lot, it still was a fairly large order for a three-year-old to give so much weight to seasoned older horses. For example, he gave thirteen pounds to Subahdar, who finished second, and seven pounds to Bicarb, who was third. Arcaro played a waiting game that reminded me of the time he bamboozled his opposition and won the Manhattan on Devil Diver ten years ago. Altogether, last Saturday was one of Arcaro's big days, for he not only rode Nashua *in the Futurity later on that afternoon* but ran away with the seventh race, on Jet Action. He did all right financially, too. His ten-per-cent cuts of the prize money won by Nashua and High Gun amounted to a tidy $11,216, and it's safe to say that he received a nice present for his efforts on Jet Action. No doubt he'll ride High Gun in the Jockey Club Gold Cup this weekend, and no doubt High Gun will win it, for there apparently isn't anything hereabouts that can give him even a good gallop at two miles. Incidentally, I was a bit surprised that High Gun didn't have a go at the Lawrence Realization Stakes instead of the Manhattan last week. It seemed a softer touch. I'm just as glad he didn't. My old pet, Fisherman, who isn't as good as he was this time last year, had little opposition in the Realization, and made the best of it. He paid $3.90.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Congress provided a $5,000,000 special fund last session for enlargement of cultural programs and related activities.

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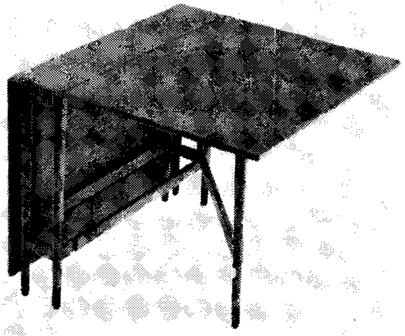

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LETTER FROM SCARBOROUGH

OCTOBER 6

LAST week made history both for England and for Europe. British labor, as represented at the Labour Party's fifty-third annual conference, which met for five days in this pleasant Yorkshire seaside resort, succeeded in swallowing the unpalatable issue of German rearmament, though nearly half the delegates choked on the bite, which may cause trouble later. The leadership, putting up a somewhat rambling emergency resolution that declared for a German arms contribution, with safeguards, got home by a margin of a mere two hundred and forty-eight thousand votes, out of the more than six million cast by proxy at the meeting. Almost three million votes backed the terse Bevanite resolution, put up by the Union of Foundry Workers, which demanded, in language as flexible as an iron bar, the condemnation of all proposals for German rearmament. Aneurin Bevan received an undoubted personal setback at the conference, but his current arguments, it was cautiously noted, were only just defeated. The second, and more momentous, event of the week took place, of course, at the London nine-power conference, when Mr. Eden offered a guaranteed sojourn of British troops on the Continent—an epoch-making innovation in British foreign policy, and one that the supporters of a United Europe think might have prevented the demise of the European Defense Community if it had been adopted earlier. Both moves represent a reluctant shifting from sacred historic ground, and both will be hailed with relief by many—but uneasily questioned by many, too.

Here at Scarborough, naturally, it was the local decision and its effect on the leadership of the Party that were mainly discussed by the delegates. A great out-of-conference debate raged all week in the hotel bars, over hearty Yorkshire evening snacks in the boarding-house lounges, and in the sunshine and sea spray in front of Spa Hall, where the conference met. Inside the Spa, the conference turned out to be constructed like a bad play—an opening act of tumultuous drama and four acts of exhausted anticlimax. In the past, the foreign-affairs debate has usually been scheduled for the middle of the agenda, but this year it was held first—maybe reflecting the desire of the Labour Party Executive, or board of directors, to get any bad news over with as quickly as possible. The Party had refused the B.B.C.'s invitation to have its conference televised for the first time. (The Conservatives, who are meeting this week in Blackpool, were also invited, and accepted.) If the refusal was brought on by the leaders' doubts as to how the meeting at Scarborough would show up to the watching electorate, which may be asked to hie itself to the polls before this time next year, they need hardly have worried, for the conference was markedly sedate after the foreign-affairs excitements were over, particularly in contrast to the last one here, in 1951, when there was a lot of talk of "warmongering," of further nationalization of industry, and of the toothsome bread-and-butter gains that Labour voters might expect in the near future. This year, nationalization was not much mentioned—least of all by the Bevanites, who prudently hopped off that platform long ago in favor of the more substantial one of German rearmament. Many of the old domestic slogans did not sound so good, either, at a conference to which the delegates could return after lunch comfortably digesting their chops or ham and eggs. Indeed, the most scathing indictment of the Tory housing record that even Aneurin Bevan, a member of the Executive and a not untalented performer in the art of invective, could dig up was that although the Tories had built a lot of houses, the standards of building were often scandalous. Nothing could better illustrate the temper of the conference than the remarks made by the Executive's spokesman in the agricultural debate, when he replied to some criticisms levelled at the pin-stripe-pants farmers, who are increasingly buying up rural holdings and running their farms from City desks or even from Parliament. (Some of these cracks were good-humoredly aimed at Bevan, who has recently acquired a property in the Chilterns.) The spokesman's reply, also amiable, was to the effect that these weekend agriculturists usually run their acres rather more efficiently than the old-style farmers, since they have introduced badly needed capital and all the latest methods into the industry. The conference took it without a single protesting peep.

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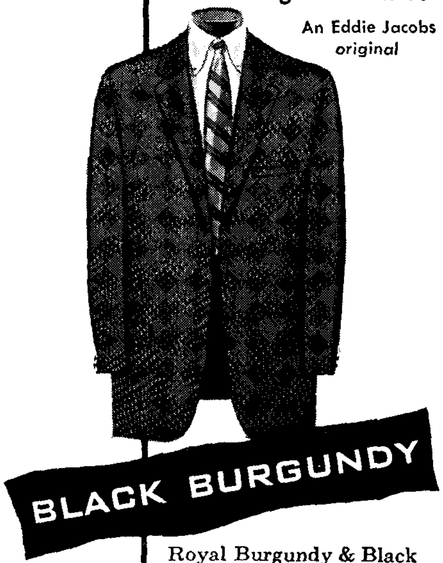

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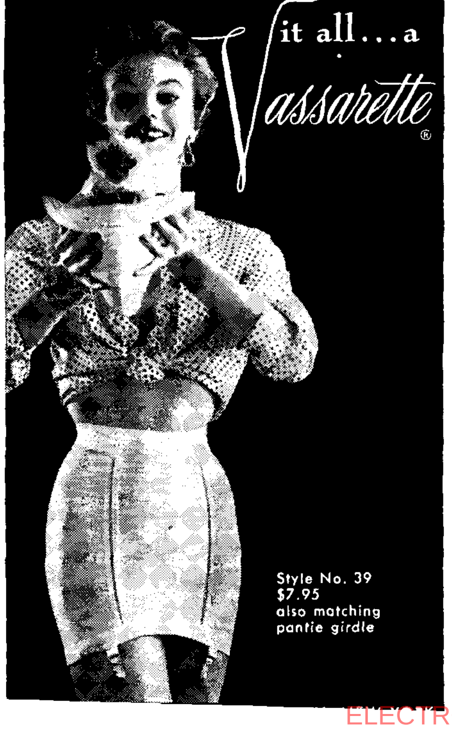

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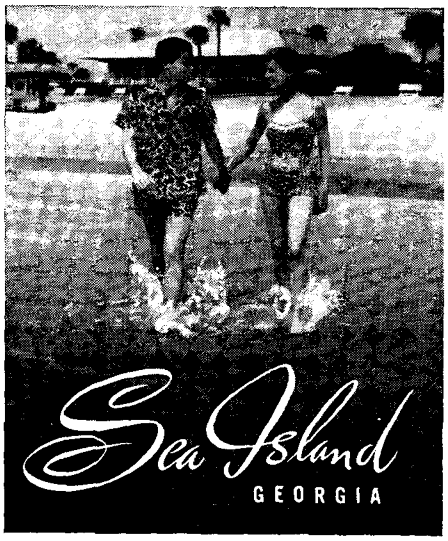
invisible new political maturity, but it could also be interpreted as the ruminative pause necessary after the emotionalism of Tuesday's second helping of foreign affairs. The Bevanites started off badly on Monday, the opening day, with the defeat of their resolution opposing "any military commitment in Asia and the Pacific that has as its purpose the encirclement of China." This was characterized by Woodrow Wyatt, an M.P. speaking on the SEATO side of the argument, as "the sort of encirclement that the rabbit undertakes against the snake." Because of a new conference rule that no individual member of the Executive could argue against a measure introduced by the Executive as a body, no Bevanite was able to speak from the platform during Tuesday's German-rearmament debate, the Executive case being opened by Mr. Attlee and wound up by Mr. Herbert Morrison. Though Aneurin Bevan sat in the solid, rubicund flesh among the hierarchy for the duration of the conference, he was already headed for the unofficial role of offstage troubling spirit. He had not stood for reëlection to his old post on the Executive this year, being dissatisfied, as he explained later, with the scanty amount of dynamic Socialism that is being injected into the Party's veins by its present leaders. The rank and file, to judge by their subsequent comments, seemed confused as to how, if he held these views, he had been able to overcome his scruples to the point of standing for the powerful office of Party Treasurer. In the vote, he was soundly defeated by Hugh Gaitskell—a surprise in nothing but the interesting size of the defeat—for whom the mantle of a future Labour Premiership is now thought a strong possibility. Though Bevan, in accordance with the rules, sat out the week on the platform, he apparently already felt untrammelled enough to applaud vigorously all the most violent attacks from the floor on the Executive's German-rearmament policy. Many delegates thought that this uninhibited demonstration did him no good.

The debate was an able one. Herbert Morrison's summing up was a masterly exposition of the statesman's art of soothing savage breasts—in this case, those of an audience that five minutes before had been raising the roof over a dramatic public denunciation of Bevan and his doctrines by Desmond Donnelly, a young M.P. who was a Bevan supporter until a recent tour of Iron Curtain countries revised his opinions. The [illegible] small victory for the lead-



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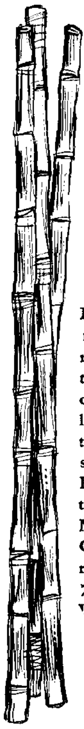

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ership in the final vote was only made possible by a similar switch of the woodworkers' union, which had said no to German rearmament at the Trades Union Congress at Brighton a month ago but changed its mind at Scarborough. If the delegates had been able to cast their votes in the light of the arguments they listened to in Spa Hall, instead of being committed in advance to a yea or a nay, it is likely that the safety margin would have been larger. Most of the papers were frankly exultant next day, feeling that Bevan and Bevanism had taken a couple of socks on the jaw that might prove fatal. Only a few commentators cared to examine the hard, inescapable fact that three million votes had been cast on the neutralist side and the possibility that Labour's chances of success at the next election—which had previously looked promising in the public-opinion polls—might now disappear through the split in the Party fabric. On the other hand, over morning coffee in the glassed-in restaurant at the Spa, where the babble of voices had as a background the ceaseless pounding of the huge breakers, rushing hungrily toward the building as though intent on washing away all these little political Canutes squatting on the shore, lots of delegates mentioned this last possibility as something that might finally line up Party loyalties behind Attlee. Throughout the noisy session, which might have meant serious defeat for him—and, in fact, throughout the conference—Mr. Attlee sat immobile, a hunched figure before which one of the young conference helpers would respectfully set a cup of tea or a colleague would shove a note, as though leaving votive offerings in front of some object of reverence that was inanimate but known to possess

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extraordinary powers. His intense stillness was fascinating.

ON Wednesday evening, Aneurin Bevan spoke at a meeting in a building called Floral Hall, on whose walls were advertisements for an incumbent troupe of entertainers called the Fol-de-Rols. The meeting was arranged by the *Tribune*, the Bevanite weekly, and the house was jammed with Bevan supporters, Attlee supporters, journalists, and a number of Scarborough residents who were obviously Churchill supporters and had come along after dinner, warding off the nippy northern night with snug wraps that gave them the air of being abroad in their masks and dominoes on a slightly disreputable adventure. What all of them got was strange indeed. Bevan's speech could have been a grave embarrassment to his opponents, but after it was over, they appeared much relaxed. In the course of his performance, he attacked the leadership and the trades unions (he called Attlee or Gaitskell, or both, a "desiccated calculating machine"), hurled his now expected tirade against the press (this year singling out the Manchester *Guardian* for an anti-Bevan editorial that he termed "an absolute disgrace to any newspaper in Britain"), and gave as his opinion, drawn from observations during his stopover in Moscow, that an urbane change is seeping through Russian life and politics. In its distorting violence about personalities, its vagueness about principles, and its political bad timing and bad temper, the speech was remarkable. The many people who like Nye Bevan without agreeing with his politics found it saddening. There were signs that uneasiness is beginning to nibble at the faithful as well. It is true that the meeting was half full of people who would not gladly applaud Bevan under any circumstance, but at previous *Tribune* meetings, the real aficionados have demonstrated that each pair of Bevanite lungs is as the lungs of ten. This time, the yips of devoted hysteria did not shake Floral Hall; the disciples cheered, but their hearts did not seem to be in it.

In the majority view, Bevan's future is now easier to predict. The plan seems to be that he will go into the political wilderness for two years, stumping the country and speaking in the mining constituencies in a candid effort to destroy the Party leadership and the influence of the trades unions, while his lieutenants—Harold Wilson, Tom Driberg, and the rest—sit tight on the Executive and tunnel away at the foundations

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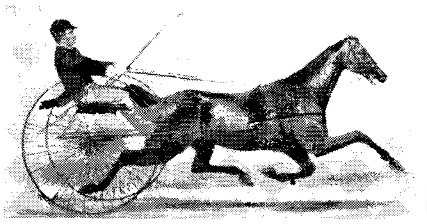

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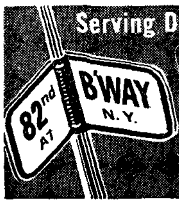

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from within. "Nye's a clever lad, but he's going to bash his head right up against a stone wall," one old trades-union leader at Scarborough commented regretfully on this reputed project. Since the *Tribune* meeting, there have been rumors of other impending defections among the Bevanites, and there is a feeling, which may be entirely premature, that the so-called Bevan Party is on its last legs. Certainly the cause that was such a natural for it because of its simplified emotional appeal—the campaign against German rearmament—will now be a dead duck, barring an international crisis, and it may be hard to find as good a rallying point again. Most people feel that Aneurin Bevan's chances of coming to power are very poor indeed, though the trouble he may cause for the Labour Party could be grave. One of the newspapermen leaving the meeting the other night said cheerfully, "Well, that's good for a million votes for the Conservatives," and it's probable that the same thought may crop up not unpleasantly in the conversation at Blackpool this week. On balance, however, Scarborough has been a good Labour conference—one that got things settled, and maybe for a long time. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

But of course there is more to stereo listening than motion, there is localization. Some composers have consciously used spatially distributed sources of sound to paint a musical canvas broad in acoustic perspective, glinting in tonal highlights. I look forward, imaginatively, to hearing a work like Debussy's *La Mer* with its hypnotic representation of the heaving and billowing ocean waters. I hear the breakers from one direction, and the song of the wind from another, and then perhaps I hear an interchange of these themes as *La Mer* sweeps through my living room. With proper orchestral seating for binaural recording technics, such home musical effects can be achieved.

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WHAT PAGE OF BRILL D'YA READ?

[*From "Basic Principles of Psychoanalysis," by A. A. Brill*]

One may wonder why so many of the world's greatest teachers were the youngest children of the family. —*Page 245.*

"Only" children and the first born, who, by virtue of their position in the family, become domineering and officious, usually select the vocation requiring leadership, such as teachers, religious and political leaders; while the youngest child, who was bullied and intimidated by his older brothers, is generally satisfied with a subordinate position in life. —*Page 276.*

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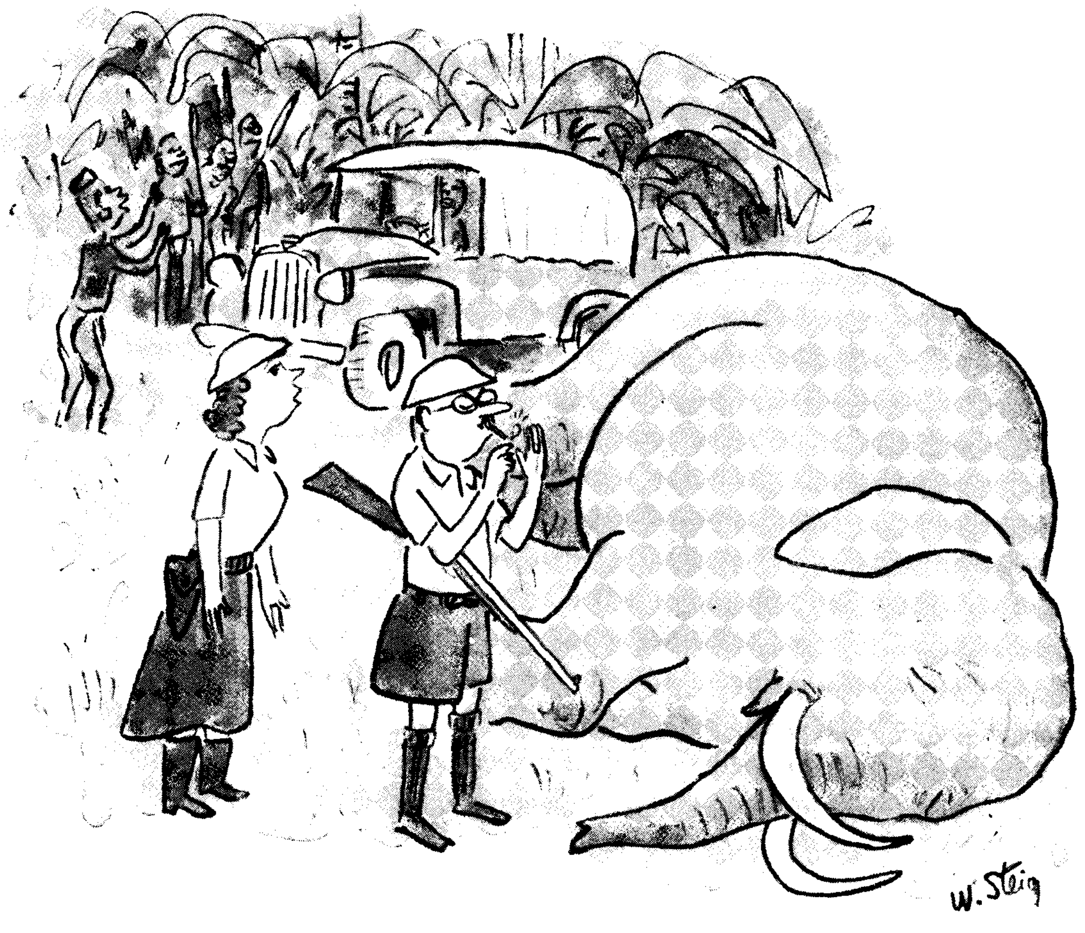
BOOKS

Rough and Smooth

IF there was ever a born writer, it is James Yaffe, who, at the age of twenty-seven, is the author of a collection of short stories, "Poor Cousin Evelyn," and two novels, of which the first, "The Good-for-Nothing," came out last year, and the second, "What's the Big Hurry?," has just been published by Little, Brown. Enough of the short stories were successful to make the collection seem a brilliant one, and the first novel, though a failure, was by no means an ominous failure. It was simply something that might have come off as a short story but that, told at length and infected throughout by the odiousness of the character for whom it was named, proved as easy to forget as it had been easy to read. Both the short stories and the novel dealt with a small, closed, and rather suffocating world—a world populated by a certain class of Jewish businessmen, who, having made good in underwear and the like, have moved from Brooklyn or the Bronx to the upper West Side of Manhattan and are there boldly engaged in making good all over again, in a social struggle no less desperate than its commercial counterpart. The prize they strive for is entrée into a set that is exclusively Jewish and that, patronizing its own schools, bridge clubs, and country clubs, touches at scarcely any point the gentile set it imitates (which is itself light-years away from that large, vague, but still vigorous abstraction called Society). These parvenu garment kings, frantic brandishers of big cigars, who are nearly as bewildered and disappointed by what money can buy as by what it cannot—what are they like at home? What are their wives and children like? What do they make of the personal disasters that have lain coiled serpentwise in the green-paper heart of their business triumphs? To such questions, Yaffe, a young man who, in the abundance of his knowledge, is bursting to tell all, gave us, in "Poor Cousin Evelyn" and "The Good-for-Nothing," funny and sad and often painful answers.

In "What's the Big Hurry?," we remain in that same small world, but with a difference. If the settings are still almost without exception Jewish homes, Jewish clubs, and Jewish hospitals, the outsider is able to move about in them prompted by more than morbid curiosity. Something has happened to let in light and air, something that may be mostly our sense of the joy the author has felt in describing, with mingled love and rage, his protagonist, a galvanic and irascible old devil called Uncle Dan. In his previous work, Yaffe was not quite artist enough to be both loving and enraged; in this work, he is. He pours out "What's the Big Hurry?" in the first person, the narrator being a nice young nephew of Uncle Dan. The nephew begins his account by saying, "Even in my earliest memory of him, my Uncle Dan is waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice," and he closes it with the same simple and vivid image, repeated word for word. The nephew has always been puzzled by his uncle's exorbitant response to the commonplace irritations of life. He sets out to discover the source of this response and, in racing the length of Uncle Dan's sixty-eight years, gives us a speaking—no, a howling and moaning—likeness of a segment of middle-class life in Chicago and New York from about the turn of the century up to now. With its incessant pursuit of money, its incessant jockeying for place, its oscillation between the conviction that "nothing can stop us" and the conviction that "all is lost," it is not a world that we would choose to be born in, or to live on in after we had grown up sufficiently to escape from it, yet Yaffe, to our astonishment, turns it



"Everett, just what is it you are trying to prove?"

into a world that makes us happy, and we can't help envying the inhabitants their so often unhappy possession of it. For Yaffe resembles Dickens in being able to gather up what is mean and drab and, without in the least diminishing its meanness and drabness, reveal it to be not merely worthy of attention but actually desirable, because it is more violent, more stuffed with sweet and bitter savors, more like life as the reader has always supposed and half dreaded, half hoped life would be than anything in his experience.

At the risk of encouraging Yaffe to sit down and start typing out "Bleak House Revisited," one must note that he resembles Dickens in this respect, too—that his exuberance as an observer is equalled by his exuberance as a writer. Unlike many contemporary novels, "What's the Big Hurry?" shows no sign of having been squeezed out slowly, in patient anguish, by a young man who, however sanguine he may be in person, is bile itself in his art. Instead, it appears to have been hurled at the page in tearing high spirits and at top speed, with the result that its style is colloquial to the point of slovenliness. Sometimes, indeed, Yaffe offers us, in place of a scene, hints of what he might have written if he had only bothered to take pains. Describing a birthday party in the office of old Abraham Kugel, he winds up in cheerful haste, as cheerful and hasty Dickens frequently does, "At which there is general enthusiasm, and Mrs. Monahan magically produces a knife and forks and paper plates from the bottom drawer of her desk, and the rest of the morning is spent in eating, shouting, making jokes, slapping backs, and other pleasant types of noise and confusion." Thanks to Yaffe's talent, this slapdash method of composition works every bit as well as more "artistic" methods, and by the time he has finished with Uncle Dan, he and the old devil have both won us over. We will be remembering Uncle Dan for years to come and will be looking for a new Yaffe novel, full of noise and confusion, in every one of those years.

IF what you hope for in a novel is that, witty and yet serious, it will depict interesting people stumbling into and struggling out of interesting dilemmas and yet will neither break your heart nor leave you in a state of post-soap-operative shock, you are advised to try "The Wicked Pavilion," the latest novel by Dawn Powell (Houghton

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Mifflin). Miss Powell is witty and serious, and her outlook is neither Kafka-black nor Rinso-white. The world she deals with in her novels is at a considerable distance from Yaffe's, and not only in geography. It lies in the Washington Square-Greenwich Village quarter, and its inhabitants are for the most part those congenital unemployables—painters, sculptors, writers, and hangers-on—to be seen walking through the Square or along Eighth Street any night this week, or this year, or this century. Of Yaffe's characters we are prompted to ask, "What are they like at home? What are their wives and children like?," while of Miss Powell's characters we ask, "*Have* they homes? *Have* they wives and children?" As for the question of how they face the social problems that are apt to flow out of success in business and that so perturb Uncle Dan and his contemporaries, it need never come up. Miss Powell's characters are not in business, and if they were, they would not succeed at it. Money, though it passes through their hands, is something other people have. Then how do they survive? An accomplished writer and a seasoned guide to Washington Square, Miss Powell stingingly and sometimes touchingly shows us how some do and some don't.

The wicked pavilion of the title is the Café Julien, the fixed center about which the many separate sections of the novel turn. The café is, to the life, the old front room of the Lafayette, with its tiled floor and marble-topped tables and bleak bentwood chairs, and it is not the least of Miss Powell's virtues that her evocation of that lost landmark is both loving and unsentimental. Having seated herself at a table just inside the door, she strikes, like so many lighted matches, her little sparks ("Hoff Bemans was an old rear avant-gardist with an inky finger in all the arts, who had set himself up as a general handyman for the twenties." "They had nothing in common, but friendship had spread under them like an invisible net waiting for the certain catch"), and by their light fits together the jagged pieces of a plot that is often close to melodrama. Then, being too intelligent to be satisfied with melodrama, she draws back from the jagged pieces, surrenders her table, and, still sharp-eyed and perfectly composed, still taking at any cost the comic view, marches out into the Square. "The Café Julien was gone and a reign was over. Those who had been bound by it fell apart like straws when the baling cord is cut and re-

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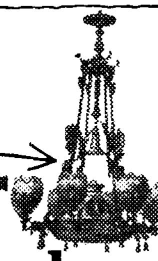

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VERSE

"POETS OF TODAY" (Scribner), a volume in which three separate first books of poems by three young American poets are bound together, is described on its jacket as an experiment. "It is hoped," the jacket adds, "that the larger, more impressive volume, offering the reader a greater variety and wider range, will attract an audience that appears to have lost interest in the usual slim book of verse." To find a publisher willing, at the moment, to make an experiment of any kind in the presentation of poetry is heartening, and it is apparent that a good deal of thought has been expended on this volume, both in choice of material and appropriateness of format. John Hall Wheelock's critical introduction sheds light on the ways and means of poetry in general, as well as on the characteristics of the contributing poets. The three works are "Poems and Translations," by Harry Duncan; "Samurai and Serpent Poems," by Murray Noss; and "Another Animal: Poems," by May Swenson. It strikes the attention at the outset that only the reader furnished with the most eclectic taste would be attracted to three writers so dissimilar in subject, technique, and aim. For though one reader may be stimulated by Harry Duncan's elegance of style and tendency toward metaphysical thought, he or she might not be attracted by the comparative awkwardness of Mr. Noss's description of Japanese life and landscape, written in old-fashioned free verse and with little feeling for language, or by Miss Swenson's tendency to push meaning toward and over limits by means of a series of devices, including typographical tricks. A reviewer, who ideally works with a certain amount of detachment, can only point out that each writer has basic virtues that close contiguity in print cannot distort. Mr. Duncan's translations from Dante, Baudelaire, Rilke, and Apollinaire are excellent (his version of Apollinaire's "Zone" is the first accurate and effective one in English); Mr. Noss's sincerity of approach to difficult and exotic material often compensates for his defects of style; and Miss Swenson, when she is not straining for originality and allows her lyricism and gift of precise observation to take over, becomes original in the best sense. But something is to be said, after all, for the slim book of verse. Its individual focus is clear, and the kind of dignity that has

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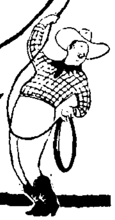

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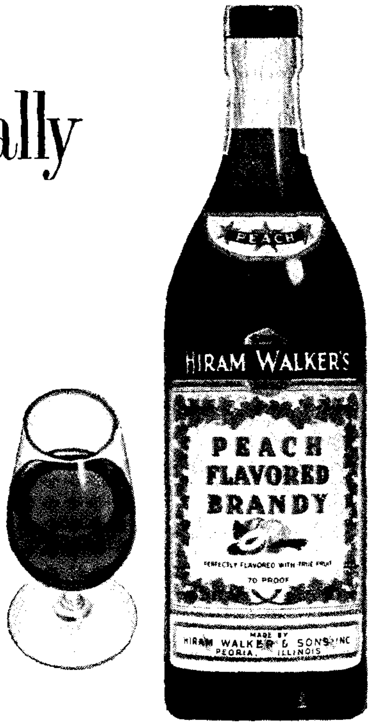
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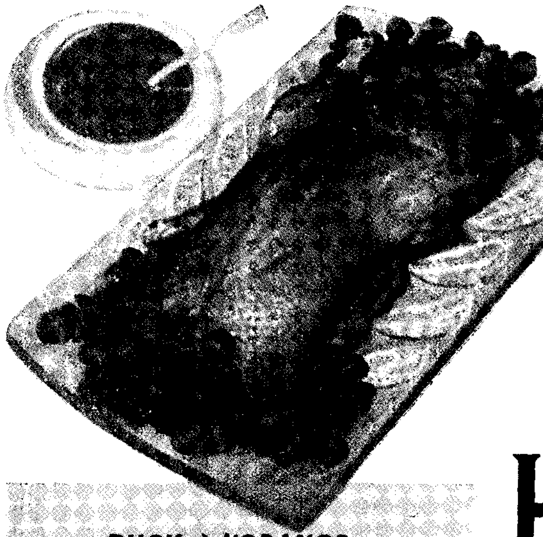

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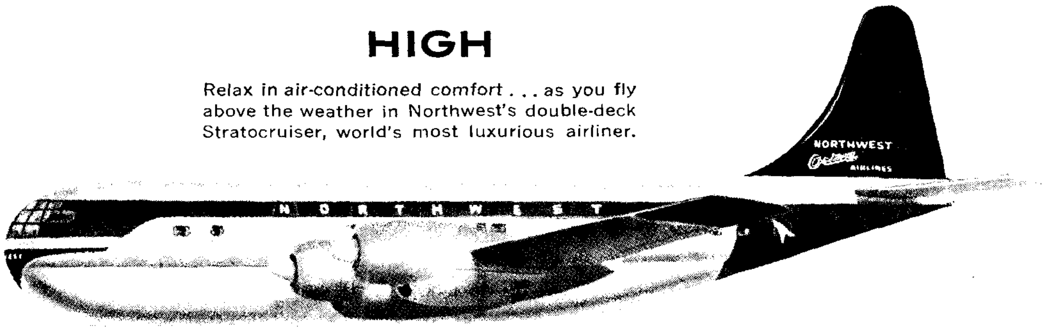
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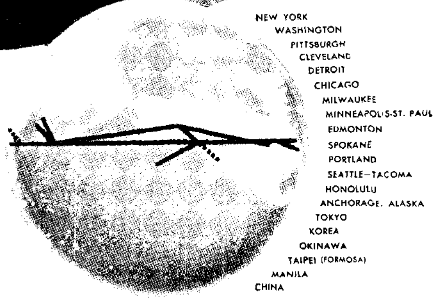
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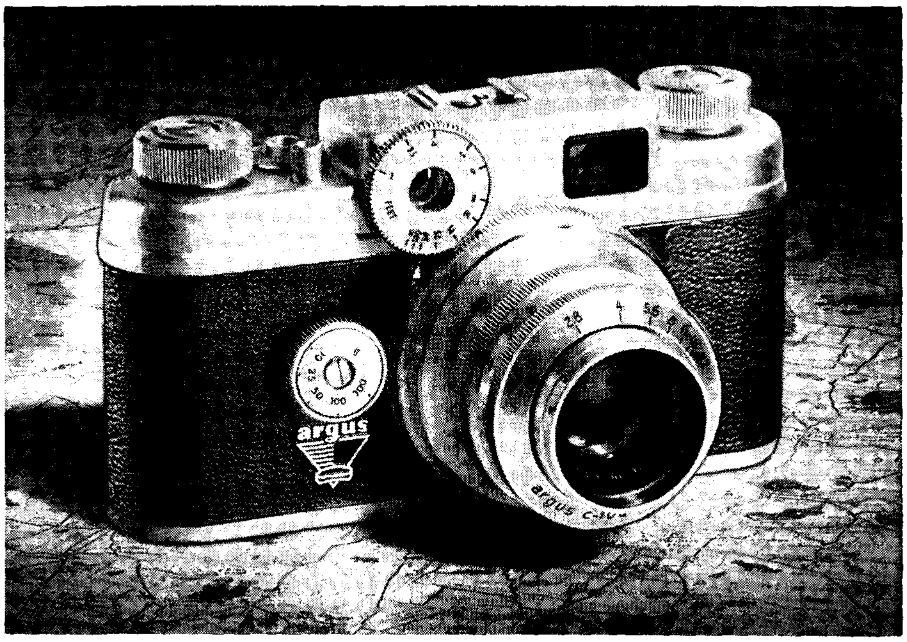
always been a part of the small volume does not show up in the "more impressive" formats. Compared to heavier weights of literature, the slim book of verse often takes on the look of an entering wedge—of an instrument designed to move the seemingly immovable. It is a pity if the audience for the single volume has indeed lost interest in its shape and function.

AT a time when an almost unrelieved mannerism and melancholy have taken hold of mid-century poetry, it is refreshing to come upon a book of lyrics which shows that "variety and range" may still exist within the mind and temperament of one individual. James Kirkup's "A Spring Journey and Other Poems of 1952-1953" (Oxford) is the sixth collection of a young Englishman now in his thirty-second year, and the third to be published in the United States. Kirkup is not "unhappily in love with God" or with himself; he writes in form with ease and exhibits no sign of what may be called spiritual strain. He has that rarest of gifts—the power to transmute the ordinary into the extraordinary, and when he flies off into a piece of extravagance, as in "Rhapsody on a Bead Curtain," he makes the shift naturally. He is completely involved with everyday experience, describing the interior of a railway carriage with the same accuracy and interest that he applies to the night sky seen from an observatory. He likes to move about and examine the "special look" of places, the difference in times of day, and changes in the weather, and he often combines formality with exuberance. He has remembered two facts many of his elders have forgotten—that an important element in the poetry of our century is the poet's renewed faculty of interesting the reader, and that seriousness of imaginative aim need not rule out an occasional show of gaiety and high spirits.

"THE DEATH BELL: POEMS AND BALLADS," by Vernon Watkins (New Directions), was last spring the initial choice, in England, of the newly founded Poetry Book Society. Watkins, born in 1906, is Welsh, and still lives in Wales. He is musical in a rather traditional way, and not at all excessive in the manner of his friend and countryman, the late Dylan Thomas. Although Watkins deals with wild landscapes, with caverns and the sea, with legend and magic and large concepts of time and space, all is subdued to a tone rather standardly grand, and rather monotonously so. The contrast between



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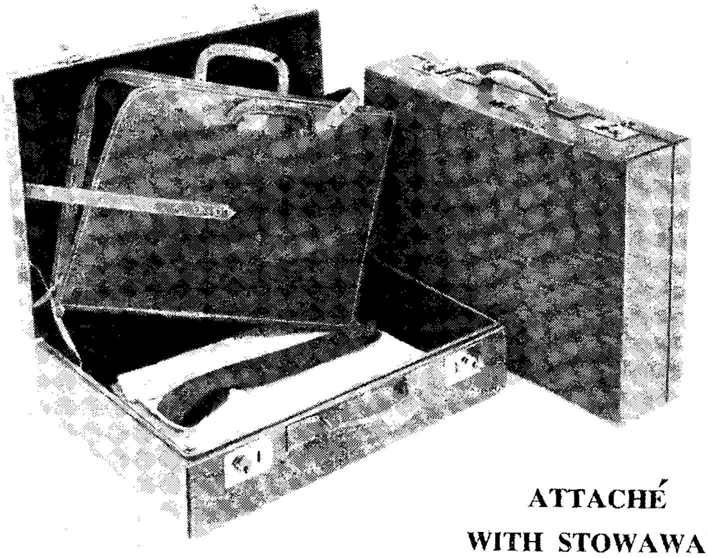

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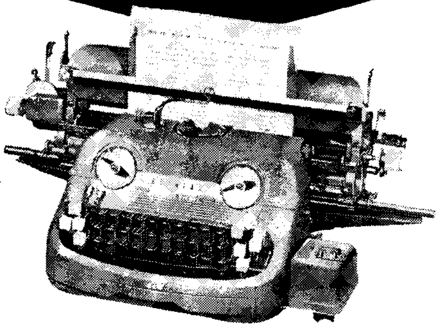

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FICTION

FEDERIGO, OR, THE POWER OF LOVE, by Howard Nemerov (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A cold, very mannered, very amusing story of the game of sex as it is played by some idle-hearted, willful, youngish New York men and women, all of whom have enough money or wit to provide a bright, brittle atmosphere for Mr. Nemerov's ironic romp.

WHAT DID IT MEAN?, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). In her meandering way, Mrs. Thirkell can still charm. Her new novel describes how the residents of Barsetshire, of both high and low degree, coöperate amiably in planning a pageant and other entertainments to celebrate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. Because of the part thrust upon him in all this excitement, sixteen-year-old Lord Mellings, who is Lord Pomfret's heir, overcomes the shyness that has threatened to cripple his life, and at the same time old Mr. Downing finds the warmth and protection his selfish, timid heart craves.

LEOPARDS AND LILIES, by Alfred Duggan (Coward-McCann). Here we read of the career of Margaret fitzGerold, a very young, confident, and good-looking Norman noblewoman *of the thirteenth century,* who wills herself a triumphant and cheerful life and just doesn't get it. Mr. Duggan's first few chapters, in which he introduces us to the thirteen-year-old Margaret and her fourteen-year-old bridegroom, are fascinating, but after that events move too swiftly, swallowing Margaret and so diminishing her personality that we lose interest in her, and the end is a letdown.

REUNION, by Merle Miller (Viking). An enormously worked-over, confusing, and tedious novel about the reunion, after eight years, of a group of men and officers who fought together in the infantry in the Second World War.

GENERAL

THE HOME LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE AND HIS BROTHERS, edited by M. R. Lawrence (Macmillan). The eldest of the five Lawrence sons has transcribed and edited the family letters of his three dead brothers with

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a loving care that is reflected in his own note: "It was the Grace of God which made my brothers what they were, and to me these letters are sacred." The principal attraction is, of course, the letters of T. E., or Ned, which take up more than half the volume, and through the welter of "Did I ask you for more stockings?" and "Hug and tickle Arnie for me," his extraordinary mind and personality are frequently visible; an occasional sentence, like "Euphrates is still high; and there is a plague of locusts," might have come right off a Babylonian clay tablet. The other brothers—W. G., or Will, and F. H., or Frank, both killed in action in France in 1915, before they were thirty—show similar qualities somewhat less fully developed, with Will's emphasis religious rather than aesthetic, and Frank's chiefly sporting. A deeply moving book, produced and illustrated with appropriate beauty.

THE WILDERNESS WORLD OF JOHN MUIR, edited, and with an introduction and notes, by Edwin Way Teale (Houghton Mifflin). Not only was John Muir as independent as Thoreau, as hardy as Burroughs, and far more self-reliant than either, but of all our hand-hewn nineteenth-century naturalists, he was probably the most genuinely rugged (he scorned overcoats and blankets, and subsisted largely on bread), the most scientifically knowledgeable (his discoveries included the glacial origin of Yosemite), and the most constantly in motion (he was born in Scotland and raised in Wisconsin, and at twenty-nine, with a walking trip from Indiana to the Florida Keys, began a life of travel that took him to Australia, South America, Africa, Alaska, and, of course, over almost every inch of California). He was also, as this selection of short pieces from his now mostly forgotten works makes plain, a writer of unusual descriptive and evocative powers, and we can be grateful to Mr. Teale for bringing him back to mind. Drawings by Henry B. Kane.

THE AGE OF MOUNTAINEERING, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott). In this immense volume, Mr. Ullman covers exhaustively the history of mountaineering and men's attitude toward mountains from ancient days, when they imagined that high peaks harbored evil deities, down to the Hunt expedition to the summit of Everest last year. He be-

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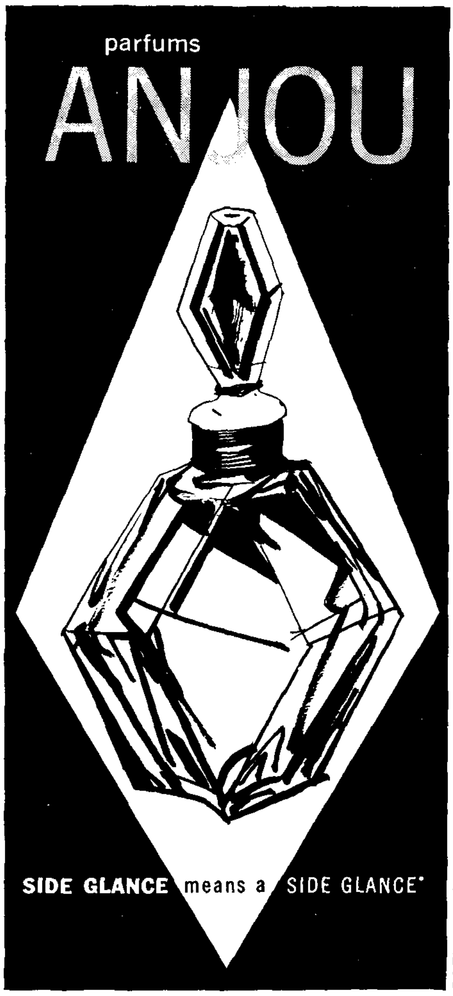
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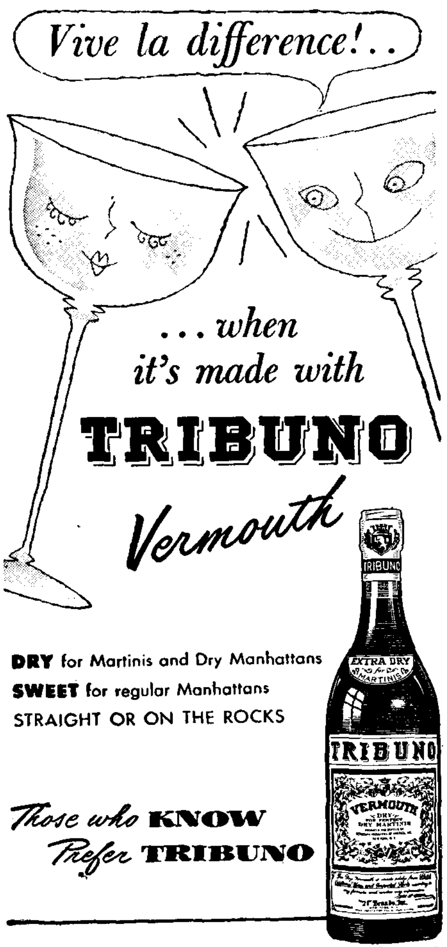
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lieves that real interest in climbing started with the birth of the modern scientific era, and there is a good deal of illuminating material on some of its earlier manifestations, such as the first serious attempts on Mont Blanc, between 1775 and 1785. If the author is correct, men will keep on climbing mountains, without hope of gain or advantage, until every last peak in the world has been explored.

JOURNEY WITH LOSHAY, by George N. Patterson (Norton). The author, a Scottish medical missionary thoroughly steeped in Tibetan culture, made an incredible trip over the Tibetan mountains a couple of winters ago, with his servant Loshay and a few other devil-may-care nomadic horsemen, to pick up medical supplies in India, and he makes it all very vivid—the biting cold and the terrifying rope bridges, the unvarying meals of eggs and butter tea, the feel of filthy sheepskin clothing alive with cockroaches, and the nauseating smoke of yak-dung fires. The book is all very British, too, from the casual first sentence ("I wanted a cause for which I might die"), through depictions of the Tibetans as happy children, to the final statement that God had been on the side of this small but worthy battalion.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, by Katherine Anthony (Doubleday). The author has written excellent biographies of several famous women—among them Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, and Louisa May Alcott—but here she may have made a mistake. The book is long and conscientious, but because of the very qualities that made Susan B. Anthony the estimable, high-minded woman she was, it is dull. The author (who claims no close relationship to her subject but thinks there may be a distant one) ably covers the Abolitionist movement, the fight for woman's suffrage, and the various other causes in which Susan took part, but, for all her dogged effort, she fails to make her heroine interesting. Photographs.

MY HERO, by Donald Richberg (Putnam). This is the autobiography (the title is one of the author's innumerable little jokes) of a man who has been, among other things, a zealous follower of William Jennings Bryan, a Bull Mooser, a campaigner and ghostwriter for Robert La Follette, Sr., and chairman of the N.R.A. in Franklin D. Roosevelt's first administration. Now seventy-three, Mr.

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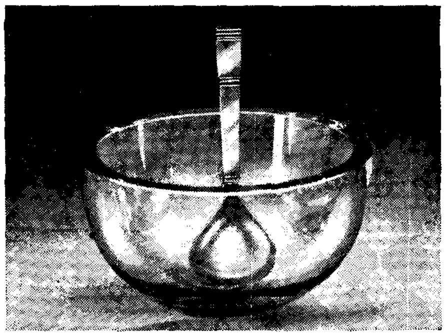
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Richberg has retired from politics, and although he has always been identified as a liberal, this book shows that he has a powerful conservative streak, particularly in his suspicion of big government and of reform by legislation. In consequence, his comments on such people as F.D.R., Harold Ickes (his onetime law partner), Henry Wallace, and Harry Hopkins are piquant, to say the least. But he is not bad-tempered, and the only person he comes close to scorching is Harry Truman. Mr. Richberg, a jocular type, has long been in the habit of writing light verse for special occasions, and he offers many samples of it here, without embarrassment.

Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans, by Louis Armstrong (Prentice-Hall). Way down yonder on Perdido Street in the days of Buddy Bolden, the Frans Sa Mee Club, and the Onward Brass Band. In this obviously homemade memoir, Mr. Armstrong, who found his tremendous bent in the Colored Waifs' Home for Boys there, makes a tremendous effort to quicken that vanished time, and there are moments when he comes very close to success, but since he seems deathly afraid of hurting anyone's feelings, including his own, the result, on the whole, is little more than a catalogue of names, dates, and places. Photographs.

Fifty Years in China, by John Leighton Stuart (Random House). Dr. Stuart was born in China, the son of Presbyterian missionaries, and after a brief interlude in America, which included study at Hampden-Sydney College, he returned to China to be, successively, a Presbyterian missionary, the first president of Yenching University, in Peking, a prisoner of the Japanese for almost four years, and the United States Ambassador to China from 1946 until he resigned sadly in 1952. Much of his autobiography has the chatty intramural quality of a missionary newsletter, dealing with such matters as the difficulties he and Henry Luce's father had raising money for Yenching, and precisely what was said at various testimonial dinners in his honor. As for inside dope on China, however, Dr. Stuart's book, despite an impressive battery of introductions by General Marshall and Dr. Hu Shih, the former Chinese Ambassador to this country, furnishes us with little beyond the news that

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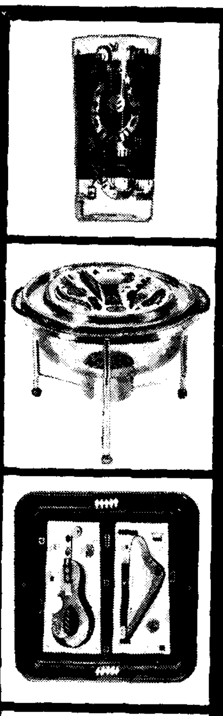

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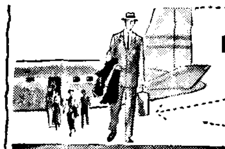
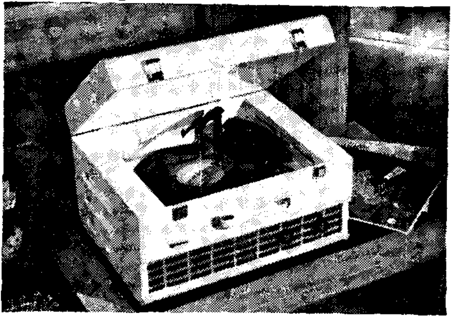
the Peking man was actually a woman. He has strong faith that the "monstrous evil" of Chinese Communism will not endure, but it is only faith, not informed opinion—"Surely my life's work, and the work of my fellow-missionaries and of our Chinese colleagues and of those who preceded us have not been in vain!" he writes. Photographs.

Just Half a World Away, by Jean Lyon (Crowell). An account of an American journalist's effort to understand "the new India." The author, who was born and raised in China, went to India in 1950, hoping that her Asiatic background would give her a head start in comprehending the Indians, but three years in the country, during which she travelled all over, from Madras to Kashmir, convinced her she had been overoptimistic. Whenever she felt that she was getting a pretty good grasp on the workings of the Indian mind, a sacred cow would be sentenced to life imprisonment for killing another sacred cow, or something equally perplexing would happen, and she would despair. Miss Lyon was told by many Indians that the way to learn about the real India was to live in a village (which, they added, was impossible for a Westerner), so she went to the village of Duganpur, got a room in a stable, and stayed for several days. Her description of village life, as well as her reports of interviews with Nehru and of life in Delhi, are sharply observed, skeptical, and good-humored. In the end, she has told us a good bit more about India than she may imagine. Many good photographs.

Close Contact, by C. H. Dewhurst (Houghton Mifflin). Brigadier Dewhurst was Chief of the British Mission to the Soviet Forces of Occupation in Germany from 1951 to 1953, and while he had the usual baffling and maddening experiences with the Soviet official mind, he is quite cheerful about it. Another unusual aspect of this book is that he has absolutely no awe of the Russians' military potential. He thinks Soviet officialdom suffers from a monster inferiority complex that explains why they are suspicious of even the most innocent actions of the West, and he documents this thesis convincingly. Perhaps his most significant conclusion is that Malenkov has abandoned any plans for imperialist expansion in Europe that may have been left over from the Stalin regime, and is now





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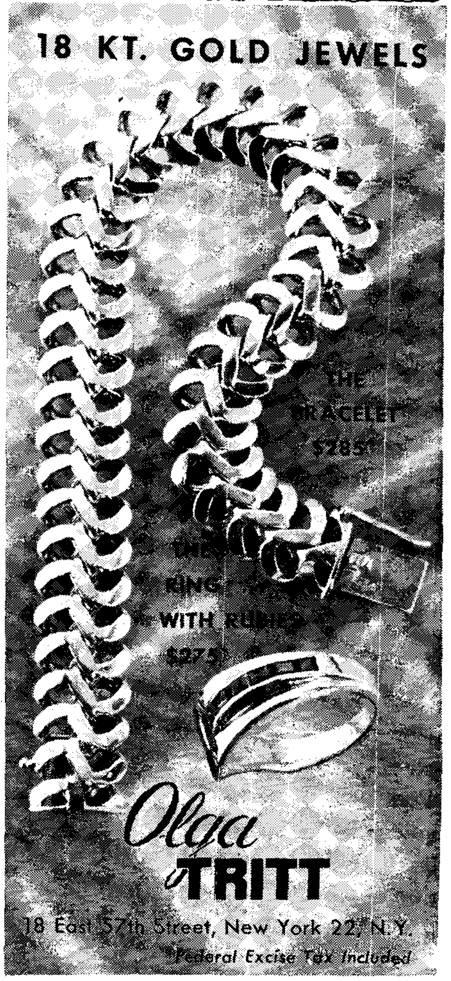
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concentrating on stabilizing Communist China. Brigadier Dewhurst, who speaks colloquial Russian, tells several amusing stories about his personal contacts with Russians, from generals to privates.

THE DANCING BEAR, by Frances Faviell (Norton). The dancing bear appears in the heraldic arms of Berlin, and Miss Faviell uses it to symbolize the ambivalent nature of Occupied Berlin, where she and her husband, a British official, have lived since 1946. In that Surrealist city, she reports, the children play Russian rapist in the streets, the Baroness B—— goes calling wearing only a skirt under her mink cape, the night clubs are "always full of the most fascinating people," and the sound of scuffling in the apartment next door is the family beating its old cart horse to death with chair legs, for food. Most of Miss Faviell's story centers on a Berlin family she calls the Altmanns, whose misadventures are apparently typical and certainly depressing.

HOCKSHOP, by William R. Simpson and Florence K. Simpson, with Charles Samuels (Random House). For five generations, the William (Hockshop) Simpsons, with one William to a generation, were the leading pawnbrokers in New York City. This book, the memoirs of the last Hockshop Simpson, now retired, is a pleasant mixture of anecdotes about famous people, stories of thieving, conniving, and sharp practice by other pawnbrokers, historical notes on the art of lending money, and practical information not only on running a hockshop but on dealing with one. Mr. Simpson is an authority on all sorts of odd collateral (he once took the Hope diamond in pawn), and with the assistance of his wife and a professional writer, he relates his experiences entertainingly. Some parts of the book are in dubious taste, but on the whole it's fine. Photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TELL HER IT'S MURDER, by Helen Reilly (Random House). Jim Andrews has been convicted of manslaughter, but although he was drunk at the time, he is still pretty sure that he wasn't the driver of the car that killed the little boy. After his release from jail, his attempts to prove his innocence lead to another death, and presently that is pinned on him, too. In the end, fortunately, the real

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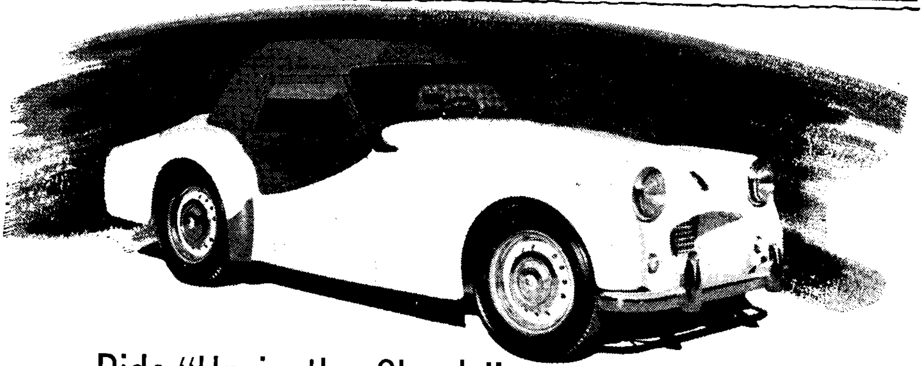

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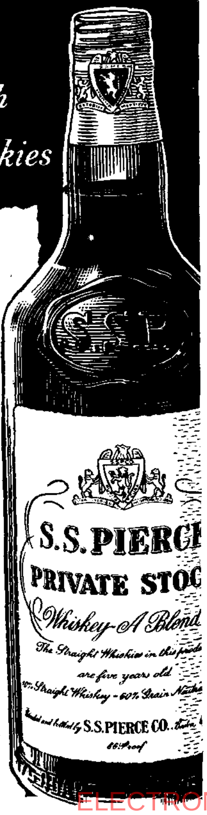
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murderer goes a step too far, and Inspector McKee is able to smoke him out. A little overcomplex at the end, but otherwise one of Mrs. Reilly's most adroit blends of romance and homicide.

DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE, by Andrew Garve (Harper). Charles Hilary evidently had every reason to throttle his wife, and a British jury has no hesitation in convicting him of her murder. The book is mainly concerned with his escape from jail, his long flight by land and sea, abetted by a beautiful young woman, and his eventual vindication, thanks to her intelligence. The solution is more or less perfunctory, but there are some fairly stimulating scenes along the way.

SHROUD OF DARKNESS, by E. C. R. Lorac (Doubleday). Starting out with the classic setting of a group of strangers in a railway compartment on a foggy night, the author produces a very satisfactory, if slightly old-fashioned, conundrum. Chief Inspector Macdonald's search for the man who had to silence a boy because he knew too much involves a good deal of travel, quite a lot more violence, and considerable British ingenuity. Above the average of its kind.

INVITATION TO MURDER, by Leslie Ford (Scribner). Colonel Primrose, Sergeant Buck, and that nice Mrs. What's-Her-Name are missing from this one, and their absence is felt. Miss Ford's characters are always agreeable, however, and her plot (something about the malevolence resulting from a tangled inheritance) is plausible enough, so the chances are that her admirers will be reasonably content.

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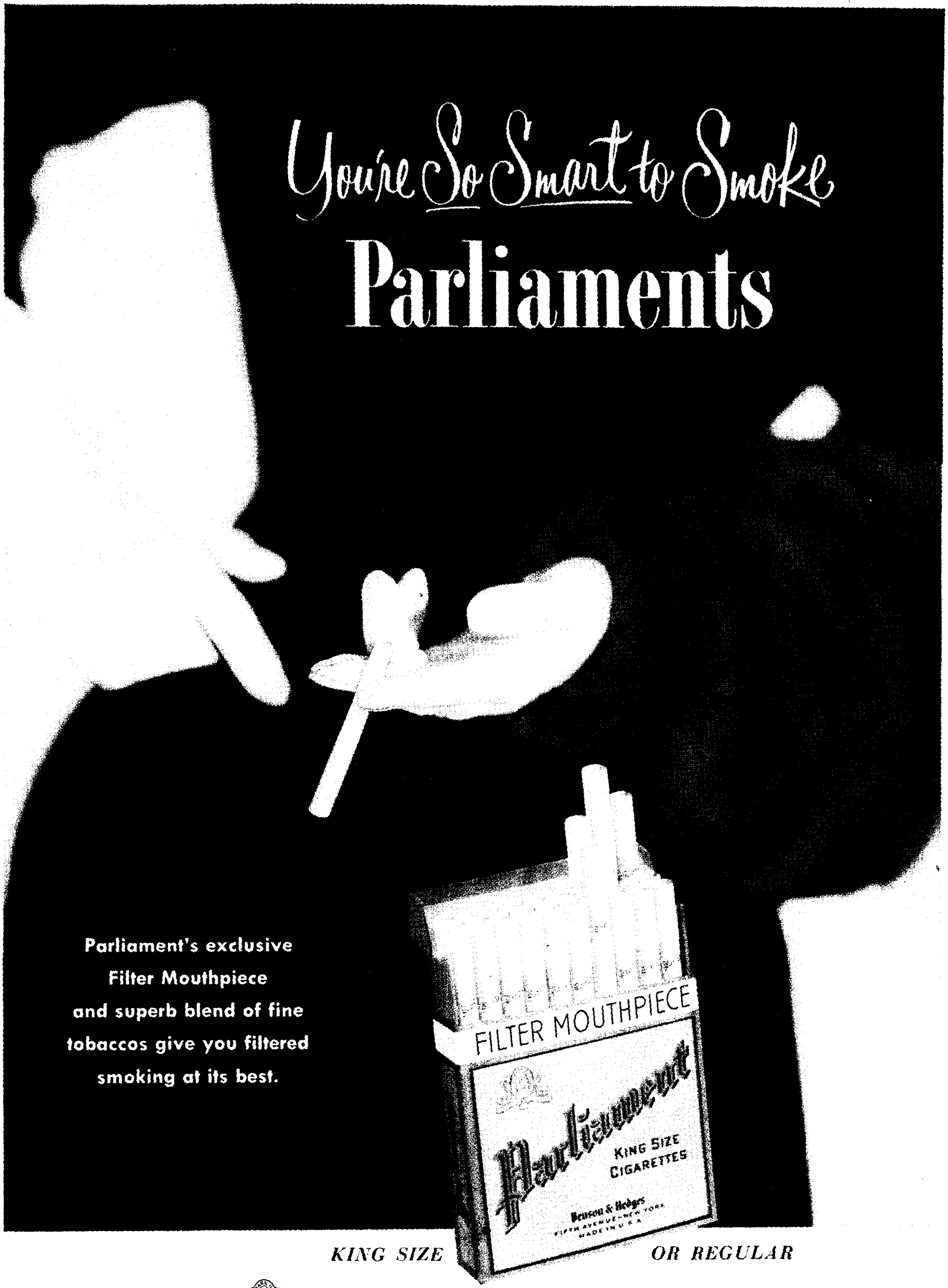
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